

Pictorial Sheet.  
McDOUGALL'S STORIES.  
NEXT YEAR.

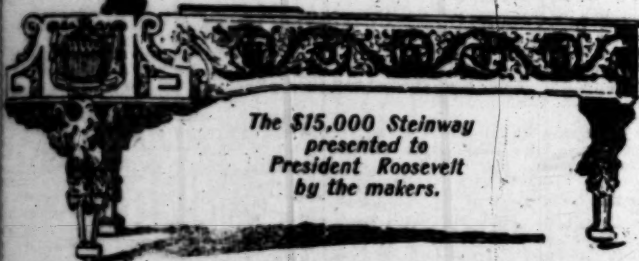
# Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1903.

Part VI. - 46 Pages.  
MUSIC AND DRAMA  
PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Cecilian Contest

A \$250 Cecilian Piano Player awarded to the person supplying the greatest number of missing words.  
Today's quotation is No. 40. There will be but twelve more. Better send in your name at once, and receive full particulars and previous quotations.  
NO. 40.—"It is the idea embodied in a work of art, and not the mode of enunciation, that—its rank in the scale of beauty."



The \$15,000 Steinway presented to President Roosevelt by the makers.

In form and decoration the piano is distinctly American. It adheres to no foreign epoch, but is like America herself—organized into independent life by the genius of its creators. A fitting gift to the greatest nation on earth, from the world's foremost makers of pianofortes.

### But the Steinway fame is not confined to America

Having been appointed by patents and diplomas as piano manufacturers to many of Europe's crowned heads, the President of Mexico and the Governor-General of Canada. Among the foreign potentates who have come to America for pianos may be mentioned:  
His Majesty Nicholas II, Czar of Russia.  
His Majesty William II, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia.  
His Majesty Franz Joseph I, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.  
His Majesty Edward VII, King of Great Britain and Emperor of India.  
His Majesty Alexander, Queen of Greece, Britain and Emperor of India.  
His Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India.  
His Majesty the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh.  
His Majesty Oscar II, King of Sweden and Norway.  
His Majesty Umberto I, King of Italy.  
His Majesty Albert, King of Saxony.  
His Majesty Monseigneur D'Albany, Prince of Monaco.  
His Majesty Marie Christina, Queen Regent of Spain.  
His Majesty Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey.  
and their respective courts.

Can anyone longer doubt that the Steinway stands alone, a piano unapproached and unapproachable?

Geo. J. Birkel Co.,  
Steinway and Cecilian Dealers,  
345-347 South Spring Street.

### Here at Last.

## CAR NO 2 STONES

Prices Way Below Regular.

Before ever before had a true stone sale. So great was the demand for our first car that many styles were cleaned out the very next day after prices were advertised. An additional Car No. 2 came, and tomorrow we repeat the bargain. Where the small store buys no more, we have fifty. Where the small store waits for ten dollars, we have a dozen. All sold, over 1000 stones, go on sale Monday—nothing but real, and shape—big range, little off stones, sea stones, stones for cooking and every kind that is trustworthy.  
This may be the last chance you'll have to duplicate our stock, so wise house-keepers will not miss it. Lowest prices on one and all ever known in Los Angeles.  
See all right stones, \$1.75. \$3.00 Old Heaters, \$3.75. Wood and coal stove, 14 inch wide, \$2.00. Wood and coal range, 5 hole wood \$7.50, at \$12.75. \$22.50 steel wood, \$22.50. All other stones in proportion.

**THE GREAT CREDIT HOUSE**  
**Brent**  
430-532-534 30. SPRING ST.

### "THE RELIABLE FURNITURE HOUSE"

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

## ROMAN SEATS

Is Mahogany, Golden Oak and Weathered Oak

95¢



We rent Cottages, Houses, Hotels and Boarding Houses. Call at our Rental Department.

**Eastern Outfitting Co**  
S. SPRING ST.  
544-46  
PHONE 2909  
SUNSET, MAIN 2768

## Colombia, Scene of Recent Events Important to United States.

### A LAND OF TURMOIL.

EVENTS in South or Central America have been so closely identified with matters of great importance to the United States recently, that information regarding Colombia from one who was born and raised in Bogotá, and who knows every feature of the Colombian revolution, is of special interest at this time.  
From Rev. J. J. Perdomo, a brother of Gen. Perdomo who was recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Colombian Army, interesting facts concerning Colombian politics and internal life were obtained yesterday by a Times reporter. Rev. Mr. Perdomo is visiting in Anaheim, at the home of the widow of another brother, who died in California. He was in Los Angeles yesterday, and shows many in-

taken in the name of religion and under the image of a cross.  
The overthrow party was that of the Liberals.  
The Conservatives are a faithful prototype of their ancestors, the Spaniards; the same ideas and notions. Their conception of a government is that of an absolute monarchy, controlled by the church; their religion is extreme Roman Catholicism. According to their conception of things, what was good for their forefathers is good enough for them, and ought to be for their succeeding generations. Inventions of any kind are considered the traps of the devil to lure away the souls of the people.  
Of course they know not, and seldom care for knowing, any language beyond their own. A Colombian woman, faithful type of the Conservative party, once told the Rev. Mr. Perdomo that "even the Lord Jesus Christ

to 1885, the republic of Colombia from 1885 to the present.  
On his deathbed, Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America from the Spanish oppression, prophesied that the nations of South America, and chiefly the New Granada, would degenerate and become so contemptible that even Europe would not deign to conquer them. The prophecy has become true, and is being verified in this dawning of the twentieth century.  
SOCIETY AND CUSTOMS.  
It may well be said that Colombia, as well as most, though not all, of the South American republics is over a century behind the times.  
The language of Colombia is pure Spanish, using what is known as the American orthography; among the lower classes of society, being composed chiefly of the aboriginal Indians, is good many corruptions and idiomatic expressions have been introduced.  
There are two main classes of society, the aristocracy and the democracy. The two classes are distinguished by the dress; the former adhering strictly to the Parisian fashion, and the latter having a uniform garb, that of the men being homespun trousers, sometimes a vest, and always the "roana," the roana is a square piece of cloth hemmed all around, with an opening or slit at the

course, is very inferior and rudimentary.  
There are no frame buildings in Colombia; everything is brick, stone or clay. Roofs are invariably either one of two kinds, tile or thatch (straw). The cemetery system is after the old Roman plan of vaults; no ground burying is done except by foreign residents. There are no grocery stores, as in the United States. All such commodities are sold at the "market." The market of each town is held at the principal square once a week; at Bogotá the market place is a very fine public property, well kept by the city authorities, and in running order every day of the week, but chiefly on Fridays. At such markets the eye is delighted by the great profusion of every conceivable product of the country, the variety of fruits and vegetables, at all times of the year.  
There is no snow in fact it is not known. The temperature of Bogotá is 60 deg. Fahrenheit average through the year. A very peculiar freak of the country is that within the slow traveling of muleback, in one day, every possible climate or degree of heat from 40 deg. upward can be obtained. The country is thus divided, for convenience of designation, into "Cold Lands" and "Hot Lands." The vegetation changes accordingly. This peculiar susceptibility of change is due



foresting photographs of Bogotá and Colombia, several of which are here reproduced.  
The scene in the lower left-hand corner represents the interior of an out-of-door theater in Bogotá. These theaters are built with an immense court in the center, and in this court the plays are produced, the audience sitting in the building surrounding the court. Also at the edges of the out-of-door court, the picture is natural, growing profusely in the open-air court.  
The Catholic Cathedral is at one side of the Public Square of Bogotá, in the vicinity of the Government Building, the City Hall, and other important public buildings. In this public square centers the entire life of the city. Here revolutions are hatched, elections planned and political schemes evolved. Here the people meet to discuss all questions of the day, and the public square is, in short, the center of all political and business life of Bogotá.  
The queer craft shown is a typical Magdalena River boat of commerce, a type of the barge which is used for freighting, and which is one of the most important features of Colombian commerce.  
The other picture shows a typical Bogotá street. The streets are drained by means of a gutter which, instead of being built upon the side of the street, is placed in the center, as shown here. All rainfall, refuse matter and dirt is drained off through these little mid-street canals.

COLOMBIAN POLITICS.  
Speaking of the political life of Colombia, and particularly of the beginnings of the present revolution, which is of long standing, Rev. Mr. Perdomo yesterday said that the present name of Colombia, the "Republic of Colombia," is comparatively new, coming as an issue of the ill-fated civil war in 1854-5, when the old-established government was overthrown and superseded by the unprogressive element of the country. The previous name was "The United States of Colombia." This name was adopted at the final organization of the nation, as a republic, in 1858. The constitution of the United States of Colombia was patterned after that of the United States of America; it divided the country into nine states, similar in powers and privileges to those of the United States of America. The names of the nine states were Antioquia, Bolivar, Boyaca, Cauca, Cundinamarca, Magdalena, Panama, Santander and Tolima. The government was administrative and executive, with a Congress composed of a Senate and House of Representatives, elected for two years, and a President of the United States elected also for two years; each State having its own executive and administrative bodies and members of Congress was extended to six years, instead of two, as before.  
What we know today as Colombia was a colony of Spain from 1718 to 1819; then a portion of the republic of New Granada, from 1819 to 1830. A separate government from 1830 to 1862, the United States of Colombia from 1862

center, through which the head is put, a whole garment, thus remaining suspended by the shoulders and hanging loose about the body; but the hat accompanying the roana is the inevitable Panama or Indian woven straw. A good Panamanian hat has been bought for half a dollar, guaranteed to last for many years. The women of the lower classes dress in calico and blue flannel, with high-collared blouses, over which, for street wear is placed the "mantilla," made of inferior blue flannel. The mantilla is the characteristic and renowned Spanish veil, worn by ladies in all ranks of society, differing in costliness of material, according to the social standing of the wearer. The veil known as mantilla is black, and over the head, partly concealing the face, and the same as shown, hanging and enveloping the body below the shoulders down. The hat for the streets or public places; their man-besides worn not over the head, but from the shoulders down. The hat for a woman is plain straw, generally of Indian weave, very inferior, and without any trimmings whatever. For special occasions, the ladies of the aristocracy wear Parisian hats fully up to date; but this is more the exception than the general rule. Colombia has for generations copied after French civilization, everything French predominates, except in architecture.  
Carriages are scarce and little used. The chief means of travel and transportation is by horse, mule, ox and donkey's back. Everybody, whether man, woman or child, is supposed to know how to ride on horseback, the streets of the towns and cities not being well adapted for the traffic of wagons. The "peon," a useful individual, generally of Indian origin and always a member of the lower classes, stands on the corners of the streets with a stout rope awaiting orders, as the expropiator does in the United States, the peon and his rope accomplish great things; they carry merchandise, move household goods, transport trunks and perform similar service. Through the mountain roads, rather trails, all conveyance is done by peon and muleback; in this way hundreds of heavy packages have been carried to the interior of the country from the headwaters of the Magdalena River. Along the beautiful Roman roads in the interior the heavy transport is accomplished by the use of the wheeled cart and team of oxen.

BOGOTA, THE CAPITAL.  
Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, has been called the City of Planes, because of the great number of them at nearly every household and place. The people are very fond of music. The word Bogotá is of Indian origin, the accent being marked and pronounced over the last syllable. On account of the prevalence of earthquakes, coupled with rudimentary ideas, nearly all buildings, whether public or private, are built of only one story. On this account the area of cities and towns is always extensive. Bogotá is very much like Los Angeles in size, possibly having at present as many inhabitants. The street-car system, of

fragrant burden the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas, and the ice melted and the fish became painted with all the tints of his flowers. That is the way the trout and the minnows and salmon became gaudy.  
Only the high mountains would not bow to the spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the spring paint only the sides.  
The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears fled from the spring, so they, too, remain white to this day. (Roosevelt's, D.) New Era.

She Slept Nineteen Years.  
From the sunny land of France there has recently arrived the report of the death of a subject of cataplexy—female, of course—who had peacefully lain for over nineteen years without displaying any obvious evidence of life other than the beating of the heart. After recovering partial consciousness for a few days, she expired. She was, of course, in a state of extreme emaciation.  
It is interesting to observe the periodic recurrences of these phenomenal sleepers down through all the ages. Probably most of our readers are familiar with the case of the original Rip Van Winkle, the boy Epimenides, who, according to the elder Pliny, tired with heat and work, turned for some repose into a neighboring cave, shady and cool, where he slept uninterruptedly for a term of fifty-seven years; who afterward found great difficulty in recognizing, or being recognized, by his former acquaintances and playfellows and who lived on, hale and hearty, to the venerable age of 175. Also, with the complex case of the "seven sleepers of Ephesus," who, in the heat of the anti-Christian persecution of the Emperor Decius, retired from prospective martyrdom, into the depths of a cave in Mt. Caesius, where they slept on in peace and quietness for a period of 16 years.

Perhaps the strangest of all sleeping abnormalities is that published by Alexander Sanguinius of Verona, who in his "Description of Muscovy" informs his readers that:  
"There is a people that inhabit Lucconia, a country of the further Larmetia, who yearly upon the twenty-seventh day of the month November, after the manner of swallows and frogs, by reason of the intenseness of the winter's cold, seek to die. Upon the 24th day of April they again awake and arise. These are said to have commenced with the Christianians and the Speronutians, people that border upon them in this manner. When they find their approaching death or sleep ready to seize upon them, they then stow up their commodities in certain places, which the Speronutians and Speronutians fetch away, leaving an equal value of their own behind them in their stead. The Lucconians, upon their return to life, if they are pleased with the change, they keep their own; otherwise, they demand their own of their neighbors. By this means much strife and war daily arise among them." (American Medicine.)

An Indian Court.  
A full-blooded Indian court sits at White Eagle regularly each Saturday to hear misdemeanor cases and punish members of the Poma and Otee tribes. The court is authorized by rules of the Indian Department, and the fines assessed are turned into a four-cent fund and expended in improvements at the agency. During the administration of Maj. John Jensen, the court funds were used in building a laundry. The court is a court of last resort, and no defendant has ever been known to "stand on his constitutional rights" or seek to bribe the ministers of justice, who convict seven out of every eight defendants that come before them. The proceedings often afford much amusement to spectators. The members of the court are full-blooded, never speaking English on the bench, and have high ideas of their importance. Their unvarying rule of procedure is "sock it to 'em." Each judge is paid a salary of \$10 a month.  
Renowned for his severity in condemning the sins that beset tribal warfare on the long trail is Chief Justice Little Soldier. He is a man of more than ordinary capacity, and presides with dignity not exceeded by the High Chancellor of England. At his right sits Associate Justice Big Goose, a handsome fellow of Indian lineage, the truth. At his left sits Associate Justice Rough Face, a striking type of the North American Indian, and the latter court in the corner of his mouth, reservations devoted to their time can get a drink of whiskey or its equivalent, and manufacturing to live in days in every week and 365 days in year without work. Manual labor is a calamity worse than famine and more of whiskey drinking is as universal, and both men and women are in a state of virtual idleness. (Kansas City Journal.)

In Hard Straits.  
Among after-dinner speakers Joseph Jefferson ranks as one who can tell a good story in a dry, delightful way. His stories dealt principally with theatrical subjects. Here is one of his best:  
"While starring through India several years ago," he said at a dinner the other night, "my manager was approached by a man who had the local reputation of being a pass 'worker,' or deal-bearer. He told the usual yarn about being a former actor and ended by asking for professional courtesies.  
"I would be glad to oblige you," said the manager, "but, unfortunately, I haven't a card with me, and he added: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the pass where it will be easy for you to show it.'  
"Leaving over with a pencil he wrote 'Pass the bearer,' on the fellow's white shirt front, and signed his name. The bear thanked him and hastened to the gate. The ticket taker gravely examined the writing and let him take a first step inside, then he called him back and said, in a loud voice:  
"Hold on, my friend; I forgot. It will be necessary for you to leave that pass with me." (Harper's Weekly.)

Naturally.  
"I was reading about a chauffeur who has an attachment for an automobile that makes wonderful speed," said the plain citizen.  
"Of course," replied the scorcher. "Every chauffeur has a sincere attachment for his automobile that makes wonderful speed." (Philadelphia Press.)

Freshly Admitted.  
She: Women may gossip sometimes, but they have better control of their tongues than men have.  
He: You are right. Men have no control whatever of women's tongues. (Kansas City Journal.)

His Incompleteness.  
Greene: Do you mean to say that Miss Felcher said I had no head on me?  
Gray: Well, if she didn't say that in so many words, she said substantially the same thing. She told Daisy Brown you were all heart. (Boston Transcript.)











## Linen Finished Sheets 45c

One hundred dozen linen finished sheets, full size, 24 yards wide by 24 yards long; seam in the center, heavy weight, specially desirable for hotels and lodging houses; regular price 55c; Monday only, each, 45c.



## More Than One Thousand Stylish Skirts

At One-Third to One-Half Less Than Regular Prices  
The Complete Stock of a Noted New York Manufacturer

### Sale Begins Monday Morning

Here's the trade event of the season. Our buyer who has just returned from the East, secured the entire skirt stock of E. Deutsch & Co., 684 Broadway, New York, bought them in a lump at a big sacrifice. There were more than a thousand skirts, representing the entire production of this factory. All grades from the cheapest to the best. Walking skirts; cloth dress skirts; broadcloth skirts; tannin and voile skirts; silk skirts; in fact, all skirtstock is represented in this collection which has never been equaled in Los Angeles. You know "Broadway" skirt values have never been equaled, in local stores—but in this particular instance we will eclipse and outdo any of our former merchandising feats in skirt selling. This big, magnificent stock of skirts will be arranged and ready for sale Monday. Remember that every skirt is a model of style, a masterpiece of the tailor's art. Not a bad number in the collection—all fresh, recent, desirable styles divided into six different lots for Monday's selling, as follows:

LOT 1 \$2.00	FOR SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$3.75	LOT 7 \$7.50	FOR SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$12.50
LOT 2 \$3.50	FOR SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$6.00	LOT 8 \$10.00	FOR SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$15.00
LOT 3 \$5.00	FOR SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$8.00	LOT 9 \$15.00	FOR SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$22.50

**Extra Saleswomen in Our Skirt Section**  
To accommodate the enormous crowds which these magnificent skirt values will attract, we have added a large number of extra saleswomen to our skirt section, so that you will be sure of prompt service. This is an event of unusual importance, so that you will be sure to get the best of our skirt values.

**\$30 Skirts for \$20 \$40 Skirts for \$25 \$50 Skirts for \$30**

**\$7.50 Peau De Soie Silk Coats \$5.98**  
As a business bringer for Monday we place on sale 25 uniforms peau de soie silk box coats; made with fancy top cap; lace trimmed; these garments are 27 inches long; all sizes; splendid values at \$7.50; specially priced for Monday at each \$5.98.

**Jackets, a new grouping brings together a black and white, special lot for Monday; originally up to \$20.00; choose from lot Monday**

**\$12.98**

**Vesting Waists, made from high grade front; embroidered in white; wide plait in back; in stock; extra full sleeves; good \$4.50 value; Monday each**

**\$3.48**

**Silk Waists, stylish waists made of Louisiana; the most desirable peau de soie and tulle; in all sizes; very strong; all colors including black; white; all new styles; all sizes; special values for Monday each**

**\$4.98**

## Monday's Offerings From the Third Floor

Scotch net curtains, dune, Brussels and Irish point designs; double thread; all through; strong; original price \$2.50 and \$4.00; Monday only, each, \$1.98

### Large Rugs or Art Squares.

All wool art squares, extra heavy, perfectly reversible; handsome patterns; rich color combinations; our regular prices are extremely low on these goods, but for Monday we offer a still further reduction. Here are the prices:

16x20 Art Squares, 16x20 yards, \$2.50	16x20 Art Squares, 16x20 yards, \$2.50
16x20 Art Squares, 16x20 yards, \$2.50	16x20 Art Squares, 16x20 yards, \$2.50
16x20 Art Squares, 16x20 yards, \$2.50	16x20 Art Squares, 16x20 yards, \$2.50

**Silkoline Comforts**  
Regular Price \$2.50 at \$1.79

Silkoline comforts, filled with pure white mottled cotton, size 72x84; both sides figured; beautiful colors; regular price \$2.50; Monday from 8 to 10 a. m. only, each, \$1.79

**Sateen Comforts, Regular Price \$3.50, at \$2.50.**

As a special leader for Monday from our bedding section we offer some large size sateen comforts filled with white sheet cotton; these are offered at \$3.50; Monday only, each, \$2.50

**Corded madras shirting, 32 inches wide, pretty stripe with raised cord; good colors that will not fade; suitable for shirt waists, children's dresses and men's shirts; 50c value; Monday per yard, 15c**

**15c**

**12c**

**10c**

**8c**

**6c**

**4c**

**2c**

**1c**

**10c**

**15c**

**20c**

**25c**

**30c**

**35c**

**40c**

**45c**

**50c**

**55c**

**60c**

**65c**

**70c**

**75c**

**80c**

**85c**

**90c**

**95c**

**1.00**

**1.05**

**1.10**

**1.15**

**1.20**

**1.25**

**1.30**

**1.35**

**1.40**

**1.45**

**1.50**

**1.55**

**1.60**

**1.65**

**1.70**

**1.75**

**1.80**

**1.85**

**1.90**

**1.95**

**2.00**

**2.05**

**2.10**

**2.15**

**2.20**

**2.25**

**2.30**

**2.35**

**2.40**

**2.45**

**2.50**

**2.55**

**2.60**

**2.65**

**2.70**

**2.75**

**2.80**

**2.85**

**2.90**

**2.95**

**3.00**

**3.05**

**3.10**

**3.15**

**3.20**

**3.25**

**3.30**

**3.35**

**3.40**

**3.45**

**3.50**

**3.55**

**3.60**

**3.65**

**3.70**

**3.75**

**3.80**

**3.85**

**3.90**

**3.95**

**4.00**

**4.05**

**4.10**

**4.15**

**4.20**

**4.25**

**4.30**

**4.35**

**4.40**

**4.45**

**4.50**

**4.55**

**4.60**

**4.65**

**4.70**

**4.75**

**4.80**

**4.85**

**4.90**

**4.95**

**5.00**

**5.05**

**5.10**

**5.15**

**5.20**

**5.25**

**5.30**

**5.35**

**5.40**

**5.45**

**5.50**

**5.55**

**5.60**

**5.65**

**5.70**

**5.75**

**5.80**

**5.85**

**5.90**

**5.95**

**6.00**

**6.05**

**6.10**

**6.15**

**6.20**

**6.25**

**6.30**

**6.35**

**6.40**

**6.45**

**6.50**

**6.55**

**6.60**

**6.65**

**6.70**

**6.75**

**6.80**

**6.85**

**6.90**

**6.95**

**7.00**

**7.05**

**7.10**

**7.15**

**7.20**

**7.25**

**7.30**

**7.35**

**7.40**

**7.45**

**7.50**

**7.55**

**7.60**

**7.65**

**7.70**

**7.75**

**7.80**

**7.85**

**7.90**

**7.95**

**8.00**

**8.05**

**8.10**

**8.15**

**8.20**

**8.25**

**8.30**

**8.35**

**8.40**

**8.45**

**8.50**

**8.55**

**8.60**

**8.65**

**8.70**

**8.75**

**8.80**

**8.85**

**8.90**

**8.95**

**9.00**

**9.05**

**9.10**

**9.15**

**9.20**

**9.25**

**9.30**

**9.35**

**9.40**

**9.45**

**9.50**

**9.55**

**9.60**

**9.65**

**9.70**

**9.75**

**9.80**

**9.85**

**9.90**

**9.95**

**10.00**

**10.05**

**10.10**

**10.15**

**10.20**

**10.25**



SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1933.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## "HOUSE AND LOT"—The Times' Weekly Review of Real Estate and Building.

### FACT AND COMMENT.

**THE LARGE financial adjustments** in the East, while involving vast sums, seem to have affected primarily those who were able in a measure to stand the losses involved in the squeezing-out process to which the stocks of certain trusts have been subjected. The business community generally does not seem at any rate, to be greatly depressed by them; and, with the gradual disappearance of this cloud, investments in real estate and other securities are expected to become more active. The influence on this market has not been great, but it has been enough to cause a slight rise in the value of the country's real estate. The country's real estate has not been so much affected by the depression as the stock market. The country's real estate has not been so much affected by the depression as the stock market.

### Way Down South.

The Vernon section continues to grow with amazing rapidity. This is due mainly to the improvements being made down that way by the construction of legitimate boomers, H. E. Huntington. The big race track at Ascot Park is due to open on the 15th of December. No less than nine lines of street cars will converge there. The big car barn, near South Park, are assuming shape. A population of about 2000 will center around that point, and lodging-houses and apartment-houses are going up as if by magic. In and around what is known as Vernon Park, and farther down, between that and the city limits, at least 100 families are living in tents and temporary houses because they are unable to build permanent homes. The big car barn, near South Park, are assuming shape. A population of about 2000 will center around that point, and lodging-houses and apartment-houses are going up as if by magic.

### On Grand Near Seventh.

By a conveyance placed on record in the latter part of the week J. L. Schieffelin conveyed to L. M. Wallace, through the agency of W. L. Hollingsworth & Co., 70x150 feet on the west side of Grand avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, with a twelve-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$15,000. A desirable property in a district that will in time be devoted, doubtless, to business blocks.

### In the Boettcher Tract.

Buying and building in the Boettcher tract continues active. It is located on the southeast corner of Third and San Pedro streets. The lots are from 40 to 50 feet front, average 125 in depth, and extend to all ways. The streets of the subdivision are graded, gravelled, sewered and watered, and have four-inch water mains. W. A. Johnson & Co., the agents of the tract, report the sale of fifteen unimproved lots during the past week at prices ranging from \$500 to \$800, and aggregating \$8000. Among the purchasers, practically all of whom buy to build homes, are the following: John L. Hoke, Margaret A. Kelley, Orlando W. Moon, Carrie F. Nichols.

### DOINGS OF BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS.

#### NO LACK OF ACTIVITY IN THIS FIELD.

**Buildings Begun and Completed in Various Parts of the City—Stylish Flats Continue to be in High Favor With Investors.**

The number of buildings completed during the week was as follows:

First Ward	9
Second Ward	4
Third Ward	3
Fourth Ward	4
Fifth Ward	10
Sixth Ward	28
Seventh Ward	4
Eighth Ward	1
Ninth Ward	6

Of these sixty-nine were dwellings and seven business buildings. The total number of permits issued so far this month is 622. The improvements authorized aggregate \$1,184,819, and are classified as follows:

Structure	No.	Value
First-class brick buildings	2	\$7,000
Second-class brick buildings	2	\$2,500
Third-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fourth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fifth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Sixth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Seventh-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Eighth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Ninth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Tenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Eleventh-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Twelfth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Thirteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fourteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fifteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Sixteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Seventeenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Eighteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Nineteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Twentieth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000

The continued activity in the building line tells a story of growth and development that must necessarily be gratifying.

The number of permits issued last week by Building Superintendent Krause was 153. The improvements

### POINTS AND POINTERS.

**In the Magazine.**

In the House Beautiful and Architectural Department of The Times' Weekly Illustrated Magazine of this date is shown a picture of the dwelling that was recently put up for Gustave Thomas by the Concrete House Building Company according to the process patented by Architect G. E. Voelkel. It is a very conveniently-arranged dwelling costing about \$6000, and the advantages claimed for this new process of construction are well described in an article by the patentee.

**Colonial Flats.**

Elsewhere in this review will be found a sketch from the architect's pen showing the three-story frame apartment building that is now being erected for Mrs. Sadie Klein on the east side of Figueroa between Fifth and Fourteenth streets, as it will appear when finished.

Eighty to maintain four six-room flats, and two seven-room flats.

The apartments will be supplied with modern conveniences and will have double floors throughout, with oak floors in the reception halls and oaken borders in all the rooms. The dining-room and parlors will be provided with handsome mantels and artistically stained woodwork. All rooms will be provided with gas for lighting, and the plumbing and electrical arrangements for insulation and protection being of the most perfect character. Double water and similar conveniences are to be provided for each floor, and in the tinting of the walls and in the general scheme of interior decoration care is to be taken to secure artistic and pleasing effects.

In its general appearance the building is typical of the colonial, and the four stately columns of classic mold and proportion, which reach from the first to the third story, and materially to the pleasing exterior effect.

The plans of the house were prepared by Architect Edward Nelson, and it is being put up under his supervision. It will cost about \$17,000.

**Building Notes.**

The contract for putting up a five-story brick business building for the McCarthy Company, on the northwest corner of Broadway and Court street, was awarded last week to the Bee-McCarthy Company for \$27,000. The one of the three buildings which the McCarthy company is to erect in this locality, a description and sketch of which recently appeared in this review. The other two buildings will stand just west of that for which the contract has just been let, and contracts for their erection will be awarded at an early date.

Another contract for another of the group of buildings that are planned for this locality was awarded at the same time to the contracting company named. It is to be put up for Robert F. Jones, and will stand on the southwest corner of Broadway and Court street, just north of the corner building. The improvements are to be finished within five months.

Fred F. Hahn has taken the contract to build for John C. Gutter of Salt Lake City a two-story frame cottage, which the latter is to have erected for a winter home for himself, on the east side of St. Louis street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, and overlooking Hollywood Park. It will be modern in design, and will cost about \$2500, and is to be finished by January 25.

L. A. Strouse has awarded to C. W. Wenzel the contract for erecting a modern cottage dwelling for himself and family on the west side of Wall street, 150 feet north of Washington street.

Following are among the plans for new buildings taken from the Builder and Contractor:

Architect Charles H. E. Blackman has prepared plans and is taking bids for two two-story seven-room frame residences to be erected in Whittier for C. W. Harvey. Hardwood floors, beam ceilings, colorful mantels and yellow pine trim will be incorporated.

Also preparing plans for a two-story eleven-room frame residence to be built in the same city for the same owner.

He has prepared plans and is taking bids for four two-story frame cottages to be built in Whittier for Harvey & Collins.

Architect F. M. Tyler has prepared plans and begun the construction of a two-story frame residence for Ralph W. Neill, 2018 Van Ness street.

Architects Marsh & Russell have prepared plans for a one- and one-half-story frame residence to be built at Huntington Park for Mrs. Newton.

They have also prepared plans for a two-story frame building 53x20 feet, containing four four-room flats to be built on the north side of Court street, near Olive street, for A. W. Palmer.

Architect Theo. A. Eilen is preparing plans for a one-story brick hospital building 61x88 feet, to be erected on Boyle Heights for the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum. It will be constructed with the best sanitary arrangements and will accommodate thirty-five patients besides the help.

Architect A. L. Haley is preparing plans for a two-story eight-room frame residence to be built on the southeast corner of Raymond and Twenty-seventh streets for himself. It will be in the rural style of architecture, with rustic and shingle siding, exposed chimneys of Santa Barbara buff stone, brick foundations and porch, with cement flooring on two sides, plate and leaded glass windows. The interior will have hardwood floors in principal rooms, beamed ceilings, paneled and tiled walls, three brick mantels with large fireplaces, Oregon pine trim stained.

He is also preparing plans for a three-story and basement wholesale brick building 51x120 feet, to be built on the east side of Los Angeles street, between Third and Boyd streets, for T. J. Douglas. It will have the usual features in wholesale houses, including plate glass windows, pressed brick on front elevation, composition roofing.

Architects Smith & Starr are preparing plans for a three-story, basement and attic frame building, 43x55 feet, to be built on the corner of Ocean avenue and Savy street, Ocean Park, for J. M. Roberts. It will contain eleven three-room flats.

Architect Lester S. Moore is preparing plans for a one- and one-half-story seven-room frame residence to be built on the northwest corner of Dalton avenue and West Twenty-seventh street, for Mrs. Hattie R. Sherwood. He is also preparing plans for a two-story seven-room frame residence to be built on the west side of Broadway street, near Adams street for F. W. Reman.

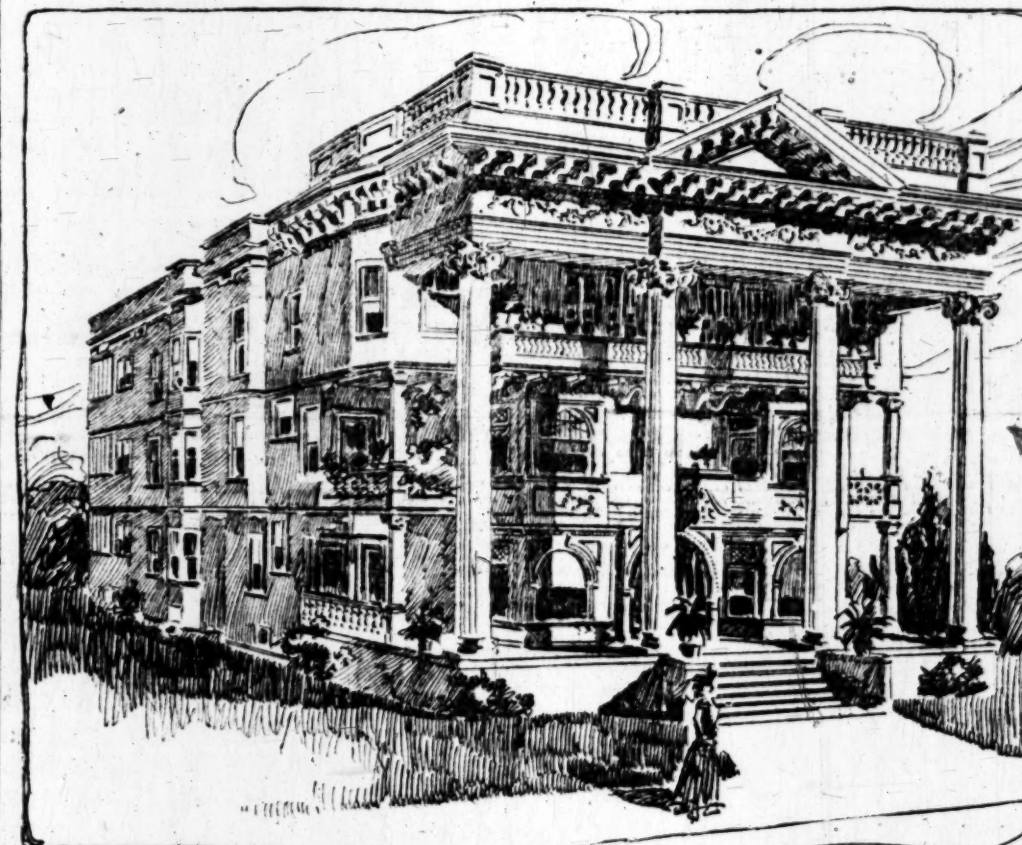
Architect Charles E. Shattuck is preparing plans for a one- and one-half-story frame apartment building, which is to be put up by W. I. Weisner on the east side of Grand avenue, eighty-four feet north of Fourteenth street. The principal contract has been let to C. F. Kern, and the building is to be completed by March 21. It will be of modern design and finish and will cost about \$10,000.

### Actual Consideration Recorded.

Among the deeds placed on record during the week was one conveying from George W. Wilson, Lucy E. Wilson and Mary A. Wilson to Phineas Newman and Samuel M. Newman, 10x100 feet on the east side of Orange street, consideration named, \$5000. This is a fine site for an elegant residence, and it is reported that the buyer, who lives in the East, will improve with a handsome dwelling for a Southern California home.

### Leased Before Completion.

The three-story and basement brick building on the northeast corner of Eighth and Olive streets, that is now being finished by the McCarthy Building Company, under the supervision of Architect John Parkinson, has been leased by E. R. Farnell, through the agency of Whittier & Callender, for



COLONIAL FLATS—ON FIGUEROA BELOW PICO.

### Catherine L. Withorn, Charles C. Bradford, Zach T. Ingles, John R. Ford, Mary A. Katherine Muller, and Helger R. Sparrowhawk.

#### Auction Sale.

At the auction sale of lots in the Houston Heights tract held yesterday forty lots were sold at prices ranging from \$100 to \$1500, and aggregating about \$42,000.

#### Vernon Park.

Last Tuesday the plat of Grider & Hamilton's Vernon Park tract, having been duly approved by the proper authorities, was placed on record with the County Recorder. The subdivision includes what was formerly seventeen lots, and covers an area of 125 acres. It contains 429 lots, averaging six and one-half acres each, and fronting on Vernon avenue, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, and lying between Zamora and Compton avenues. Over thirty residences are already reported built, with many others in course of construction, and over three miles of streets are now being graded, curbed and sidewalked. Sales of thirty-three unimproved lots are reported in the subdivision during the past week, at prices ranging from \$100 to \$1500, and aggregating \$11,250. Among the purchasers are: M. L. Stevens, one lot, southwest corner Forty-fifth street and Compton avenue, \$500; Sarah C. Brady, one lot, south side Vernon, between Zamora and Compton avenues, \$500; Lottie Street, one lot, Forty-fifth, between same cross streets, \$500; Ernest O. McClure, fifteen lots, south side Vernon, between same cross streets, \$1500; and others.

#### Highland Park Addition.

Sales of twelve unimproved lots in Ralph Rogers & Co.'s Highland Park addition are reported for the past month at prices ranging from \$300 to \$1000, and aggregating about \$1000. The tract lies between Avenues 67 and 69, and adjoining the northeastern boundary of the city. The lots average 40x100 feet each. Four new dwellings are now in course of construction, and having plans prepared for others. Work on the Methodist Seminary building is progressing rapidly. When finished it will be a desirable addition to the Garvanza district. Among the purchasers are: C. E. Eby, two lots, south side Avenue 68, eighty feet east of Eby avenue, \$1300; W. H. Haskins, J. E. Winnie, W. Lemon and Charles H. See. Most of the buyers will build homes on their purchases. The new American district school, which is just being finished, is located in the south boundary of the addition and adjacent subdivisions.

#### On Ruth Avenue.

John W. Granger has purchased of George H. Nelson, seventeen unimproved lots of the Nadeau Orange tract, 50x100 feet each, on Thirty-eighth street, about midway between South Park avenue and Eureka street, consideration named, \$7500. The property lies near the south boundary of the city and is suitable for subdivision.

#### Unimproved Lots.

George A. Cortelou has purchased of D. A. Warner, through the agency of George H. Nelson, seventeen unimproved lots of the Nadeau Orange tract, 50x100 feet each, on Thirty-eighth street, about midway between South Park avenue and Eureka street, consideration named, \$7500. The property lies near the south boundary of the city and is suitable for subdivision.

#### Dwelling at Auction.

The nine-room two-story frame residence of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

### AMONG REAL ESTATE OWNERS AND DEALERS.

#### FEW DEALS NOTED IN PROSPECTIVE BUSINESS PROPERTIES.

**Sales in Residence Districts Continue Numerous and Trading in Lots of New Subdivisions More Active Than Was to be Expected.**

The number of deals in prospective business properties noted last week was, probably, not so great as during the preceding week. The presence of a holiday nearly always has a tendency to diminish the volume of business. The holiday which occurred during the past week, however, was one that naturally calls to mind the fact that real estate agents, brokers and operators have, perhaps, as much to feel thankful for as those engaged in any business or profession. The work partakes of the character both of a business and a reward, and the obligations which it imposes are quite exacting; but the pros and cons of whose efforts are crowned with a fair degree of success are reasonably satisfactory. It is to be hoped, therefore, that many of the dealers not only observed Thanksgiving Day as was befitting the occasion, but that many of them emulated the example of one of the greatest real estate developers now operating in Southern California and gave something towards helping those less fortunate than themselves.

Sales in residence properties are always good, and the purchases in new subdivisions continue to be more than satisfactory. The outlook for increasing activity in the real estate line is good.

#### Will Receive Bids to Lease.

The Board of Education has, as noted in The Times Tuesday, decided to lease its lot, extending from Spring street to Broadway, between Fifth and sixth streets, 125x250 feet. Bids are to be received up to 5 p. m. February 20, 1934, and the lease is to begin July 1 next. No bid providing for a rental of less than \$20,000 per annum for the next five years will be considered. The property is to be appraised every five years, and the rental is to be 5 per cent. of appraised value. The lease is to continue forty years, and upon its expiration the property of the board. The minimum rental fixed for the first five years is based upon a valuation of \$400,000. The double frontage of 125 feet, each with a full depth lot, is equivalent to a single frontage of 250 feet, and the estimated value is at the rate of \$166 per front foot. This is a very conservative estimate. It is doubtful if this property, or any other property in the same block, could be bought at that rate.

#### Large Site for Mill.

A purchase that was made to secure additional space for the expansion of a manufacturing enterprise was that, on the lot of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

#### Dwelling at Auction.

The nine-room two-story frame residence of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

#### Unimproved Lots.

George A. Cortelou has purchased of D. A. Warner, through the agency of George H. Nelson, seventeen unimproved lots of the Nadeau Orange tract, 50x100 feet each, on Thirty-eighth street, about midway between South Park avenue and Eureka street, consideration named, \$7500. The property lies near the south boundary of the city and is suitable for subdivision.

#### Dwelling at Auction.

The nine-room two-story frame residence of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

#### Large Site for Mill.

A purchase that was made to secure additional space for the expansion of a manufacturing enterprise was that, on the lot of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

#### Dwelling at Auction.

The nine-room two-story frame residence of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

#### Unimproved Lots.

George A. Cortelou has purchased of D. A. Warner, through the agency of George H. Nelson, seventeen unimproved lots of the Nadeau Orange tract, 50x100 feet each, on Thirty-eighth street, about midway between South Park avenue and Eureka street, consideration named, \$7500. The property lies near the south boundary of the city and is suitable for subdivision.

#### Dwelling at Auction.

The nine-room two-story frame residence of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

#### Large Site for Mill.

A purchase that was made to secure additional space for the expansion of a manufacturing enterprise was that, on the lot of J. R. Haysman, at No. 728 West Eighteenth street, with lot 10x170 feet, was sold at auction Tuesday by Rhodes & Reed to a recent arrival from the East. The property, named, \$600, as was noted in The Times Wednesday. The house is a substantial structure in a good locality.

### Way Down South.

The Vernon section continues to grow with amazing rapidity. This is due mainly to the improvements being made down that way by the construction of legitimate boomers, H. E. Huntington. The big race track at Ascot Park is due to open on the 15th of December. No less than nine lines of street cars will converge there. The big car barn, near South Park, are assuming shape. A population of about 2000 will center around that point, and lodging-houses and apartment-houses are going up as if by magic. In and around what is known as Vernon Park, and farther down, between that and the city limits, at least 100 families are living in tents and temporary houses because they are unable to build permanent homes. The big car barn, near South Park, are assuming shape. A population of about 2000 will center around that point, and lodging-houses and apartment-houses are going up as if by magic.

### On Grand Near Seventh.

By a conveyance placed on record in the latter part of the week J. L. Schieffelin conveyed to L. M. Wallace, through the agency of W. L. Hollingsworth & Co., 70x150 feet on the west side of Grand avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, with a twelve-room frame dwelling; consideration named, \$15,000. A desirable property in a district that will in time be devoted, doubtless, to business blocks.

### In the Boettcher Tract.

Buying and building in the Boettcher tract continues active. It is located on the southeast corner of Third and San Pedro streets. The lots are from 40 to 50 feet front, average 125 in depth, and extend to all ways. The streets of the subdivision are graded, gravelled, sewered and watered, and have four-inch water mains. W. A. Johnson & Co., the agents of the tract, report the sale of fifteen unimproved lots during the past week at prices ranging from \$500 to \$800, and aggregating \$8000. Among the purchasers, practically all of whom buy to build homes, are the following: John L. Hoke, Margaret A. Kelley, Orlando W. Moon, Carrie F. Nichols.

### Leased Before Completion.

The three-story and basement brick building on the northeast corner of Eighth and Olive streets, that is now being finished by the McCarthy Building Company, under the supervision of Architect John Parkinson, has been leased by E. R. Farnell, through the agency of Whittier & Callender, for

### Actual Consideration Recorded.

Among the deeds placed on record during the week was one conveying from George W. Wilson, Lucy E. Wilson and Mary A. Wilson to Phineas Newman and Samuel M. Newman, 10x100 feet on the east side of Orange street, consideration named, \$5000. This is a fine site for an elegant residence, and it is reported that the buyer, who lives in the East, will improve with a handsome dwelling for a Southern California home.

### Doings of Builders and Architects.

#### NO LACK OF ACTIVITY IN THIS FIELD.

**Buildings Begun and Completed in Various Parts of the City—Stylish Flats Continue to be in High Favor With Investors.**

The number of buildings completed during the week was as follows:

First Ward	9
Second Ward	4
Third Ward	3
Fourth Ward	4
Fifth Ward	10
Sixth Ward	28
Seventh Ward	4
Eighth Ward	1
Ninth Ward	6

Of these sixty-nine were dwellings and seven business buildings. The total number of permits issued so far this month is 622. The improvements authorized aggregate \$1,184,819, and are classified as follows:

Structure	No.	Value
First-class brick buildings	2	\$7,000
Second-class brick buildings	2	\$2,500
Third-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fourth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fifth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Sixth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Seventh-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Eighth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Ninth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Tenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Eleventh-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Twelfth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Thirteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fourteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Fifteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Sixteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Seventeenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Eighteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Nineteenth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000
Twentieth-class brick buildings	1	\$1,000

The continued activity in the building line tells a story of growth and development that must necessarily be gratifying.

The number of permits issued last week by Building Superintendent Krause was 153. The improvements

### POINTS AND POINTERS.

**In the Magazine.**

In the House Beautiful and Architectural Department of The Times' Weekly Illustrated Magazine of this date is shown a picture of the dwelling that was recently put up for Gustave Thomas by the Concrete House Building Company according to the process patented by Architect G. E. Voelkel. It is a very conveniently-arranged dwelling costing about \$6000, and the advantages claimed for this new process of construction are well described in an article by the patentee.

**Colonial Flats.**

Elsewhere in this review will be found a sketch from the architect's pen showing the three-story frame apartment building that is now being erected for Mrs. Sadie Klein on the east side of Figueroa between Fifth and Fourteenth streets, as it will appear when finished.

Eighty to maintain four six-room flats, and two seven-room flats.

The apartments will be supplied with modern conveniences and will have double floors throughout, with oak floors in the reception halls and oaken borders in all the rooms. The dining-room and parlors will be provided with handsome mantels and artistically stained woodwork. All rooms will be provided with gas for lighting, and the plumbing and electrical arrangements for insulation and protection being of the most perfect character. Double water and similar conveniences are to be provided for each floor, and in the tinting of the walls and in the general scheme of interior decoration care is to be taken to secure artistic and pleasing effects.

In its general appearance the building is typical of the colonial, and the four stately columns of classic mold and proportion, which reach from the first to the third story, and materially to the pleasing exterior effect.

The plans of the house were prepared by Architect Edward Nelson, and it is being put up under his supervision. It will cost about \$17,000.

**Building Notes.**

The contract for putting up a five-story brick business building for the McCarthy Company, on the northwest corner of Broadway and Court street, was awarded last week to the Bee-McCarthy Company for \$27,000. The one of the three buildings which the McCarthy company is to erect in this locality, a description and sketch of which recently appeared in this review. The other two buildings will stand just west of that for which the contract has just been let, and contracts for their erection will be awarded at an early date.

Another contract for another of the group of buildings that are planned for this locality was awarded at the same time to the contracting company named. It is to be put up for Robert F. Jones, and will stand on the southwest corner of Broadway and Court street, just north of the corner building. The improvements are to be finished within five months.

Fred F. Hahn has taken the contract to build for John C. Gutter of Salt Lake City a two-story frame cottage, which the latter is to have erected for a winter home for himself, on the east side of St. Louis street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, and overlooking Hollywood Park. It will be modern in design, and will cost about \$2500, and is to be finished by January 25.

L. A. Strouse has awarded to C. W. Wenzel the contract for erecting a modern cottage dwelling for himself and family on the west side of Wall street, 150 feet north of Washington street.

Following are among the plans for new buildings taken from the Builder and Contractor:

Architect Charles H. E. Blackman has prepared plans and is taking bids for two two-story seven-room frame residences to be erected in Whittier for C. W. Harvey. Hardwood floors, beam ceilings, colorful mantels and yellow pine trim will be incorporated.

Also preparing plans for a two-story eleven-room frame residence to be built in the same city for the same owner.

He has prepared plans and is taking bids for four two-story frame cottages to be built in Whittier for Harvey & Collins.

Architect F. M. Tyler has prepared plans and begun the construction of a two-story frame residence for Ralph W. Neill, 2018 Van Ness street.

Architects Marsh & Russell have prepared plans for a one- and one-half-story frame residence to be built at Huntington Park for Mrs. Newton.

They have also prepared plans for a two-story frame building 53x20 feet, containing four four-room flats to be built on the north side of Court street, near Olive street, for A. W. Palmer.

Architect Theo. A. Eilen is preparing plans for a one-story brick hospital building 61x88 feet, to be erected on Boyle Heights for the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum. It will be constructed with the best sanitary arrangements and will accommodate thirty-five patients besides the help.

Architect A. L. Haley is preparing plans for a two-story eight-room frame residence to be built on the southeast corner of Raymond and Twenty-seventh streets for himself. It will be in the rural style of architecture, with rustic and shingle siding, exposed chimneys of Santa Barbara buff stone, brick foundations and porch, with cement flooring on two sides, plate and leaded glass windows. The interior will have hardwood floors in principal rooms, beamed ceilings, paneled and tiled walls, three brick mantels with large fireplaces, Oregon pine trim stained.

He is also preparing plans for a three-story and basement wholesale brick building 51x120 feet, to be built on the east side of Los Angeles street, between Third and Boyd streets, for T. J. Douglas. It will have the usual features in wholesale houses, including plate glass windows, pressed brick on front elevation, composition roofing.

Architects Smith & Starr are preparing plans for a three-story, basement and attic frame building, 43x55 feet, to be built on the corner of Ocean avenue and Savy street, Ocean Park, for J. M. Roberts. It will contain eleven three-room flats.

Architect Lester S. Moore is preparing plans for a one- and one-half-story seven-room frame residence to be built on the northwest corner of Dalton avenue and West Twenty-seventh street, for Mrs. Hattie R. Sherwood. He is also preparing plans for a two-story seven-room frame residence to be built on the west side of Broadway street, near Adams street for F. W. Reman.

Architect Charles E. Shattuck is preparing plans for a one- and one-half-story frame apartment building, which is to be put up by W. I. Weisner on the east side of Grand avenue, eighty-four feet north of Fourteenth street. The principal contract has been let to C. F. Kern, and the building is to be completed by March 21. It will be of modern design and finish and will cost about \$10,000.



## HOUSE AND LOT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

Specifications provide for concrete foundations, pressed-brick on first elevation and 1st floor. Architect O. E. Voncken is preparing plans for a two-story frame business building 50x50 feet, containing stores, bakery, on the northeast corner of Central and thirty-sixth street, for Jacob Muth.

He has also prepared plans and is taking bids for a two-story frame building of four six-room flats to be built on Downey avenue, near Avenue 18, for A. L. Sioyer.

Architect P. W. Ehlers is preparing plans for raising and adding ten rooms to a six-room frame cottage at No. 131 Elmira street for W. Lipp.

Architect William B. Edwards has prepared plans of a two-story eleven-room frame residence for James B. True to be built on Los Robles avenue near Washington street.

He has also plans of a six-room frame cottage for George L. Andrews to be built on Brent avenue between Cosway and Oakley avenues, South Pasadena.

He has also prepared plans of a two-story double house containing eight rooms to be built on northeast corner of Hill street and Lake avenue, for W. H. Smith and J. J. Buchanan.

Architect C. W. Buchanan is preparing plans for V. R. Stuller, of a six-room frame cottage on Hill street, near Fair Oaks avenue.

He is also preparing plans for an addition to the Dayton-street engine house.

**Building Permits.**—The following are among the permits issued by the city superintendent of buildings: For Earl F. Low, an eight-room residence at No. 341 South Flower street to cost \$3,000.

For Dr. C. W. Wuttler, a ten-room residence at No. 104 Westlake avenue, to cost \$3,000.

For R. J. C. Wood, an eight-room residence at No. 244 Raymond avenue, to cost \$3,000.

For Sarah E. Keller, an eight-room residence and shed at No. 408 East Adams street, to cost \$2,800.

For F. Sandberg, frame flats, at No. 1414 East Washington street, to cost \$1,600.

For P. G. Hubert, a twelve-room residence at No. 214 Oxford boulevard, to cost \$4,500.

For G. L. Bannister, a six-room cottage at No. 1423 Calumet street, to cost \$2,000.

For Mrs. Clara A. Lusk, frame flats, at No. 411-413 South Cummings street, to cost \$1,000.

For Cameron E. Thom, a brick auto station, at No. 110-112 East Third street to cost \$10,000.

For M. P. Nott, a thirty-room lodging-house, at No. 148 South Flower street, to cost \$20,000.

For C. Q. Stanton, an addition of sixteen rooms to residence at No. 801 South Figueroa street, to cost \$2,000.

For Los Angeles Building Company, three eight-room residences at Nos. 100-102-104-106-108-110-112-114-116-118-120-122-124-126-128-130-132-134-136-138-140-142-144-146-148-150-152-154-156-158-160-162-164-166-168-170-172-174-176-178-180-182-184-186-188-190-192-194-196-198-200-202-204-206-208-210-212-214-216-218-220-222-224-226-228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000-1002-1004-1006-1008-1010-1012-1014-1016-1018-1020-1022-1024-1026-1028-1030-1032-1034-1036-1038-1040-1042-1044-1046-1048-1050-1052-1054-1056-1058-1060-1062-1064-1066-1068-1070-1072-1074-1076-1078-1080-1082-1084-1086-1088-1090-1092-1094-1096-1098-1100-1102-1104-1106-1108-1110-1112-1114-1116-1118-1120-1122-1124-1126-1128-1130-1132-1134-1136-1138-1140-1142-1144-1146-1148-1150-1152-1154-1156-1158-1160-1162-1164-1166-1168-1170-1172-1174-1176-1178-1180-1182-1184-1186-1188-1190-1192-1194-1196-1198-1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2240-2242-2244-2246-2248-2250-2252-2254-2256-2258-2260-2262-2264-2266-2268-2270-2272-2274-2276-2278-2280-2282-2284-2286-2288-2290-2292-2294-2296-2298-2300-2302-2304-2306-2308-2310-2312-2314-2316-2318-2320-2322-2324-2326-2328-2330-2332-2334-2336-2338-2340-2342-2344-2346-2348-2350-2352-2354-2356-2358-2360-2362-2364-2366-2368-2370-2372-2374-2376-2378-2380-2382-2384-2386-2388-2390-2392-2394-2396-2398-2400-2402-2404-2406-2408-2410-2412-2414-2416-2418-2420-2422-2424-2426-2428-2430-2432-2434-2436-2438-2440-2442-2444-2446-2448-2450-2452-2454-2456-2458-2460-2462-2464-2466-2468-2470-2472-2474-2476-2478-2480-2482-2484-2486-2488-2490-2492-2494-2496-2498-2500-2502-2504-2506-2508-2510-2512-2514-2516-2518-2520-2522-2524-2526-2528-2530-2532-2534-2536-2538-2540-2542-2544-2546-2548-2550-2552-2554-2556-2558-2560-2562-2564-2566-2568-2570-2572-2574-2576-2578-2580-2582-2584-2586-2588-2590-2592-2594-2596-2598-2600-2602-2604-2606-2608-2610-2612-2614-2616-2618-2620-2622-2624-2626-2628-2630-2632-2634-2636-2638-2640-2642-2644-2646-2648-2650-2652-2654-2656-2658-2660-2662-2664-2666-2668-2670-2672-2674-2676-2678-2680-2682-2684-2686-2688-2690-2692-2694-2696-2698-2700-2702-2704-2706-2708-2710-2712-2714-2716-2718-2720-2722-2724-2726-2728-2730-2732-2734-2736-2738-2740-2742-2744-2746-2748-2750-2752-2754-2756-2758-2760-2762-2764-2766-2768-2770-2772-2774-2776-2778-2780-2782-2784-2786-2788-2790-2792-2794-2796-2798-2800-2802-2804-2806-2808-2810-2812-2814-2816-2818-2820-2822-2824-2826-2828-2830-2832-2834-2836-2838-2840-2842-2844-2846-2848-2850-2852-2854-2856-2858-2860-2862-2864-2866-2868-2870-2872-2874-2876-2878-2880-2882-2884-2886-2888-2890-2892-2894-2896-2898-2900-2902-2904-2906-2908-2910-2912-2914-2916-2918-2920-2922-2924-2926-2928-2930-2932-2934-2936-2938-2940-2942-2944-2946-2948-2950-2952-2954-2956-2958-2960-2962-2964-2966-2968-2970-2972-2974-2976-2978-2980-2982-2984-2986-2988-2990-2992-2994-2996-2998-3000-3002-3004-3006-3008-3010-3012-3014-3016-3018-3020-3022-3024-3026-3028-3030-3032-3034-3036-3038-3040-3042-3044-3046-3048-3050-3052-3054-3056-3058-3060-3062-3064-3066-3068-3070-3072-3074-3076-3078-3080-3082-3084-3086-3088-3090-3092-3094-3096-3098-3100-3102-3104-3106-3108-3110-3112-3114-3116-3118-3120-3122-3124-3126-3128-3130-3132-3134-3136-3138-3140-3142-3144-3146-3148-3150-3152-3154-3156-3158-3160-3162-3164-3166-3168-3170-3172-3174-3176-3178-3180-3182-3184-3186-3188-3190-3192-3194-3196-3198-3200-3202-3204-3206-3208-3210-3212-3214-3216-3218-3220-3222-3224-3226-3228-3230-3232-3234-3236-3238-3240-3242-3244-3246-3248-3250-3252-3254-3256-3258-3260-3262-3264-3266-3268-3270-3272-3274-3276-3278-3280-3282-3284-3286-3288-3290-3292-3294-3296-3298-3300-3302-3304-3306-3308-3310-3312-3314-3316-3318-3320-3322-3324-3326-3328-3330-3332-3334-3336-3338-3340-3342-3344-3346-3348-3350-3352-3354-3356-3358-3360-3362-3364-3366-3368-3370-3372-3374-3376-3378-3380-3382-3384-3386-3388-3390-3392-3394-3396-3398-3400-3402-3404-3406-3408-3410-3412-3414-3416-3418-3420-3422-3424-3426-3428-3430-3432-3434-3436-3438-3440-3442-3444-3446-3448-3450-3452-3454-3456-3458-3460-3462-3464-3466-3468-3470-3472-3474-3476-3478-3480-3482-3484-3486-3488-3490-3492-3494-3496-3498-3500-3502-3504-3506-3508-3510-3512-3514-3516-3518-3520-3522-3524-3526-3528-3530-3532-3534-3536-3538-3540-3542-3544-3546-3548-3550-3552-3554-3556-3558-3560-3562-3564-3566-3568-3570-3572-3574-3576-3578-3580-3582-3584-3586-3588-3590-3592-3594-3596-3598-3600-3602-3604-3606-3608-3610-3612-3614-3616-3618-3620-3622-3624-3626-3628-3630-3632-3634-3636-3638-3640-3642-3644-3646-3648-3650-3652-3654-3656-3658-3660-3662-3664-3666-3668-3670-3672-3674-3676-3678-3680-3682-3684-3686-3688-3690-3692-3694-3696-3698-3700-3702-3704-3706-3708-3710-3712-3714-3716-3718-3720-3722-3724-3726-3728-3730-3732-3734-3736-3738-3740-3742-3744-3746-3748-3750-3752-3754-3756-3758-3760-3762-3764-3766-3768-3770-3772-3774-3776-3778-3780-3782-3784-3786-3788-3790-3792-3794-3796-3798-3800-3802-3804-3806-3808-3810-3812-3814-3816-3818-3820-3822-3824-3826-3828-3830-3832-3834-3836-3838-3840-3842-3844-3846-3848-3850-3852-3854-3856-3858-3860-3862-3864-3866-3868-3870-3872-3874-3876-3878-3880-3882-3884-3886-3888-3890-3892-3894-3896-3898-3900-3902-3904-3906-3908-3910-3912-3914-3916-3918-3920-3922-3924-3926-3928-3930-3932-3934-3936-3938-3940-3942-3944-3946-3948-3950-3952-3954-3956-3958-3960-3962-3964-3966-3968-3970-3972-3974-3976-3978-3980-3982-3984-3986-3988-3990-3992-3994-3996-3998-4000-4002-4004-4006-4008-4010-4012-4014-4016-4018-4020-4022-4024-4026-4028-4030-4032-4034-4036-4038-4040-4042-4044-4046-4048-4050-4052-4054-4056-4058-4060-4062-4064-4066-4068-4070-4072-4074-4076-4078-4080-4082-4084-4086-4088-4090-4092-4094-4096-4098-4100-4102-4104-4106-4108-4110-4112-4114-4116-4118-4120-4122-4124-4126-4128-4130-4132-4134-4136-4138-4140-4142-4144-4146-4148-4150-4152-4154-4156-4158-4160-4162-4164-4166-4168-4170-4172-4174-4176-4178-4180-4182-4184-4186-4188-4190-4192-4194-4196-4198-4200-4202-4204-4206-4208-4210-4212-4214-4216-4218-4220-4222-4224-4226-4228-4230-4232-4234-4236-4238-4240-4242-4244-4246-4248-4250-4252-4254-4256-4258-4260-4262-4264-4266-4268-4270-4272-4274-4276-4278-4280-4282-4284-4286-4288-4290-4292-4294-4296-4298-4300-4302-4304-4306-4308-4310-4312-4314-4316-4318-4320-4322-4324-4326-4328-4330-4332-4334-4336-4338-4340-4342-4344-4346-4348-4350-4352-4354-4356-4358-4360-4362-4364-4366-4368-4370-4372-4374-4376-4378-4380-4382-4384-4386-4388-4390-4392-4394-4396-4398-4400-4402-4404-4406-4408-4410-4412-4414-4416-4418-4420-4422-4424-4426-4428-4430-4432-4434-4436-4438-4440-4442-4444-4446-4448-4450-4452-4454-4456-4458-4460-4462-4464-4466-4468-4470-4472-4474-4476-4478-4480-4482-4484-4486-4488-4490-4492-4494-4496-4498-4500-4502-4504-4506-4508-4510-4512-4514-4516-4518-4520-4522-4524-4526-4528-4530-4532-4534-4536-4538-4540-4542-4544-4546-4548-4550-4552-4554-4556-4558-4560-4562-4564-4566-4568-4570-4572-4574-4576-4578-4580-4582-4584-4586-4588-4590-4592-4594-4596-4598-4600-4602-4604-4606-4608-4610-4612-4614-4616-



**FOR SALE—**

**F**OR SALE—

**Houses.**

**FOR SALE—A SNAP.**  
\$2700.—A fine, nearly new 5-room close in, on Girard st., large lot & surroundings, and in every way O. the owner must sell, and we can say that this is a bargain. We are in a hurry and hope you will act quick.

**\$2750.—**On E. 25th st., a new 5-room modern and good.

**\$2100.—**E. 25th, a corner 6 room House.

**\$2250**—On W. 26th st., new 5 rooms, a choice place at low price.  
**\$2500**—A fine new 5-room cottage Wedgawn tract; on S. Main; only \$600 a good buy.

**\$2800**—A good modern 5-room cottage E. Washington; gas, electricity, bath, good buy, with fruit, cement cell.

**\$3500**—Ap. 18-room rooming-house on E. st.; near Central; fine location.  
**\$2100**—A NEW

Never occupied; duty of a 5-room house located; insured modern in every way; since \$30 per month.

29 GRAY & THOMAS,  
119 S. Broadway

FOR SALE—  
NEW HOUSES—EASY TERMS.  
FINE LOCATIONS.  
\$7000—1220 Iowa st., lot 43-3x140, 3 room  
opposite Alvarado Hotel.  
\$4500—1721 Hoover st., lot 43x140,  
rent 1.50.

9-1340-1715 Heaver st. lot 41x150, 3 room  
 gas and sewer,

The following houses are in course of con-  
 struction and will be completed in 20 days  
 Buy now and consult your own taste in de-  
 lecting tinting, decorations and colors in paint  
 screens, lawns fence, electric fixtures, and  
 Will sell on small payment down, balance  
 in 6 months

ONE BLOCK WEST OF FIGUEROA ST.  
 9-2240-1214 Key West, 6 rooms, lot 40x110  
 9-2240-1215 Key West, 6 rooms, lot 40x110  
 9-2240-1216 Key West, 6 rooms, lot 40x110  
 9-2240-1217 Key West, 6 rooms, lot 40x110

\$2000—1219 Royal st., 6 rooms, lot \$2x40.  
\$2000—1221 Royal st., 6 rooms, lot \$2x40.  
\$2000—1223 Royal st., 6 rooms, lot \$2x40.  
\$2000—1225 Royal st., 6 rooms, lot \$2x40.  
\$2000—1227 New Hampshire, 6 rooms, lot  
40x130.  
\$2000—1231 New Hampshire, 6 rooms, lot  
40x130.  
\$2000—1233 New Hampshire, 6 rooms, lot  
40x130.  
TAYLOR & CO. (Owners.)  
306 Laughlin Bldg.

SALE—\$2000

Each for two five-room cottages on Park  
close in. After

111 buy three six-room cottages on Fig-  
 st. close in; lots fifty foot front.  
 are a bargain. \$2000  
 we five-room cottage, modern in every  
 ect; lot 50x125; graded street; close to  
 east front; easy terms. \$2000  
 e-room new modern cottage, graded  
 . near car and school; lot 40x120;  
 terms. \$2000  
 st-room house in Temple street.  
 50 by 150.

\$55,000  
 2-story room house, nearly new; lot 56  
 on Hill st. close to Eighth st.; also  
 146 corner Car and Hill; cheap  
 sh.  
**MAKE OFFER**  
 744 W. 24th; 8-room modern house;  
 in bath; large screen porch; new  
 lot 50x135. Owner non-resident.  
 ous to sell.  
**W. F. GOODHUE CO.,**  
 232-233 Broadway Bldg.  
 -B-  
 New, modern cottages

120 feet on San Pedro st.; a  
 cash; terms.  
 Strictly  
 y. etc.; lot 6-room house. **WAS.**  
 E. 20th st.  
 Elegant 6-room cottage. modern in  
 respect; **WAS.** electricity. \$300 cash.  
 To suit: E. 21st st.  
 Room, new, modern, never occupied  
 polished floors, etc.; No. 728 E. 23d  
 cash.  
 New, modern, up-to-date 6-room cot-  
 electricity; terms: No. 718 E. 31st  
 ys strictly modern 2-room cottage.  
 23d st.  
 20th st.

Modern cottage. Instantaneous  
\$1100 cash. balance to suit: No.  
at.  
new, strictly modern 6-room  
\$4014; terms: No. 715 E. 31st  
423 Giles st., 5-room, new, mod-  
\$300 cash. balance terms.  
m California house, snar: \$300  
429 E. 16th st.  
n Lookout house, 2 lots, 60x  
Mt. Lookout. Drive: snar.  
HINSON & CO. Sole Agents.  
19 S. Broadway.

**PAY RENT:**  
If you some of these places and  
ing rent.  
n cottage on Wall near 11d; lot  
rents for \$9 per month; lot is  
new 4-room plastered cottage  
ta ave. near Washington; 66-  
rents for \$12 per month.  
cottage on Albany St. near  
116x151.  
4-room cottage on McClintock  
lot.  
2-room cottage on W. 3rd  
avenue.

5-room cottage on 27th near  
lot 50x125.  
cottage on Windford near Bur-  
large barn; lot 62x125; the lot  
the money.  
room, 2-story house on E. 26th  
fain; large rooms; lot 50x125.  
room house on E. 37th near  
e rooms; lot 50x125.

**OTHERS. SEE US.**  
**EARN, 110 S. Broadway.**

HOME. SOUTHWEST  
S ST. AND ST. JAM.  
BUILT FINE FOUNDA-  
ROOMS. A RECEPTION  
WINDOW SEAT; PAR-  
SEAT; AND GAS GRATE;  
ROOM, WITH PLEASING  
EFFECT. MUSIC ROOM,  
SQUARE, WITH BOWNS  
SOMELY. PRESERVED  
DESIGNS; FINE KITCH-  
LITTLE CONVEN-  
CUPBOARDS.

WARD, WITH  
SCREEN  
WASHTUBS;  
ON SECOND FLOOR;  
COMPLETE; 2 BAL-  
BILLIARD ROOM IN  
ND BACK STAIRS;  
ERES; PLATE-GLASS  
LOT IS 6x16 AND  
IDEAL HOME AT \$  
S & DUBLIN CO.,  
101 N. BROADWAY.  
GRASSETT.  
RST AND SPRING

house, southwest; fur-  
rooms; good neigh-  
ce.  
se, just built; close  
roomed house; very  
kinds of fruit,  
modern.

na.  
Har, barn.  
cottage.  
1 & GRASSETT.  
103 Wilson Bldg.  
E DEPARTURE

AS DEDUCTED  
CHEAPNESS.  
SOLE AGENT.  
Near West Adams  
interior, consist-  
ing of six elegantly  
carved pillars  
supporting a dining-  
room buffet; Turkish  
new, beautiful  
range.  
LYSON BLDG.















































*So Enthusiastic He Breaks the  
Speed Laws--Acts as His Own  
Chauffeur, and Can Mend Almost  
Any Breakdown.*

His sudden appearance when he was supposed to be absent, was a surprise to the more ignorant soldiers, who were from themselves. They were popping up unexpectedly was not altogether popular to the soldiers, who always seemed to turn up just when things were going badly. However, the thought of his activity and initiative such as unknown hitherto.

His conversations were rich in incidents, which King Victor Emanuel has four automobiles, but the most recent is the latest, as it is the most expensive. This he uses personally, and has called

perhaps the danger to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose, therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

1997 and 1998

OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

TRANSITION

314 South Broadway.

811 South Broadway.



## Special Items in Women's Wearables

Not a picking at random but careful judgment as to what women want and what the majority of them are wearing. You may not have thought it necessary last week to purchase a suit or coat whereas this week your mind may be fully made up to do so. Look where you will, compare with any you see offered elsewhere and we are sure that your own judgment will give this store the preference.

**New Tailored Suits**—plain cheviots or fancy mixtures in either plain or cape trimmed styles. The jackets silk or satin lined, and have unlined skirts. They are nicely made and very neat garments worth \$20.00. Offered as a special leader per suit. **\$15.00**

**Stylish Dress Skirts**—Cheviots, Etamines and Venetians; are either plain flare or silk trimmed styles; nicely tailored and good values at \$10.00. Featured for the second week of our Sample Skirt Sale at. **\$7.50**

**New Tailored Suits**—Cheviots in colors of blue, brown or black; trimmed with novelty silks and capes; also fancy Zibeline suits and cake walk mixed materials. Have three-quarter skirt lined jackets and pretty shape skirts. An exceptional value at. **\$25.00**

**Newest Tailored Suits**—in popular novelty suitings and plain Cheviots in all desirable colorings as also black. Have three-quarter length jackets and are plain velvet or silk trimmed. They are correct in fit and finish and reasonably priced at. **\$35.00**

**Handsome New Costumes**—Voiles, Crepe de Chines and nets made over silk foundations; trimmed with tuckings, silks and laces. The colorings are blue, brown, white and black. They were shown at the beginning of the season at \$75.00. Now priced at. **\$49.00**



**All Wool Dress Skirts**—good grade of Cheviot; black only; are trimmed with silk bands and are nicely lined. They are a good skirt for general wear and would not be overpriced at \$8.50. They are included in our Sample Sale of skirts at. **\$5.00**

**New Dress Skirts**—fine Voiles, Cheviots and Broadcloths; either self trimmed or in plain effects. They are either blue or black and actually worth \$15.00. Sample Skirt Sale price. **\$10.00**

**Silk Dress Skirts**—either Taffetas or Peau de Soies as also Cheviots, Voiles and Broadcloths; plain or trimmed effects. Values in this lot worth up to \$25.00. Priced at choice. **\$15.00**

**New Tailored Suits**—fancy mixtures in popular suitings; also plain Cheviots. The jackets are three-quarter style trimmed with Persian bands and metal buttons. The jackets are taffeta lined. Have unlined skirts. Would not be overpriced at \$25.00. We make them a leader at. **\$20.00**

**Extra Fine Dress Skirts**—Voiles and Broadcloths in overskirt, silk and ornament trimmed styles; also handsome Taffeta and Peau de Soie silk skirts. Values in the lot up to \$35.00. Priced for our Sample Skirt Sale at choice. **\$22.50**

**30c Butter Scotch Squares, 17c**  
These are of best granulated sugar and creamery butter; are a nice small square; are very dainty; nicely flavored and the regular price is 30c but for Monday with a limit 1 lb. and no telephone orders. **17c**

**Hamburger**  
127 to 129 Main Street, N.Y.

## In Toyland and Dolls

The departments which are most interesting to the juvenile element are the toys and we are thoroughly sincere in saying that we have a stock three times larger than any in the city and from the fact that we do three times as much business shows that the friends who wish to remember their children or little relatives make most of their purchases at Hamburger's. The toy basement is roomy and well ventilated and a thousand people can look at a time without inconvenience. Select any toy or doll you wish, pay a small deposit then later if you are not ready yet to make your purchases; but be sure to make your selection before the best things have been picked over.

**Picture Blocks**—a box containing eight good size picture blocks with pictures, letters and numbers. Well worth 15c. Our price per set. **10c**

**The New Game "Fit"**—also called "Board of Trade" game; amuses all ages; is for few or many players and the jolliest game invented. Price. **50c**

**Iron Passenger Trains**—has iron locomotive, tender and three passenger coaches, painted in a pretty shade of red. The entire length 20 inches. Price. **25c**

**\$1.00 Mechanical Train**—consists of locomotive, tender and passenger coach. Is run by clock work and has oval shape track. Price complete. **69c**

**Toy Automobile**—the latest racing auto, the driver of which at every turn of the auto blows the signal horn. A mechanical toy worth \$1.50. We price at. **\$1.00**

**A Genuine Kinetoscope**—a combined magic lantern and kinetoscope. Shows moving pictures like real life. The best article ever put on the market. Has three large films and 12 magic lantern slides. Price complete. **\$7.50**

**14-inch Rag Dolls**—nicely dressed; are such characters as Red Riding Hood, Sailor Girls, Quaker Girls, Aunt Dinahs, and others. Priced at choice. **25c**

**14-inch Dressed Dolls**—have bisque heads, moving eyes, long curly wigs and are dressed in pleasing bright colors. They are in great variety to select from—all new clean stock and worth 75c. Your choice. **50c**

**20-inch Kid Body Doll**—Bisque head, moving eyes, sewed wig. A full bodice kid doll and well worth \$1.50. Our price. **\$1.00**

**16-inch Jointed Dolls**—a full jointed doll with moving eyes, sewed wig, slip, shoes and stockings. Would be priced at \$2.25. Our price. **\$2.25**

**Fancy Dressed Dolls**—have moving eyes, best quality wig; the dresses satin, chiffon and lace. Have hats trimmed with lace and chiffon; the dresses and hats in newest style. A \$2.25 value priced at. **\$2.25**

**27-inch Jointed Dolls**—best quality, full jointed Kestner doll with moving eyes, woven wig, fancy lace trimmed slip, shoes and stockings. Would not be overpriced at \$5.00. Our leader at. **\$5.00**

## Popular Black and Colored Silks.

As we have said so many times, silks need not of necessity be so expensive in order to get something that will look nice and wear well and furthermore, there is so much serviceability in silks and they are popular so much longer than many of the dress goods that they are in reality an economical proposition; yet at the same time permitting you to dress in the height of fashion.

**19 inch Black Taffeta**—good weight; serviceable for linings, drops, waists, and coats; is crisp finish; is the rustling kind; will not split; is pure silk and good 7c value, priced as a leader for this sale, per yard. **49c**

**20 inch Black Silks**—Peau de Soies and Peau de Cygnes; soft mellow finish; very popular for waists, skirts and linings; are pure silk; 20 inches wide and good values at 75c. Made a leader at per yard. **59c**

**22 inch Black Peau de Cygnes**—soft mellow finish with satin face; very fine firm weave; superior to all sold at \$1.00. Strictly pure silk and pure dye. Priced here at per yard. **79c**

**20 inch Imported Black Peau de Soie**—an extra heavy silk; the kind that will stand alone; is double faced; rich satin finish and one that we can thoroughly recommend. No better sold elsewhere under \$1.25. Our leader at per yard. **95c**

**21-inch Black Peau de Soie**—extra heavy weave; soft mellow finish; double faced; guaranteed for satisfactory wear and is suitable for long coats, dresses and waists. An extra value at. **\$1.08**

**New Gun Metal Silks**—25 pieces of these handsome new silks in small dots, little overshot effects, seeded effects, small figures, leaves, checks and stripes. Are in Taffeta and Louise weaves; strictly pure silk, 20 in. wide and the most popular silk in the market. Yard. **\$1.00**

**36-inch Black Taffeta**—one of the very best and heaviest of Taffeta weaves; crisp metallic finish; free from dressing; pure dye and pure silk; a width which cuts to best advantage; good value at \$1.50. Specially priced at. **\$1.19**

**\$1.00 Fancy Silks**—shepherd checks, hairline stripes, changeable stripes and checks, cords, lace striped brocades, and others in Taffeta and Louise weaves; all 20 in. wide and all over \$1.00 values. Choice per yard. **50c**

**\$1.25 Fancy Silks**—light and dark grounds with fancy embroidered stripes, lace stripes and cords, Persian and satin stripes and fancy plaids; are 20 inches wide and in Taffeta and Louise weaves. Price per yard. **68c**

**Imported Crepe de Chines**—23 inches wide; are in white, cream, ivory, black and the popular street and evening colorings; very soft and drapery and would not be overpriced at \$1.25. We make them a leader per yard. **\$1.00**

**Plain and Fancy Cream Silks**—very newest weaves such as satin brocades, Taffetas with small woven figures, fancy stripes of all kinds, Louisenes, Poplins, Peau de Soies, satins, Crystals, Taffetas, Paillette de Soies, satin liberty, Moire Veilours and others; 19 to 21 in. wide. Choice, yard. **\$1.00**

**New Black and White Silks**—cream grounds with fancy stripes in corded satin face effects, embroidered stripes and others; Taffeta and Louise weaves; crisp yet soft mellow finish. The very best of these silks; 20 inches wide. Reasonably priced at per yard. **\$1.00**

## Jewelry for Holiday Presents.

Articles of jewelry for personal adornment or for home decorations are always as gifts, and as you know what the prices are usually at exclusive stores, why your purchases at this popular department store and save about one-fourth of your money. Our holiday stock is very complete and there is not a wanted holiday novelty which will not be able to find here.



**Women's Solid Gold Watch**—Hunting case with eleven jewel Swiss movement. The case is elegantly engraved and is fully guaranteed. Price. **\$15.00**

**Women's Solid Gold Rings**—set with five turquoise, or pearls and turquoise together. This is a very neat yet showy ring and reasonably priced at. **\$2.00**

**Pearl Opera Glasses**—good serviceable lenses complete with leather case. Compare with any you see elsewhere at \$5 and you will be satisfied there is no difference yet we price these at. **\$3.49**

**Sterling Silver Handled Toilet Articles**—French gray; finished with fancy head inserted in handle. This line is a complete assortment of every article needed on the dressing table and also includes many desk pieces. Choice. **75c**

**Men's Military Brushes**—sterling silver mounted; have fine, non-shedding bristles. These are exceptionally nice presents for a man and you will be satisfied they are good values at our price per pair. **\$4.00**

**Sterling Silver Sash Pins**—large size; Butler gray finish with Florodora heads and Art Nouveau figures. These are very large and stylish and reasonably priced at. **\$2.00**

**Slaghorn Handle Toilet Articles**—trimmed with sterling silver and consisting of shoe horns, shoe hooks, files, tooth brushes, nail brushes, and almost every appurtenance for manicuring. Price each. **49c**

**Sterling Silver Chain Bracelets**—a gift for a young miss or the links are fully chased and they are reasonably priced at. **\$1.50**

**Black Mantel Clocks**—with cast iron strikes hour and half hour; size and a very good time keeper. Price. **\$1.15**

## Women's New Kid Gloves.

There is not a glove department in Los Angeles which can in any manner compare with Hamburger's, either in variety of assortment or in quantity. We import our gloves direct; purchase the skins in Europe and have them made to our own order thus saving all middlemen's profits and price them lower than most dealers sell domestic made goods. Among the new lines are some of the world established brands for which we are exclusive agents. A very pretty glove box will be presented with each pair of kid gloves.

**Women's Golf Gloves**—Jersey ribbed; are in assorted fancy colors of blue, reds and grays and are usual 35 kinds. Our price per pair. **25c**

**Women's Cashmere Gloves**—2-clasp; black only. Also fancy wool golf gloves in assorted colors; Scotch patterns only. Price per pair. **50c**

**"La Mazeno" Kid Gloves**—Pique sewed; either Suede or Grace finish; have Paris point embroidery and they are in black, white and all colors. These are the best wearing gloves for either street or dress purposes. Every pair is warranted and fitted and are as good as other's \$2 and \$2.25 grades. Our price pair. **\$1.65**

**"La Cigale" Kid Gloves**—3-clasp; are in black, white, purple and all the popular shades; are of prime lamb skin; have embroidered backs and every pair is warranted and fitted. The best glove in the city at. **\$1.00**

**"La Mazeno" Kid Gloves**—3-clasp; in black, white, purple, red and all popular colors; are of either Italian or French kid skin and have two toned embroidery. Every pair warranted and fitted at the counter. Better than other's \$2.00 values. Our price. **\$1.50**

**"Maurice" Kid Gloves**—2 and 3 clasp, black, white and colors, made from finest of selected skins; have Paris point embroidery and will fit any hand. They come in both pique and cable sewed and are warranted and fitted. Price. **\$2.00**

**"La Cigale" Kid Gloves**—3-clasp; are in black, white, purple and all the popular shades; are of prime lamb skin; have embroidered backs and every pair is warranted and fitted. The best glove in the city at. **\$1.00**

## Laces and Trimmings



Dame fashion insists on elaboration of all garments this season and the manufacturers to command by introducing many new weaves and patterns. In the import we import direct, saving all middlemen's profits, and quote you very low considering quality. A bit of lace here and there will make any dress look very stylish.

**New Trimmings**—including spangled band, insertion and passementeries; choice designs; nice quality; dainty patterns; assorted widths; worth \$1.50 a yard. Specially priced at, per yard. **98c**

**New Trimmings**—including spangled passementerie appliques and bands; handsome patterns, separable and ondule designs; are fine quality and of best workmanship; assorted widths; worth \$2.25; specially priced at per yard. **\$1.25**

**New Trimmings**—spangled appliques and passementeries, bands and insertions; all rich designs; separable, geometrical and ondule effects; finest quality; worth up to \$4.00. Specially priced at per yard. **\$1.98**

**New Wood Fibre Laces**—insertions and gaiters; quality; choice patterns; and wide; very popular and are in cream and Paris shades; 1 to 7 inches. Priced per yard 50c to. **50c**

**New Allover Laces**—Venice, silk lace, Mexican drawn lace, Tenerife patterns; are very fine and in black, white, cream shades; widths up to 7 inches. Priced per yard 50c to. **50c**

**Colored Cotton and Linen**—in pretty combinations of aille and Zibeline are very stylish and fancies in popular lot are also an assortment of lace bands, choice signs. Prices per yard. **19c**

## Special Values in Lace Curtains.

The dusty part of our California year is about over and while your curtains have seen hard service, you may consider those in the rooms mostly used could be placed to better advantage in some bedroom and you should get new ones for parlor, library or dining-room. Though this sale features many of the very nicest of the reasonably priced curtains, we also have an excellent assortment of fresh new curtains for bedrooms, as the following items will attest:

**Striped Muslin Curtains**—made with full ruffle. They are of choice quality Swiss; are of ordinary size and just the things for bedrooms. Would be cheap at 69c. We price them at per pair. **49c**

**Figured Ruffled Curtains**—good quality Swiss; are 3 yards long; are in pretty striped effects and neat patterns; have full ruffle and taped edges. Made to sell at \$1.25. We price them at per pair. **95c**

**New Lace Curtains**—about 150 pair of Nottinghams and Scotch laces in one, two, three and four pair lots. They are all new patterns; nicely finished and include fine Brussels effects, real cable net and combination curtains. It is a general cleanup of odds and ends. Values up to \$5.00 a pair priced for this sale at choice. **\$2.50**

**Corded Arabian Curtains**—3 yards long; all the designs are outlined with Arabian cord, they are choice quality; very neat and stylish and would be cheap at \$4.50. We shall price this lot at per pair. **\$3.50**

**Irish Point Lace Curtains**—the real Irish weave; are 3 yards long; are in handsome patterns and are all made on imported Bobbinet. Absolutely matchless in the city under \$4.50. Our price. **\$3.50**

**Real Brussels Lace Curtains**—very choice; imported curtains; are in neat, dainty patterns, of extra fine net and one of the prettiest and most serviceable curtains for parlor uses. Would be cheap at \$7.00. Our price is per pair. **\$5.75**

The Hamburger Store

The Hamburger Store

## Books

ago we inaugurated our A... from which to make you... daily from now until Christ... and the quality of material... that could be desired.

**Simon Series**—an... line of highly... books for little... including such... Kinsgarden A... Gosses, Childs... Garden, Little... for Little People... Illustrated in... Publisher's price 50c. **29c**

**Picture Books**—new in both text and pictures. Each book is filled with pictures of action in brilliant colors. Partial list of titles—Mr. Sharp Tooth, One Ring Circus, Humphrey Dumpty, and others. Regular price \$1.50. Our price. **\$1.15**

**Two choice lines** of holiday gifts as well. Most of our public the exceptionally these two depart acquire the new have been used with the fact th here than at any other st

**Fancy Neckwear**—new... including band collars, lars, Bishop collars, collars, lace collars, collar sets and oth of them in dainty, fects; neatly trimme d. Spec... **50c**

**Assorted** clud appl... or S... gree... plain... plain... desi... chief... **19c**

**Women's** broit hemi... edge... patti... are... ishe... ed. **19c**

**The Hamburger Store**



# Hamburger's

## Holldom's Fancy Goods Bazaar.

ment are the toys and dolls, which are larger than any other. It occupies more space than any two similar departments in the city. You should make most of their purchases in making the selection of a suitable gift for your mother, wife, sister or sweet among the very large assortment of novelties displayed. As to prices, they never were anywhere, and by favoring us with your patronage you are making your holiday money go a long ways.

- Novelty Boxes**—for jewelry, and similar trinkets; have painted fancy celluloid covering; are the kind which always sell at 15c. Our price, **10c**
- 35c Decorated Work Boxes**—having appointments; nickel clasp fastener very dainty gifts for little girls. Price, **25c**
- Stands**—a China ink stand with gilt stand and gilt stand. Pretty, choice design. Price, **39c**
- Chief Boxes**—Covered with floral embossed celluloid and are lined with paper or paper lined. Your choice. Price, **49c**
- China Cigar Holders**—The urn is upheld by three sculls on pretty tray. They are in China and just the thing for a man's smoking table. Price, **69c**
- Work Baskets**—fancy enameled, are saten lined. Box contains mirror and sewing implements. Price complete, **98c**
- Smoker Set**—A round table with jar and stand. The table nicely finished in mahogany and is matchless else where under \$1.50. Our price, **98c**
- Let fancy satin lined box; contains comb and comb of embossed design. Your choice of these sets at, **\$1.49****
- Smokers' Cigar Sets**—these are oak cigar sets with receptacle for cigars, cigarettes, matches, etc., and are prettily nickel trimmed. Price complete, **\$4.49**
- \$15.00 Manicure and Toilet Set**—Set—Rosewood finished boxes; silver lined; contains 12 sterling silver mounted toilet and manicure articles. Price, **\$10.00**
- \$4.00 Combination Cases**—For toilet articles and work boxes; plush covered; satin lined, box contains brush, mirror, button hook and six articles for sewing and embroidery. Price complete, **\$2.98**
- \$50.00 Toilet Set**—a handsome leather covered set in lined box containing 25 articles in black ebony finished wood with heavy sterling silver mounting and is absolutely one of the prettiest sets ever shown. The regular value is \$50.00. We have just the one, **\$25.00**

**Pompadour Jans at \$1.50**  
If you will bring us your combings we will make you a pompadour jans at half the price you usually pay for one ready made. By saving your combings you are certain to get a correct match for your shade of hair. A special offer this week at **\$1.50**

## Second Week Trade Sale of Millinery

The hat you purchased earlier in the season may now look a little old to you and as this is an opportunity to purchase a very fine hat at from one third to one half less than it would have cost you sixty days ago, you may decide that you can afford an extra hat to finish out the season. You will not be disappointed in any line shown during this sale for they are all new in style; many of them exclusive patterns and in the lot are a number of pattern hats from foremost New York milliners as well as some of the best products of our own workrooms.

**Stylish Pattern Hats**—the lot includes velvet hats in Gainsborough shape with lace applied on brim and trimmed with long ostrich plumes; roll brim turban shapes of Angora braid used in combination with silk velvet trimmed with birds, ornaments, pom poms and ribbons. Values up to \$20.00. Trade Sale price, **\$8.50**



**Dress Hats**—of cream plush with blue velvet edge and trimming; velvet turbans with drape, the top trimmed with birds or wings; also French hats with Maline facings, trimmed with laces and flowers. Values up to \$10.00. Trade Sale price, **\$5.75**

**Women's Dress Hats**—in black and colors; large variety of new shapes including small turbans and large dress shapes; are of felt and velvet or velvet and Chenille braid combined; trimmed with wings, aigrettes and ornaments. Values up to \$6.50. Trade Sale price, **\$3.95**

**Children's School Hats**—flat shapes with wide brim trimmed with plain or fancy ribbons in rosettes and bows. Also napped beaver sailor shapes with silk ribbon bands; all colors; actual \$2.50 values. Trade Sale price, choice, **\$1.45**

**Women's Dress Hats**—a very large assortment of black velvet hats in all shapes; trimmed with plumes, ornaments and ribbons. Tailored hats of felt with velvet cord or jet bindings and trimmed with pom poms, wings and ribbons. These are in all wanted colors. Values up to \$8.50. Trade Sale price, **\$4.50**

**Women's Street Hats**—of Mohair and hairy felt, made plain or stitched, and are in all the new stylish shapes, including Gainsborough, turban and wide pompadour shapes, and trimmed with velvet ribbons, ornaments, wings or drape of felt with felt ornaments; values up to \$4.00. Trade Sale price, **\$2.45**

**Black Velvet Dress Hats**—large or small shapes; are of silk Paon velvet, shirred or plain. Some have colored velvet facings and are trimmed with ostrich plumes, birds or pom poms; also colored hats of Chenille braid and velvet bindings. Values up to \$12.50. Trade Sale price, **\$6.75**

**Misses' Sailor Hats**—of hairy felt, plain or fancy; trimmed with drape of felt or silk ribbon; also ruffle trimmed and Tam crown hats with rosettes and braid as trimming. Values up to \$1.95. Trade Sale price, choice, **95c**

## Books for the Holiday Season.

When we inaugurated our Annual Christmas Sale of Books and the published list at that time makes a very handy guide from which to make your Christmas purchases. We shall, however, supplement those offerings with various titles from now until Christmas. Our book department is the best on the Pacific Coast, and considering the style and the quality of material used there is not a book which can be called overpriced. Especially are our children's books.

- One Syllable Series**—a handsome line of books; cloth bound; illustrated. Partial list of titles are: Battles of America, Lives of Our Presidents, Heroes of History, etc. Publisher's price \$1.00. Our price, **65c**
- "Big Jumbo" Child's Book**—full of pictures and contains many of the favorites—Robinson Crusoe, Mother Goose, Wood's Natural History. Published to sell at \$1.25. Our price, **65c**
- Chatterbox Books**—the ever popular child's delight; bound in handsome illustrated covers; is full of large pictures; is edited by L. H. Francis and the illustrations by Harrison Velt. Publisher's price \$1.25. Our price, **75c**
- Colored Classics**—a series of books for young people; each volume illustrated with ten full page colored plates and numerous other cuts. They are cloth bound and a partial list of titles are: Swiss Family, Robinson, Lamb Tales, and other titles. Publisher's price \$1.00. Our price, **65c**
- World Beautiful Series**—mostly all religious titles; bound in white cloth; have full gilt edge; packed in boxes. Such authors as: Flavel, Brooks, Drummond, Kemper, Bunyan, Bush, and others. Publisher's price \$1.00. Our price, **45c**
- Popular Classic Series**—a line of 16 mo. gift books suitable for Sunday School classes. They are cloth bound, are decorated in gold; printed on best enameled book paper and are nicely illustrated. 50 favorite titles to select from. Publishers price 35c. Our price, **19c**
- The Poets**—padded leather covers; full gilt edges; packed in neat boxes. Publisher's price \$1.25 and \$1.50. Our prices 75c and **98c**
- The True Story Series**—written by Brooks; are large handsome volumes and an exceptionally fine gift-book for a boy or girl. Publisher's price \$1.29. Our price, **\$1.29**

## Black and Colored Dress Goods.

Not necessarily a prosy subject for there are so many pretty lines, such harmonious blending of colorings that the fancy of womankind finds many things this season to admire. In selecting our stock of novelties we have confined ourselves to those which are most popular in the fashion centers of the world. Black goods are always staple, yet in these some of the new weaves are particularly handsome.

- 50-inch Mohair Brillantines**—Sicilian weave of wiry mohair wool, 50 inches wide; are in two shades of navy, as also black; very popular for traveling suits and coats. Price per yard, **59c**
- Fancy Wool Zibelines**—also Camel's hair weaves and fancy Tweeds. The Camel's hair either light or dark gray in new illuminated colors. The Zibelines have fancy colored nubs or illuminated effects; widths 50 to 54 inches; made to **\$1.00** sell at \$1.50. We price them, per yard, **\$1.00**
- Plaid Back Golf Cloth**—medium and Oxford gray; also blue mixtures. Are a Homespun weave face with fancy plaid back. Just the thing for pedestrian skirts or men's smoking jackets; are 54 inches wide and good \$2.00 values **\$1.00** priced at per yard
- 46-inch Black Dress Goods**—a Mohair Mistral in Etamine effect; rough appearing. One of the newest and most stylish weaves. Equal to any sold in the city at \$2.00. It is of silk finished Mohair wool. Our price per yard **\$1.19**
- 52-inch Black Zibeline Cheviot**—a new material of a width which cuts to best advantage. It is a Cheviot weave with Zibeline effect; rough appearing; lustrous; finished; pure wool and would not be overpriced at \$1.25. We are making it a leader per yard, **89c**
- 42-inch Black Cheviot Serge**—sponged and shrunk. Mohair wool and a weight which makes up nicely and a weave which gives good service. An excellent value at 75c. We price it per yard **50c**
- New Colored Suitings**—In Scotch Homespuns and Tweeds. The Homespuns have colored nub yarn effect and fancy mixtures. In the lot also are plain colored nubby cloth with self colored nubs, fancy tweeds and a number of others. Widths 50 to 54 inches. Price per yard, **\$1.50**
- Black Wool Novelty Suitings**—New nub Granite and basket cloth, fancy granites, chevrons, broadcloths, satin Venetians, Boucles; 50 to 54 inches wide; all pure wool; rough and smooth weaves; medium and heavy weights. Price per yard, **\$1.50**
- Cream Brillantines and Cheviot Serge**—two popular materials for coats, suits and waists. The Brillantine is a Sicilian weave; crisp finish and 42 inches wide. The Serge a twill weave with short thick nap; perfectly reversible and is 46 inches wide. Either of them would not be overpriced at \$1.25. We feature them per yard **\$1.00**
- 54-inch Black Wool Materials**—all the new popular weaves, including Venetian, Cheviot Serge, pebble granites and Etamines, Camel's hair and Zibeline Serges, Sate and Crash cloth. All pure wool and of a weight which requires no lining. Worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50. All placed on sale at choice per yard, **\$1.00**
- Imported Black Wool Suitings**—highclass novelties in rough and smooth weaves and include Panne Cheviot and Broadcloth, Camel's hair, plain and fancy Zibelines, nub yarn Serges and granites, Venetian cloths and Boucle effects; widths 50 to 54 inches; all of selected wool yarn and good \$2.50 and \$3.00 values priced at choice per yard, **\$2.00**
- Imported Wool Novelties**—an almost limitless assortment to select from in nub yarn Camel's hairs and Zibelines, nub yarn, granites and etamines, fancy Zibelines, new plaid and check effects; with fancy topes, self colored nub in Zibelines and illuminated effects; 50 to 54 inches wide; requires no lining. Price per yard, **\$2.00**

## Trimings Wear and Handkerchiefs

Two choice lines of merchandise for holiday gifts as well as for your own uses. Most of our public are conversant with the exceptionally fine lines we carry in these two departments but we want to acquaint the newcomers and those who have been used to dealing elsewhere with the fact that you can find better value than at any other store in Los Angeles.

- New Wood Fibre Laces**—new insertions and galleons; quality; choice patterns; in all widths; very popular and are black, cream and Paris shades; 1 to 7 inches. Prices per yard 50c to **50c**
- New Allover Lace**—Venice, silk lace, fancy Mexican drawn work; Tenebrif patterns; signs; are very fine in black, white, cream and Paris shades; widths up to 7 inches. Prices per yard 35c to **75c**
- Colored Cotton and Wool**—in pretty combinations of aile and Zibeline effects; are very stylish and fancy in popular lace designs; also in all shades. Prices per yard **19c**
- Neckwear**—new including band collars, Bishop collars, lace collars, collar sets and other collars in dainty, choice, neatly trimmed designs. Special **50c**
- Assortment of Fine Neckwear**—including lace, spangled and applique collars, silk neckwear, new ruffs, stock collars, Mexican drawn work collars and others; all of nice quality and beautiful patterns; popular styles. Special **\$1.49**
- Women's Fine Handkerchiefs**—embroidered linen or Swiss with hemstitched or scalloped edges. They are in beautiful patterns, exclusive designs; are very sheer and soft finished; full grass bleached. Price each **50c**

## Men's Winter Furnishings

Why pay exorbitant prices at exclusive stores when a little reasoning will convince you that our men's furnishing department, being but one of many departments paying but a proportionate expense of the general charges, can afford to price goods from 15 to 25 per cent. lower than the other fellows? The following items should win your patronage.

- Men's Flannelette Pajamas**—heavy weight, firmly woven Flannelette in new range of patterns in light and dark colors. They are well made and are finished with silk frogs. Others sell no better at \$2.50. We price them **\$2.50**
- Men's Smoking Jackets**—of fine all wool golf cloth; all the new shades of tan, brown, red, blue and gun metal with fancy collars, cuffs and pockets. They are edged with silk cord. Sizes 34 to 46. Values from \$7.50 to \$10.00. priced at choice **\$6.00**
- Men's Silk Suspenders**—Fine quality; are handsomely embroidered; have finest quality buckles and leather ends. Price **\$1.50**
- Initial Silk Handkerchiefs**—Good heavy weight; silk hand embroidered initials; are full sized and nicely hemstitched. Price each **50c**
- Men's All Wool Bath Robes**—of golf cloth; large plaid effects; popular colorings; very heavy materials. Have large collars; finished with wool cord and tassels; are made full length. Regular \$10 values specially featured at **\$7.50**
- Men's Holiday Neckwear**—fine heavy weight silks including Baratheas, Armures, brocades, Beau de Soies, gun-metals and Persian effects in four-in-hands, derbies, Imperials, Ascots, English squares and Tecks. Choice **50c**

## New Arrivals in Rugs.

Nothing so rejuvenates a home as a new piece of floor covering and a new rug thrown here and there over the carpet which may be a little worn. The fact that we have more than doubled our business in this department in the past year is the best criterion that the public are satisfied that they can secure better values here than at any other store in the city. The new lines of rugs are now in and the following list very nicely illustrates the whole assortment:

- Wool Smyrna Rugs**—Size 27x54 in; are a very heavy grade, close pile, fringed at both ends; are in pretty patterns and colorings; the kind which usually sells at \$2 we price at **\$1.25**
- Axinster Rugs**—finest grade, size 36x72 inches and in oriental colors and patterns. Many of them in handsome floral effects. Others sell them at \$4.50. We price them **\$3.75**
- Tapestry Brussels Rug**—9x104 feet; are pretty bright colors in the newest patterns; are serviceable for dining and bed rooms or parlors. Would be reasonably priced at \$14.50. Special values at **\$12.50**
- Axinster Rugs**—7x104 ft.; made by Alexander Smith & Sons; all new choice patterns and colorings and suitable for any room. Worth regularly \$20. Our price **\$11.95**
- Tapestry Brussels Rugs**—9x12 feet; the very best of the new colorings and patterns and are very durable and well appearing rugs. Would be considered cheap anywhere at \$18.00. We feature them at **\$15.95**
- Heavy Wilton Rugs**—9x12 feet, extra grade. These are positively the heaviest grade of Wiltons made and will wear for a lifetime. No such values have ever been offered in this city **\$20.00**













## ITALY'S NEW PREMIER.

A Picturesque and Lugalubious Man of Affairs.

ROME, Nov. 27.—It would be hard to find a more genuinely picturesque figure than Signor Giovanni Giolitti, Italy's new Prime Minister, to whom has just been handed over such a tangled skein of unraveling by the retiring Zanardelli.

Giolitti is the most lugubrious-looking man in Italy. To see him walking about the streets, with his head thrust forward, and his hands clasped behind his back, attired in a somewhat rusty overcoat, one would take him for an overworked and slightly-anxious shopkeeper. When someone speaks to him, however, he straightens himself, while a smile softens his face, and he looks rather like a statesman. He is at once allowed what he is a leader of men.

Although a democrat in every drop of his blood, and in every line of his figure, he is respected and feared by his subordinates. When he first went to the Ministry of the Interior, the

clerks, ignoring the lesson which they should have learned in a glance at the man, thought that, as he was a democrat, they might relax some of the defense which is used to exaggerate in monarchical countries, and Italy in particular, but a few prompt transfers to small country places soon made matters clear and showed them who they had to deal with.

When Minister, seeing the King very often, and being treated by him as a friend, Giolitti lost touch of his republican simplicity. One day he arrived at the royal palace, and instead of waiting for the usual negative of being passed from one flunky to another, introduced himself immediately into the presence of the king.

Manuel III looked up surprised, but Giolitti dismissed his anger by saying, "Your Majesty, I am not used to courts. You called me, and here I am."

The two chief facts of the new Premier are that he has an absolute detestation of tailors, and a tremendous aversion to having his photograph taken.

It is, in fact, only by great good luck that it is possible to send a likeness of the statesman herewith. Last time Signor Giolitti was in Berlin, however, his daughter, who lives there, insisted that she must have a photograph of her father, so to please her he sat. Their hopes were raised by the photographer, who assured them that the picture would be the original. When it came the time to take it, however, he said, "I am sorry, but even then the fitter is obliged to make his own adjustments, and as he is given just five minutes to do it. Consequently the picture is not made of the original, but of the King."

On the whole, however, Italy is lucky in her new Premier, for he is strong and determined, and has a keen eye for the truth. He is a man of action, and is trusted and loved by the King.

John Muir's Early Days.

It is told of John Muir that a few months after he had left San Francisco and reached the Yosemite Valley, he decided there in the midst of all that was glorious in nature to renounce all his inventions and devote his life to the study of the inventions of God; though he could live on little enough, he has said 50 cents a week—little more than a man's daily bread—was necessary; and one season he herded sheep, and then he made his mechanical knowledge serviceable in building a small sawmill in Yosemite, to be used for cutting fallen trees. The best-keeper who employed him was somewhat doubtful of his ability, for Muir had earned the title of "one of them botany fellows," but, business having called the owner away for a few months, he was glad on his return to find the mill running.

One day over the water wheel Muir built himself a little cubby of a den, hanging like a swallow's nest to the gable end of the building, with one window opening to the grandeur of the valley. It was approached by a steep, narrow, plank ladder, and he had a fine view of access to careless visitors. Here he kept his treasures, his collections of cones and plants; here he filed some of his voluminous notebooks with sketches and closely written memoranda, and here he entertained Emerson, though he must have seemed when he saw the tall, angular, awkward form of the poet climbing his perilous ladder. Undoubtedly he showed Emerson his treasures with which he exhibits them today. "Man," he says, with a quaint bit of Scotch in his voice, "but there's a grand tree, or 'isn't that an awful queer mug of a cone?" Any way, we know that Emerson enjoyed Muir, and insisted on seeing much of him, and when Gray visited the Sierras he searched Muir out and made a friend of him. Muir paid his highest compliment to Emerson by comparing him to the Sequoia of the human race. "He is the Sequoia of the human race."—[New York Commercial.

Lyons's "Soft Snap."

Judson W. Lyons, the negro register of the United States treasury, is about the "swiftest" man of his race to be seen in Washington, and is possessed of considerable ability besides. His place is one of the many government agencies, and he is the first inauguration it was the desire of Lyons to be appointed postmaster of the District of Columbia, but the President, who was greatly impressed with him, suggested that he would stir up bad feeling between the whites and blacks, and Lyons very promptly accepted the registership, which pays \$2,000 a year, and is what might be called a "soft snap."

The late Senator Bruce of Mississippi was another colored citizen to hold this position, having served under the



# IMPERIAL VALLEY

The "New" Southern California

500,000 Acres of Rich River Bottom Soil

2,000,000 Acre feet of "rich" Colorado River Water distributed by Six Hundred Miles of Immense Irrigation Canals. Six principal "Cities of the Plain" now laying their foundations.

250,000  
Acres of land still belong to the Government, with one million acre feet of water ready for delivery.

\$1,000,000  
The estimated value of the product of the soil for 1904.

\$5,000,000  
Worth of necessary enterprises now awaiting promotion.



Two Years and Four Months Ago There Was Neither Water Nor Tree at This Point

\$100,000,000  
OF PROPERTY ADDED TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

\$10,000,000  
ADDED TO LOS ANGELES CITY PROPERTY.

\$10,000,000  
Profit to be made by those who can see their opportunity.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS at Reduced Rates will be run from Los Angeles to Imperial every Tuesday during December.

This is not an advertisement of anything "to sell," but is inserted to call attention to what is being done in the "back country." For full information and illustrated descriptive matter call on or address

Imperial Investment Co., Imperial Land Company,

218 West Third Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

224 Stowell Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

## The Picturesque Orator With the Argentiferous Tongue.

THOMAS FITCH.

HIS RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CACTUS JURISPRUDENCE.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

APPLICATIONS for admission to the bar of the Supreme Court of Arizona by examination have always been infrequent, as the demand for judges is small.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The applicant, relying on this fact, partly on his record as a patriot, and partly on his personal friendship with the judges, he applied for admission without having previously burned any great quantity of midnight oil.

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and signified to the clerk to call the roll.

The clerk called the roll, and the chief justice, who was seated at the head of the bench, looked at the list and said, "What, sir, is the rule in Shelley's case?" A cloud-crossed the

The chief justice groaned and



Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

YEAR.  
ANNUUM \$2.50.

NOVEMBER 29, 1903.

FIVE CENTS.

LEST WE FORGET.



Uncle Sam: Boys, you'd better stop frothing at the mouth and read some of this literature—it'll do you good.



## OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

## A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Californian in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

Dedicated to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvelous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. The numbers will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times

Editorials by Eliza A. Otis.

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

	Page
CARTOON	1
EDITORIAL	2
ENGLAND'S COLONIES. By Frank G. Carpenter	3
CLOAK-ROOM STORIES. By Smith D. Fry	4
SWISS WEDDINGS. By Frank N. Tall	5
LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD. By G. P. S.	6
NOVELIST AND PROPHET. From London Mail	7
CHINA'S GREAT WALL. By Mrs. Adams-Fisher	8
THE GENIAL IDIOT. By John Kendrick Bangs	9
THE HABIT BACK. By Mrs. Charles Stewart Dargett	10
KENEU, THE EAGLE. By Harry H. Dunn	12
GOOD SHORT STORIES	13
A HORSE SHOW IN MARBLE. By T. R. Macmechen	14
DECORATIVE LIGHTING. By Carl Roesch	15
THE SUNNY ISLE OF CAPRI. By J. W. Nicoll	16
PICTURESQUE PLACES ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRI. (Pictorial)	17
PROFIT AND PLEASURE. By Belle Summer Angier	18
A CONCRETE HOUSE. By G. E. Voelkel	19
STORIES OF THE FIRING LINE—ANIMAL STORIES	20
DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTHWEST—By a Staff Writer	21
WOMAN AND HOME	22
A Season of Rich Dressing. French Grace Darling, Lace and Pickle Fashions, etc.	23
THE YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT	24
Foreign Markets, Something About Sponges, etc.	25
FARMING IN CALIFORNIA. By J. W. Jeffrey	26
CARE OF THE BODY. By a Staff Writer	28
WORK OF THE TURK. From London Mail	31

## NATURE AND THE CHILD.

IT was a pathetic inquiry which was propounded by a little child living in a great city, and one which has much to do with the difficult social problems of the present age: "Who," he asks, "can be good without any back yard?" Not that the back yard of itself makes character, but it is a factor that may have under certain conditions a strong influence upon character, for great and powerful are the influences of our environments, and no one can become independent of their molding tendency. The child who has a back yard for a playground which has fine shade trees, green grass and beautiful flowers is richer beyond compare than the child who has none of these, and whose only playground is the bare pavement and the dusty city streets, and the probability of his developing a spirit of purity and manliness and a love of the beautiful is much greater than is that of him whose recreation must be taken in the grassless and treeless highway. We cannot get away from the fact that our lives are more or less the reflection of our surroundings. As says John Graham Brooks in the International Quarterly, "The gloom over the figures of Rembrandt is but the reflection of the somber sky under which the great master painted. The flame on Titian's canvas mirrors the light in which he lived."

We cannot doubt the ennobling influence of natural beauty. It is an educating force, whose greatness cannot be measured, and the deplorable mistake we make in our cities is in putting nature outside their gates. The poor little child who has no back yard in which to play; no tall skyward reaching trees to shelter him, their rustling leaves whispering of delight and comfort; no flowers to yield him the charm of color and fragrance; no bit of green grass on which he may lie and watch the golden glory of the west as the light of the day fades and the stars come out in the sky; no lovely park near in which he may wander and hear the gladness of bird song, the merry chirp of the cricket and the hum of the bee, and see the lights and shadows dimpling the grass and all things that are glad and glorious in nature, how poor he is compared with those who live companioned by nature and familiar with her charms.

Pity the child whose eyes have never seen a forest, who has never drunk in the fragrance and beauty of a blossoming garden, and whose ears have never listened to the enchanting melody of bird choirs filling the glad air with their songs. How much of the beauty and glory of this earth has he missed, how much of its sweetness and charm!

The birds! Hear what Frank De Witt Talmage has to

say of them in his "A Vacation With Nature." "The birds as composers, as well as renderers of their own compositions, have a glorious theme to sing about. Their song is of the resurrection. They sing about the bursting seeds and the incense-swinging flowers. They sing of the winter which is gone and the harvests which are to come. They sing of the sheep which are growing the wool that the little children may have warm clothing to defy the December blasts, and of the sap giving life to the trees. . . . They sing of opened harbors and the king's ships going to Tarshish, to come back laden with gold and silver and ivories and the wealth of foreign climes. They sing of the land flowing with milk and honey—a good land, a land of brooks, of water, of fountains that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of olives and honey; a land wherein one shall eat bread without scarcity; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills the laborer may dig brass. They sing of an earthly resurrection which is emblematical of heavenly glory."

How much the child misses who knows nothing of these things. Yet they need not all be excluded from the life of the city. The man of wealth may have all the charms of nature about his home. In his ample grounds numerous trees may be planted, where the singing birds may build their nests and make the wide air vocal with song. Few city lots are too small for trees and flowers to find place or growing vines to climb upon trellis or wall. Miniature parks at various intersections of streets might be established and trees and plants be made to grow, while the trees along our highway should be multiplied until there is no lack of shade.

And for the children's sake let not the adornment of the back yard be forgotten. There could be no better investment for the man of family, even in the humblest walks of life, than this, for it will feed the hungry soul life of his child, and answer his unexpressed longing for the beautiful. There is a natural desire in every heart for companionship with nature. The child feels it no less than the adult, though he may not always be able to determine what his want is. But as the world grows wiser it hears and listens to this call of Mother Nature and gives responsive answer to it.

The subject of beautifying our cities, increasing the number of their trees and parks, and of adorning our homes is engaging more and more of the attention of the public, and it is to be hoped that we shall not much longer hear the piteous wail of humble childhood in the city, "Who can be good without any back yard?"

## HERE AND THERE.

IT is November here as well as at the East, but what a different aspect does this old earth of ours present upon the borders of the world's two greatest seas. It is difficult for us who dwell beneath the blue June-like skies of November to appreciate the cold, the chill and the frost that fill the atmosphere of the East, where the forests stand stark and bare, the dead leaves buried beneath the white snows, and the streams bound in icy fetters. As we listen to the song of the birds do we remember that their little feathered throats are still there, and silence is everywhere beneath the snow-laden branches? As we breathe the sweet fragrance of flowers do we think of the lack of bloom and sweetness where the earth wears its frozen shroud, and the winds make moan as if in sorrow over the summer dead? As we look at our roofs gleaming warm in the golden sunshine, do we recall those from which the long icicles are pendant, and which are heavy with the weight of snow? As we go riding in our carriages past beds of fragrant flowers, and bending palms, and orange trees laden with golden fruitage, do we hear in imagination the jangle of sleigh bells, and feel in fancy the shiver of the biting cold as we move onward?

The old storm king roars in mad fury there, and shakes the forests with his tread, and piles the snows into deep drifts, but here he is in a regenerate mood, and he never raves nor shows his wrathful power. Grand, beautiful Southland of the mighty West, empire of liberty and of grandeur, it is here that Freedom shall aspire to and achieve all that is highest and best beneath our royal flag of the Stripes and Stars!

## REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

The next important visitor to this and other parts of the earth will be one who never fails of welcome—jovial old Santa Claus. Already we can hear the jingle of the bells on his impatient tandem of reindeer.

The London Daily Mail says that "brain fog" is making appalling ravages in the upper stratum of English society." There must be some mistake about this. Before there can be brain fog there must be brain.

An English novelist has been shot by a crank, while an American who is also in the fiction business, has made a million dollars in Texas oil. Of the two advertisements we should, personally, much prefer the latter.

Nearly all the monarchs of Europe are sick men. Royal blood is becoming not only thin, but the evils of inevitable disease are eating into it. Under all the circumstances it is not difficult to believe that the day when more than one throne will be vacant is not far distant.

It is reported that the Sultan of Turkey is afflicted with a malady that is certain to prove fatal. If Abdul

is responsible for the crimes of his empire, session of such a thing as a conscience, in condition to look upon death with about and trembling as any man known to the pants of the world.

## OUR SUNLAND.

This perfect day! I sit me down  
And watch its light and watch the sun  
The vast blue cloudless vault on high  
Without a scar, without a frown.

I see the glory of the trees,  
On which the golden sunlight rests;  
I see the shining mountain crests,  
And catch the whisper of the breeze.

And lo! The little opening flower  
Smiles upward into Winter's face,  
Each blossom lending earth the grace  
Of wondrous beauty's dower.

The water's flash beneath the sky,  
Enwrapped in smiling silver sheen,  
A mirror the green slopes between,  
And bright winged birds above them fly.

The tropic palms wave green and fair,  
Dropping their shadows at our feet,  
Earth dreams of silence where they are,  
And finds a quiet place for prayer.

Our Winter, with bright Summer's soul,  
Pours perfumed incense near and far,  
It smiles like her at sun and star,  
Filling with sweetness every bowl.

Of opening lilies that we see,  
Waking the happy birds to song,  
From every day's resplendent dawn,  
To evening's silent mystery.

O love! O love! We find it here,  
God's love in every bush and tree,  
Which He has formed so perfectly  
Within this sun-filled atmosphere.

Here all our days are warm as love,  
And color bright they smile and gleam,  
With all their fadeless loveliness,  
How can we doubt it is God's love.

That makes them fair, that makes them true,  
As those first days when earth was young,  
And earthly Time had just begun,  
When all was good in God's own sight.

Dear land of beauty, land so bright,  
Wrong should not find a foothold here,  
No sound of strife should smite the air,  
We should pave pathways for the Right.

Nov. 24, 1903.

## SHORT LESSON IN ENGLISH SPEECH.

How, says Mary, with many sighs  
Shall I prevent those nasty lies  
From spoiling this, the best of days?  
A welcome step is heard—"Ah, sighs!"  
Sighing will never win the prize.  
Success is hers who only tries  
Poison the crust, and each one  
Now Mary turns with surprise  
Reflected in her wondrous eyes  
Before her sea dear Cousin Liza.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

Dorothy Dix tells young ladies to select by the color of their eyes. An even better consideration the color of their money.—[Washington Post.]

As time passes, we wonder that girls dishes without first organizing a dishwash prize for the one making the best of the Globe.

A Scotch paper says Mr. Carnegie aspires to Parliament. Why should he bother about when he can be elected to the Pittsburgh any day he says this word?—[Denver Post.]

An Ohio man died from drinking five quarts in a single day recently, and now Kentucky on the way in which the physical vigor of the terrorizing just to the north of her.—[New York Times.]

Notice with profound regret that Col. Benson lost \$300 on a train the other day and home for money. The harrowing details of other man held are not in yet.—[New York Times.]

There are all sorts of stories as to money that goes to the Duke of Roxburgh May Goelet, but while most of these are safe to assume that he will not have to visit Inter Ocean.

A New York spinster was kissed by her times during a courtship of fourteen years, an attorney got through with her breach of promise jury promptly awarded her \$2.43 per kiss, east. In fact, she had lost interest when she—[Minneapolis Times.]

Paris announces that the short skirt for not to be fashionable this winter. Which the market for woollen fabrics is long just surplus stock must be worked off. To get into a sweeper of filth and snowy slush way.—[Chicago Chronicle.]



# England's Colonies. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## THE MODERN SINBAD.

NAME IS JOHN BULL AND HE HAS THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

JOHN BULL is the modern Sinbad the Sailor. The ship of the Arabian Nights was loaded down with one Little Old Man of the Sea. John Bull has black, brown, yellow or white lumps of humanity on his shoulders to every man, woman and child in Great Britain, and his colonies cover the globe. He is the boss of the nations, the boss land-grabber and boss trader. In one way or another he has gotten a fifth of the land on the earth's surface, and he governs more than one-fifth of all the world's people. He pays John a pretty penny to keep up his outside establishments. He has an army of 100,000 men scattered all over there through his various dependencies; he has the biggest navy on earth to defend them, and he has piled up a national debt of enormous proportions.

At the same time the English believe their colonies are a burden. They say they could not exist as a manufacturing nation without them. They rely upon them for their raw materials, and they sell them a great part of the finished home products.

The English colonial trade is enormous. In imports alone Great Britain \$547,000,000 worth of raw materials and food stuffs every year, and this is more than any other country gets from any place else outside the United States. As for us, we furnish John Bull the cotton with which he is clothed, and we spoon-feed his corpulent empire. In exports he sells his colonies a full half billion dollars' worth annually, which is about one-third of his whole foreign trade.

### Trusts and Colonial Stocks.

The British invest to a large extent in colonial securities. A look at the stocks sold here on the exchange shows that the undertakings represented are scattered all over the globe. The market goes wild over the diamonds of South Africa, the gold mines of the Rand and the wool products of Australia. You can buy stocks in enterprises of almost any of the colonies. There are

coffee syndicates from Borneo, tea syndicates of Ceylon and India, sheep stocks from the Falkland Islands, clove companies of Zanzibar, and, indeed, so many different trusts devoted to foreign investments that a page of this paper would not hold them all.

Great Britain has now more than four billion dollars directly invested in the colonies. Much of this is in loans at a low rate of interest, the government substantially guaranteeing the dividends. Some of the larger syndicates are under the patronage of the King. The British North Borneo Company, which is selling land and laying out coffee and rubber plantations about Sandakan, governs the country for England. It has built railroads and telegraph lines, and is selling lands under the guarantee of British protection.

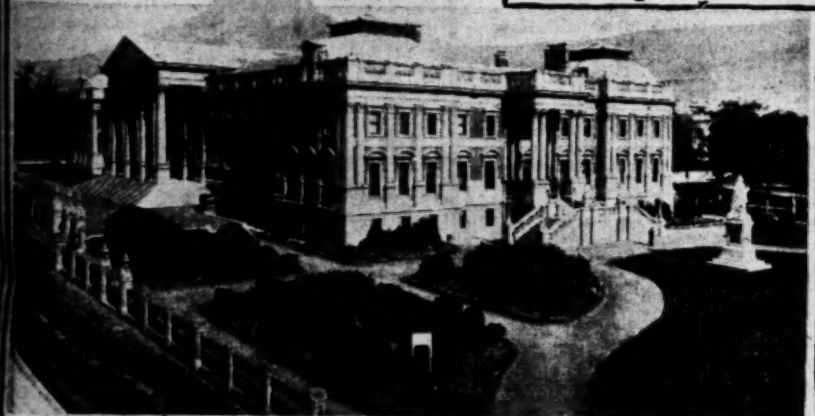
The British South African Company has been practically controlling Rhodesia, an enormous territory in

Basutoland is bigger than Vermont, and Bechuanaland is more than ten times as big as Indiana. The Transvaal is about twice the size of Illinois, the Orange River Colony is as big as New York, Rhodesia would make eight States like Missouri, and East Africa, including the Nile basin, is alone about one-sixth as large as the whole United States. In the western part of the continent, Nigeria is twice as big as California, Lagos and Yoruba are just about three times as big as New Jersey, and the Gold Coast province, on the land behind it, is not quite so large as Minnesota. Sierra Leone is four times as large as Massachusetts, Gambia is as big as Porto Rico, and Egypt, with the Soudan, governed by the English, has 1,000,000 square miles, or one-third as much territory as the United States proper.

These States are scattered throughout the continent, and the English are planning railroads for nearly all of



On Natal's new tea plantation



Parliament House at Cape Town



A Cape Colony Kafir



Type of John Bull's African burden

South-Central Africa. It has a capital of \$25,000,000, and its revenues are several million dollars a year.

The British East African Company, which has been operating in Zanzibar and along the east coast of the continent, has acquired hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory, and that added to the empire by the British South Africa Company is ten times as big as Pennsylvania. These companies have surveyed more than 10,000,000 acres of land. They have built towns and villages. They have laid down railroads and telegraphs, and are opening up commerce in every direction.

Another colonizing company is operating along the Niger. It began with a capital of \$5,000,000, and has made treaties with more than 300 African kings. It has a river fleet and has established trading stations. Through it the British have gained a territory ten times as big as the State of New York, with a population of 30,000,000.

### The British in Africa.

But this is by no means all that the British are doing in Africa. They have already taken possession of the very best lands of that continent, and are making improvements in nearly every territory. Including Egypt, which they practically own, they have about one-third of all the land in Africa, or in all a territory larger than the whole United States. Cape Colony is bigger than Texas, Natal and Zululand are larger than Maine,

them. The greatest enterprise is to extend the railroad from Cairo to the Cape, but there are also many minor lines. In Lagos, off the west coast, a road 125 miles long has been constructed. It cost \$5,000,000, or about \$40,000 a mile. Other roads are now being laid out on the mainland just opposite, and also in the Gold Coast near by.

In Nigeria roads are planned from the coast to the interior. This country is one-tenth the size of the United States, and has connection by caravan with the Mediterranean through the Desert of Sahara, and also by the Niger with the sea. It has a large population, and a railroad will open up considerable trade. The Germans, French and Belgians are also building railroads inland from the West African coast. The English are making wagon roads, and are extending their telegraph lines.

### The New South Africa.

South Africa is rapidly growing. It has had a boom since the close of the Boer war. A large number of new settlers have come in and new towns are going up in the Transvaal, Orange Free States and in Rhodesia. New railroads are under construction, and there is a steady growth in commerce and trade. The imports from the United States are increasing, and they now amount to tens of millions of dollars a year. We are supplying many of the locomotives, cars and steel rails for the new roads. Our steel dumping coal cars are being used, and our wagons are doing the trekking over the high plains.



American plows are coming in, and a great deal of the clearing is being done with American axes.

#### Future African Cities.

The towns of South Africa have all modern improvements. We sold 5000 arc and incandescent lamps to one city quite recently, and the larger places offer a market for our street-car equipments. The countries are new and many of them are being settled by Europeans, who have the same wants that we have, creating a demand for our goods.

The trade towns are rapidly growing, and there will soon be substantial cities in the south central part of the continent. Take Bulawayo. It has now more than 5000 people, and it waxes like a green bay tree. It is almost 1400 miles from Cape Town, but it has banks, clubs, public buildings and a hospital. It has daily newspapers with telegraphic news from all over the world, and as the capital of Matabeleland it promises to be a good-sized city. It is the same with Salisbury, the principal town in Mashonaland. Its population at the last hearing was about two thousand, and it had already a race course, a turf club, good hotels, a public library and daily and weekly newspapers.

#### British Developments in East Africa.

The great railroad development of the next few years is to be in East Africa. There are already extensive roads at the northern and southern ends of the continent, and these will be connected by the line from Cairo to the Cape. About half of the way has already been covered, and the total distance will be only 5000 miles long, or not longer than the Trans-Siberian Railroad, with its Manchurian connections. Of this only 700 miles will pass through foreign territory. That will belong to the Germans, cutting their lands in East Africa. The remainder will be entirely British, or under British control.

One-fourth of the new construction will be along navigable waters, and it needs only 1500 miles more track to enable one to go by steam on cars and boats from one end of Africa to the other.

At present, trains go from Cape Town to Bulawayo, or just about as far as from New York to New Orleans. From there it is 650 miles to Lake Nyassa, which is 340 miles long, and is navigable for steamers. Goods and passengers can be transferred to the lake and carried to its upper end, where a railroad 180 miles long will bring them to Lake Tanganyika, giving 400 miles more of navigable water communication on that lake.

From the top of Tanganyika 300 miles of track will connect with Albert Nyanza and its 190 miles of water communication, landing passengers at Dufille on the Nile. On the Nile a hundred miles or so of railroads will be necessary to pass some of the upper rapids and cataracts, and then there will be one thousand miles of navigation to Khartum. Indeed, I am told that an additional thirteen hundred miles of railroad would fill in all the breaks in steam transit from the Mediterranean to the Cape.

#### What African Roads Cost.

Cecil Rhodes estimated that \$50,000,000 would pay the actual cost of completing the all-rail route to the Mediterranean Sea. He figured that the road could be built for \$15,000 a mile, which was the cost of a large part of the roads he built in Africa. He said, however, that double that amount should be appropriated for it, so that the probability is that the average cost would be thirty or forty thousand dollars a mile. The Germans, who are building railroads from the east coast of Africa westward toward Lake Tanganyika, estimate that their roads will cost them on the average \$30,000 a mile. They have to climb the hills to the high plateau of the interior, and their country is very rough. The Uganda Railroad, which runs from Mombasa, above Zanzibar, to Lake Victoria, has cost something like \$30,000 a mile, and the Congo line, built by the Belgians, cost \$50,000 a mile.

On the other hand, the roads in Bechuanaland have been made for \$15,000 a mile, and in Rhodesia at an average cost of \$19,000 per mile. At \$30,000 a mile, \$36,000,000 would complete the connections with the lakes and the Nile, and \$90,000,000 would build the entire road, giving an iron track from one end of Africa to the other. Such a railroad will have connections with all parts of Africa, east and west. Short lines will be built to the Congo, and also to the east coast at Zanzibar, Mombasa, Beira and Durban.

#### Cape Town, Kimberley and Durban.

The metropolis of South Africa is Cape Town. It has with its suburbs about 90,000 people. It has fine public buildings, good residences, electric lights and street cars and every sort of modern improvement. Kimberley, the center of the diamond industry, has 30,000, and Durban, the capital of Natal, is doubly as large.

These three towns are great commercial centers. Something like \$90,000,000 worth of goods are annually landed at Cape Town, and more than \$100,000,000 worth are sent away. This is exclusive of specie, and, now that the gold mines of the Transvaal are again producing heavily, the shipments of the precious metal will be large.

The trade of Kimberley is chiefly in diamonds. It exports millions of dollars' worth every year, although the quantity is now limited to the demand by the diamond trust.

All diamonds of value in Africa are controlled by the De Beers Consolidated Mines. This company is a diamond monopoly. It has a capital of \$20,000,000 and it declares dividends of from 40 to 50 per cent. It is now producing something like \$50,000 worth of diamonds every day, or from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 worth a year. Since its beginning it has handled about \$400,000,000 worth of diamonds, and it has enough in stock to supply the world for some time to come. The De Beers trust employs about 8000 blacks and 1600 whites, paying out a quarter of a million dollars every month in wages alone.

#### New African Industries.

The English are setting out a great many experi-

mental plantations in Africa. They are establishing tea, coffee and cotton estates in the different colonies. In Natal there are a number of large tea plantations, which annually produce more than a million pounds of tea. The Clifton estate has 3000 acres, and is worked almost entirely by native labor. The tea is picked by men and women and carried into the factories on their heads.

In Western Africa there are successful cotton plantations, and experiments with cotton are being made in Eastern Africa as well.

Rhodesia has some of the best grazing lands and many Englishmen are now going there to rear cattle. The land is sold for 40 cents and upward per acre and three-thousand-acre farms bring all the way from \$1200 to \$10,000 each. There are many towns going up in that territory. The buildings are made of brick, with wooden cottages in the suburbs. The people live comfortably, and it is not an uncommon thing to find a piano or a billiard table in a private house.

In Natal more than 200,000 acres are now cultivated. In the Orange Free State there are several million acres of farming and grazing lands owned by Europeans, and the same is true of the Transvaal, about which so much has been written within the past few years.

#### Gold and Copper.

The mineral wealth of the English possessions in Africa is enormous. There are big coal mines back of Durban, and the gold mines vie with Australia and the United States as the greatest producers of the world. Many of the colonies have not been prospected as yet, and there are already 5000 square miles of gold fields being worked by 300 different companies and syndicates. Uganda, which lies north of German East Africa, between Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, is said to have gold, iron and copper in paying quantities. The state is about as big as Kansas, and is now reached by railroad from Mombasa. The English capital is Entebbe, on the northern shore of Lake Victoria.

There is gold in the British colonies of West Africa, new fields having been recently opened up at Ashanti. There are said to be old mines in Rhodesia, which are now to be reopened, and the Transvaal alone can produce \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 worth of gold per year.

London, Eng.

(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

## Cloakroom Stories.

SOME GOOD ONES FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Ex-Congressman Turner of Kansas has an interesting reminiscence of Senator Ingalls when that brilliant statesman was at the height of his meteoric career. It is concerning what was known as the "soap interview;" and that interview made Ingalls' wine, for once in his life, anyway.

David Lewsley was one of the brightest, keenest and best men ever known in the field of journalism in this city. Upon one occasion he was sent by a local newspaper to interview Senator Ingalls upon an important matter of state. The Senator, who had no intention of being drawn into conversation on that subject, met Mr. Lewsley with unusual affability and grace, and veered the conversation into other channels. Somehow, for want of another handy subject, the Senator said something about whiskers, which led to barbers, and, of course, to the general subject of shaving.

"By all means," said Senator Ingalls, "you should learn to shave yourself," and then he went on with a learned, thoughtful and highly entertaining disquisition upon the advantages, economical and metaphysical, of shaving oneself, instead of hiring a barber to do the work. Mr. Lewsley paid careful attention to all that the Senator said, fixed facts and dates in his mind, and said nothing. At last, when the Senator had narrated circumstantially his own experiences with razors, brushes and soaps, recommending this make of blade and that brand of lather to Mr. Lewsley's use, the reporter, convinced that he could not learn what he had come to learn, arose to go. There was, or, Lewsley imagined that there was, a sort of merry, triumphant twinkle in Senator Ingalls' eyes, as he politely bowed his caller from the room; a twinkle that seemed to say: "I have made the young man forget what he came for."

The next morning Senator Ingalls was horrified to find in the local newspaper an accurate report of all that he had said, including his earnest recommendation of a certain shaving soap, which he unqualifiedly pronounced to be the best that could be procured.

But the vengeance of the reporter was not yet glutted. He marked the article and sent it to the manufacturer of the soap, which the Senator so highly commended. Within a fortnight the newspapers, periodicals and all of the many means employed by advertisers were brought into use, and Senator Ingalls' eloquent eulogy of the soap was printed in every form that could be devised to attract attention. And the worst of it was that the Senator could not deny that the very expressions, earnest and glowing as they were, were all his own.

Brig.-Gen. George H. Harries of the District of Columbia Militia was for many years an active newspaper worker at the Capitol. Some years ago, when the Senate Investigating Committee was trying to ascertain who gave the press information concerning their executive sessions, George Harries entered a room where Senator Faulkner of West Virginia and Senator Bate of Tennessee were discussing the question, and as soon as he appeared Senator Faulkner said: "Harries, I wish you would frankly tell me how you newspaper fellows get information concerning the transactions of our secret sessions."

"Why, Senator, there is a committee upstairs to find that out," replied Harries. "You ought to go and listen to the testimony."

"Never mind the committee," said Senator Faulkner. "I want you to tell me, just to satisfy my own curiosity."

After a moment of reflection Harries replied: "I would have no objection to telling you if I knew you are authorized by the Senate to receive the information."

"Then why don't you tell it to the committee?" quired Senator Faulkner.

"Is the committee properly constituted and duly authorized to receive such information, Senator?"

"Of course it is."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why it was constituted by the Senate in the regular way, under the Dolph resolution," replied Senator Faulkner. He then went on to give every detail of the manner in which the Senate, in executive session, discussed and adopted the resolution; how the committee was constituted; and that it was empowered to make investigation. When the Senator had concluded, Harries said:

"Well, Senator, that is the way we newspaper fellows get information of the proceedings of the secret sessions. Good day."

Senator Faulkner did not catch the full meaning of Harries' remark until Senator Bate, quietly and humoredly, said: "Faulkner, if every Senator were easy to pump as you are, we might as well hold secret sessions out on the portico."

"Lead us not into temptation" is a part of the Prayer which the narrator often murmurs. To tell the story cleanly it must be told in the first person. It is midnight of March 3, 1889, and Benjamin Harrison is to be inaugurated the following day. Just after all clocks had struck and chimed twelve, I met Senator Spooner in the Senate restaurant, and said: "Senator, I must know whether Uncle Jerry Rusk is going to be Harrison's Cabinet or not."

"You want to print that in the St. Paul Globe?" I asked. "I would not tell you."

"Well, tomorrow afternoon, in the midst of the session, I can not get to you, and I must telegraph some to the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin; what shall I tell them?"

"It is a dangerous thing for you, not for me," Senator Spooner, "to have that question answered. I will trust you. You telegraph the St. Paul Globe you saw Senator Spooner after midnight, and he said that although he and Senator Sawyer and the Wisconsin Congressmen are sanguine, they cannot yet say whether Gov. Rusk will be a member of the Cabinet, or not. Be very careful of your integrity, and keep this silence, and tomorrow afternoon telegraph the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin that, since the inauguration of President Harrison, you met me, and I said that we just been assured that Gov. Rusk will be made Secretary of Agriculture."

Well, the temptation was great. Any Chicagoan would have given \$100 for that paragraph; and I was the money. But as good luck would have it, I kept with Senator Spooner, and mark the result. Two days later when we met, he said: "Fry, you didn't let the club I held over your head on that Rusk matter, did you?"

After receiving a negative reply, he said: "I watched those papers; and if you had broken faith with me I should have gone to every Senator, Democrat as well as Republican, and told them that you were a scoundrel, and your days of usefulness as a newspaper man would have been gone. As it is, however, I am a little good, by bragging on you whenever I have an opportunity."

Drawing a long breath, I then said, and have repeated that prayer: "Lead us not into temptation." SMITH D.

#### FRENCH WRITERS.

"Speaking of nice distinctions in the matter of speech," said a man who is fond of languages, "I often wondered why it was that the French paid attention to the delicate shades of the different nuances, as one may say, in the matter of words, other people. It has been my observation that French writers are quicker and more sensitive on this than the writers of any other country. I suppose due to some extent to the fact that the French language is noted for its delicate distinctions, some of so subtle as to challenge the closest possible attention, and even then many of them are lost. Readers know, are dreadfully obtuse at times. Just as I recall at the moment a couple of pretty and lively instances from Hugo's 'Ninety-Three.' He speaks of Tellmarch, 'the beggar,' in the first part of the story. It was after his discovery of the placard on the top of the hill, and at a moment when he was wandering through the woods alone. Hugo says 'inattentive to everything,' and—note the distinction—'attentive to nothing.' Your wise copy would have cut that out. Yet, is it not a pretty distinction to make? Think over it. Speaking of Tellmarch again, he said he 'heard' the noise of men; he 'listened' to the voices of birds. Isn't that a pretty idea? A man can 'hear' without 'listening' and a man can 'listen' without 'hearing.' We all know this much. But 'he heard' simply 'heard' the noise of men, but 'listened' to the voices of birds. Even the words 'noise' and 'voices' are used almost with dramatic effect. These instances illustrate the point I have in mind, and they show how superior the French writers are to the writers of other tongue known to me."—[New Orleans Times-Picayune.]

#### MONEY AS A SIGN.

"Do you regard money as the supreme test of success?" asked the man with the artistic temperament. "No," answered the practical person; "but the absence of it is a pretty sure sign of failure."—[Washington Post.]



# Swiss Weddings.

SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS, MANY OF WHICH ARE STILL IN VOGUE.

From a Special Correspondent.

BERNE (Switzerland) Nov. 10.—Present day Switzerland has replaced the injustice and lack of tolerance of former years with regard to marriages by the prohibition in its constitution of an article providing that limitation upon marriages shall be based upon social grounds, nor upon the financial condition of the contracting parties. While a civil marriage, solemnized by the Registrar, is the only lawfully recognized service, the custom for couples to be married immediately after this service by a clergyman, who unites them according to the ritual of the church. In the Protestant cantons the local church is generally used. The monastery of Einsiedeln, or the church of the Capucine convent of Schyz, is the Mecca of many pairs from the canton of Zug, who wend their way to the one or the other for the purpose of having a religious ceremony performed.

Previous to the acceptance of the constitution of 1848, and that of 1874, the right of marriage was frequently conferred with either by the local authorities, or by the Roman Catholic Church, the latter declaring that the union of a Protestant and a Catholic was to be considered void, and the children of such a marriage illegitimate. Communes placed further obstacles in the way of marriage between respectable though poor persons, by requiring that the offspring of such a marriage might be a burden upon the authorities of the place. Happily all this is now changed. The civil ceremony, as in use today, is extremely short, and consists of but a question addressed by the magistrate to each of the persons, in the presence of two witnesses, as to whether they take each other as husband and wife, respectively. Upon their affirmative answer being given, the pair is declared man and wife according to law.

## The "Spannen" Custom.

But the curious observances of early days are passing into desuetude, and many a peculiarity of local custom is now no longer witnessed. One of these is the so-called *Spannen*, which means "to span," or "to place across." When a bridegroom who is a citizen of another community leads away his lady love from her native village, her friends, who would prefer to have seen her wedded to one of their own number, stand in the road where the carriage is to pass, and stretch across it a chain of flowers, or silver rosaries, forcing the bridegroom to ransom his wife by the presentation of gifts as long as the different *Spannen* are placed before him within the boundaries of the district.

In one of the villages in the French portion of Switzerland there still exists another odd ceremony. While the celebration of the marriage is taking place in the church as old and decrepit a woman as can be found is sent to arrange the required service, and receives her instructions accordingly. Upon the arrival of the wedding procession from the church the door of the bridegroom's house is found closed, the shutters are securely latched, there is no sign of life, and the place appears to be deserted. The best man steps forward and knocks at the door. There is no answer. He knocks again, and louder. Again silence. A third time he raps, pounding heavily with both his fists upon the portal of the seemingly unfriendly domicile. At last the door is opened slowly and cautiously. The bent, haggard and wasted form of the old woman shows itself, and she asks in a squeaky voice, "What do you want?" When she is told that the husband is bringing home his bride, and that he is in need that nothing is in readiness for the blooming, youthful wife she appears not to comprehend, but shakes her head and rushes away to the kitchen, where she succours herself and commences diligently to spin, as if that were her only aim in life. But she has left the door ajar, and the guests stream in, open the shutters, allow the sun to stream in and brilliantly illuminate the hitherto gloomy house; the old woman is lifted bodily out, thus symbolizing the extermination of misfortune and evil, the happy pair enters amid rejoicing, and in their new cheerful cottage the festivities begin.

Here, too, the *Spannen* is sometimes made use of, but in this case it is a ribbon that bars the way, and the groom dismounting, receives a pair of scissors from the boys of the village, cuts the slight barrier, then, giving to youngsters a handful of change, he remounts, and the carriage proceeds amid the firing of guns. If there is a plate at the side of the road, and a sum of money is left, the groom has to double the amount for the benefit of the young people, who spend the money thus obtained in merry-making. More than once has it occurred that in later years a swain has stated that he would rather have doubled the amount had it then served to prevent the lady from accompanying him, instead of simply paying double for the privilege of taking her.

## A Substitute Offered.

In another locality the groom formerly went to the bride's house to fetch her, waiting the while outside, until she was produced. First, a little girl was offered him in lieu of the loved one, but, needless to relate, the child was refused; then came an old maid from out of the house, and simpering, attempted to take his arm, but, however, shaking her scornfully off, only to be obliged to resist the loving onslaughts of a number of other highly unattractive females. Then the bride was forthcoming, presenting a charming picture by contrast, with a white wreath upon her head, for veils were as yet not in use, and after cakes and sweetmeats had been distributed to the children, the party made its way to the church, led by the ubiquitous violinist and clarionet player of the village. Arriving at that edifice, the musicians stood aside, and the ceremony took place under the portal, the blessing only being given inside the church. Rude excitement at these weddings was the cause of

making many pairs forget themselves utterly, only to lend confusion to the scene. Once a bridegroom, who had passed the ripe age of seventy-seven years, was being united to a damsel but little younger than himself, when, upon being asked if he took the woman as his wedded wife, voluntarily, and of his own free will, replied loudly and repeatedly, "I am not forced to marry. I do not have to marry. Nobody obliges me to marry," until his protestations had to be stopped by solicitous friends. Another, whose head was evidently lighter than his purse, was lost in rapt astonishment at the proceedings until aroused from his reverie by a violent reminder from his partially wedded wife, who instructed him to "Say 'Yes,' George," which he did, meekly and obediently.

## Music and Fun.

The ceremony, always Roman Catholic in this quarter, was followed by doleful songs and organ music, after which the violinist and his accomplice the clarionet player, who had been waiting in the meantime, escorted the couple and the guests to an inn, where the wedding feast, consisting of two meals, one at noon and the other at midnight, took place, followed by laborious dancing.

Buffoonery was practiced to a large extent, such as stealing one of the bride's shoes, and then making complaint that the husband did not take proper care of his wife, and did not protect her. The shoe was frequently sold to the highest bidder, and a gallant husband usually was obliged to tender a generous price for this treasure, the neglect to obtain possession of which would have stamped him as avaricious.

The poorer people arranged matters so that each guest paid his own share of the cost of the festivities, for there were always enough to be found willing to provide their part in exchange for a day's merriment in those monotonous times. On occasions when the couple were very needy, a collection was taken from the guests, who walked past the bridal pair and dropped their offerings into a basket, receiving in return a piece of cheese from the bride. These contributions were commenced by the woman who made the bridal dress (it was considered unlucky to make one's own nuptial apparel,) who gave several baby caps, which, in some instances, already bore the name of their prospective possessors. The presents not only paid for the wedding feast, but often provided something for the future.

## In Central Switzerland.

In the smaller cantons of central Switzerland, and to a lesser extent in the others, the village dances are the means of causing the commencement of courtship by the peasants, the young man, inviting the maiden of his choice to dance with him a number of times, and afterward accompanying her to her home. In the near future he must "come to the light," as the phrase runs, and call upon the parents, when an engagement is the result, provided that there are no strong objections. The young man then gives the young lady a comparatively valuable present, which is shown as positive proof that the pair is engaged. In return, and as a sort of security, the girl or her parents makes a gift to the young man, and wedding rings are purchased. Announcement cards are sent out, if the family has sufficient means. The effect of a mutual breaking of an engagement is that all presents are returned. If the break occurs on the side of the man, his gifts are retained, and in certain instances, based upon ethical grounds, damages may be demanded, as provided by the citizens' law book of the particular canton. In case of death previous to the wedding, the survivor has the right to one-third of the estate of the deceased.

The youths and boys of the various villages band themselves together for the purpose of keeping street watch, as the saying goes, and it not infrequently goes ill with a lover from another community who is disliked by these "Privileged Persons of the Street," upon the occasion of his nocturnal visits to his sweetheart. This extraordinary custom of wooing is still extant in numerous localities in the country, and, strange to say, is generally sanctioned by the parents, continuing in spite of the protestations of the pulpit. Donar, or Thor, being the "god of household justice," Thursday is set for marriages; Tuesday is sometimes used, seldom Monday, and never during Easter week or Lent.

The groom dresses in black and wears a spray of artificial flowers in his buttonhole; the bride wears black or white, according to the financial status of her family—white, with a veil, if comfortably situated, black if poor, as the latter costume is most practical and economical, and may be worn on Sundays and at funerals. In some places local usage demands that the newly-married couple eat from the same plate and drink from the same glass, while at their seats is put but one knife and plate, although two spoons and two forks. Many follow this course throughout life, the wife cutting the meat and vegetables, and two forks being used with which to eat.

## Bride Cooked the Breakfast.

Until the last decade, at Linthal, the first course of the wedding breakfast had to be cooked by the bride herself; a soup that required several hours for its preparation, and that was made somewhat after this recipe: Five pounds of bread crumbs are thrown into a pan and stirred with boiling butter, after which a bottle of red wine is poured in. Again crumbs and another bottle of wine, more butter and several condiments, then some more crumbs, not forgetting the bottle of red wine, and so on, for six or eight times. The result should be a thick, hot bride's soup. If the soup did not obtain the general commendation of the guests, the housekeeping propensities of the bride were considered at fault, yet formerly a wedding feast without this soup made by the bride in person could never have been considered for an instant. Now the happy girl is released from the onerous duty, partly because her presence in the kitchen is not compatible with the sense of merry-making and joyfulness supposed to be connected with weddings, and perhaps more so for the reason that the soup seldom turned out well.

In Sernftal the bride left her parents' home the night previous to the wedding, and, together with her trousseau, which had to include a bed and a cupboard,

went to the house of her future husband, where she remained until the next morning, when the friends and relatives came to call the couple to start for the ceremony. No mention is made that the prospective groom was ever missing.

At the present time it is quite the proper thing for couples in the peasant class, and sometimes those of a higher grade, to drive through the town and country after the wedding. It is a frequent sight, and one often meets these processions; the happy pair in the first carriage, with clasped hands and looks of simpering self-consciousness upon their beaming faces, followed by other hired carriages, containing relatives and guests, driving about so that all may see that Fritz and his beloved Elise are one. FRANK N. TAYLOR.

# CIVIL FUNERAL SERVICES.

A REMARKABLE FRENCH CEREMONY AND HOW IT IS GROWING.

[London Mail:] Purely civil funerals, from which all religious ceremonial is rigorously excluded, are becoming more prevalent than ever in France. This is principally due to the trend of political opinion, which acknowledges no Republicanism that is not actively allied to militant free thought, and utilizes every circumstance of life—and death—as a protest against the priest.

The initiative proceeds from the politicians by profession—they must proclaim their anti-Republicanism on every occasion; their private life is ever exposed to the glare of angry foes and jealous friends alike; and the least little slip from the uncompromising programme they have created or adopted is registered and denounced as a betrayal.

It is no rare thing to see a candidate of the "bloc"—i. e., the Combes Ministry—gravely read out from the platform his last will and testament, in which he strenuously enjoins his executors, at his death, to cause him to be buried civilly, by his comrades, without the intervention of the church in any way or under any pretext, even though his own family should insist upon it.

This, I believe, recently happened in connection with M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader and Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies. His career was very nearly brought to an abrupt conclusion by the discovery that, yielding to his wife, he had allowed his child to be baptized in holy water brought from the Jordan, and he only recovered the ground he had thus lost by a solemn declaration that his interment, at any rate, should be civil.

This may be puerile or not, according to the point of view; but it is a fact, and a sign of the times. The third republic recognizes no religion (except only, for purposes of political precaution, by a very scanty provision in the budget,) and is on the way to put an end to its toleration of one. Little by little, the religious ceremonies in births, marriages, or deaths are being eliminated and ignored; and the civil rites, somewhat after the manner of the Attic Greeks, will ere long be accepted as normal and the rule.

When a person dies, the decease must be declared immediately at the Mairie of the arrondissement by two of the nearest relatives. A medical officer of the Mairie then pays a visit to the house to satisfy himself as to the cause of death, and once he has certified that the death is natural, and not due to crime or neglect, a burial permission is granted, and at the same time a date for the interment is given. The family has no voice in deciding the date.

You must then apply to the Pompes Funèbres (State Administration of Funeral Rites.) There are a dozen classes of funerals, ranging in cost from £120 to £2. It is for the family or relations to decide which best suits its purse, its pride, or its sense of decorum. The Mairie only takes charge of the civil celebration of the function. A priest may accompany the procession, if it is desired, but it is distinctly understood that the civil element is to predominate and take precedence.

In the invitations to attend the funeral all religious allusion is studiously avoided, and any such mention as "R. I. P." or "De Profundis" is, of course, omitted.

The coffin lies in state in the vestibule of the dead man's residence, and the draperies employed are the same as for religious obsequies, except that the sign of the cross is everywhere suppressed, and replaced by a silver star or a monogram of the person's name, and consecrated tapers are not lighted round the body. Wreaths in the form of a circle are permitted, and if the dead man has shown decided secular leanings it is deemed consistent to send flowers of a red or yellow hue for preference, and, if possible, everlasting flowers. For immortelles are supposed to have some occult connection with Freemasonry, which in France is an essentially anti-clerical institution.

It may be noticed that in civil interments the hearses and coaches seem to move forward very quickly, almost hurriedly. Another peculiarity is that by some unwritten law the lady mourners make it their duty to follow on foot, whereas a priest would ride, and the ladies in that case ride also.

On arriving at the cemetery, the coffin is lowered, without a word, into the grave; and in the case of an ordinary private person, the mourners pass by, each letting fall a flower, and so disperse. This silence, however, is inexpressibly sad, and it is becoming more and more the custom, even when the departed is not necessarily a public man, for some of the family and friends to make short, informal speeches by the side of the open grave, echoing their sorrow at the loss of the dead.

## HOPE.

There is no light where hope is gone;  
But at the rising of Creation's dawn  
The Maker said: "Let there be light."  
And never since has there been night.  
So dark man could not find a ray  
To guide and cheer him on his way.

—[William J. Lampton, in The Reader Magazine.



## League Island Navy Yard.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS WILL  
MAKE IT GREATEST ON EARTH.

*By a Special Contributor.*

IF the present recently promulgated plans of the government fully mature, League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia, covering an area of 923 acres, is destined, very shortly, to become the largest, most perfect and complete naval station in the world.

Evidence of this desired progressiveness is now visible on all sides in the yard in the shape of many new, commodious and handsome buildings, extensive dry docks, a splendid sea wall, and general improvements of the grounds.

With the ending of the Spanish-American war, Congress commenced to realize and appreciate the worth and importance of this navy yard above all others, and began at once to become deeply interested in the measures looking to its further advancement, so that the activity and extension of the improvements, since made and at present being carried out, are the result of impressions made on the nation at the close of the Spanish-American war as to the latter's defectiveness in proper navy-yard facilities in many particulars.

That the nation is to have a greater and much improved navy yard at League Island is now assured. The Navy Department has made known its purpose to rapidly enlarge the plant, and to make the yard the most important one in the United States. Ships are to be built there, repairs of all kinds carried on, and every facility for the building and maintenance of a great navy provided.

Millions of dollars are already being expended in so quiet a manner as to have escaped the notice of all but the few whose duties call them to the yard.

Millions more have been asked for from the present Congress to continue the work of enlargement, and plans have been approved which leave no doubt as to the purpose of the Navy Department to place League Island in that position which its many natural advantages claim for it.

Americans from cities distant from Philadelphia who have not visited League Island Navy Yard in recent years

to the improvement and adornment of this important government plant.

Once within the portals, things present an atmosphere of newness and up-to-date progress. This very air of modernism, to a certain extent, prevents a sense of artistic completeness, which the passage of time will lend to the whole, but the general effect is a delightful improvement upon the old appearance of the station.

The first building which catches the eye upon entering the yards, because perhaps of its gorgeous coat of paint, red in color, rich in shade, is the great manufacturing and repair shop. This structure is located just beyond the new stone-curbed bridge on the right side of Broad street, as the main road, leading through League Island is still called.

All sorts of machines turning out all kinds of iron articles necessary in the equipment of a vessel run by all conditions of men in jumpers and overalls, superintended and ordered about by self-possessed officials in uniforms, make a picture of well-regulated industry not soon to be forgotten.

It is a fact little known to the majority of people that Uncle Sam makes in the League Island Navy Yard pretty much everything that is used in his ships; anchors, sails, oars, iron plates or anything else wanted on a vessel are turned out, most of them coming from the workers in the big red building.

Beyond the equipment building is the commandant's office. Here all is quiet and peaceful both inside and out. In startling contrast to the huge red building is this massive edifice of gray stone.

It is marked by severe simplicity and richness that is the result of careful attention to details; complete, it is a harmonious whole. Broad halls, spacious offices with heavy plate-glass windows looking out upon the most beautiful parts of the grounds, wide, old-fashioned fireplaces beautifully tiled, and suggestive of winter enjoyment, all combine to make the building one of beauty and use.

The grounds around this building in which the commandant has his headquarters are laid out in beautifully shaded walks and rolling lawns. The Broad-street boulevard, toward the river, has transformed this immense naval work yard into a picturesque but practical park.

The Administration Building is situated in one of the most beautiful portions of the grounds, overlooking the magnificent boulevard scene; it stands on top of the terraced ground, and extends along the main avenue.

After a walk of over a half mile along Broad street in the navy yard, visitors arrive at the Delaware River

front, which is destined to become one of the beauties in the grounds. Fine lawns are being created about the officers' old and new quarters, the place which officials at the island must live.

The gardens will be objects of personal pride to the tenants of the quarters. In the midst of the grounds is a band stand, in which the navy yard band heard in concert every alternate afternoon.

Another attractive feature is the League Island trolley line. This new road is the smallest free trolley line in America, and it was constructed for the benefit of a servant girl, or so the rumor goes.

One terminus is at the south side of the main road, just inside the gates; the other is at the officers' cottages, on the east side of the yard at the river back channel, or what is left of the stream, is reached by means of a long wooden trestle. At present the line is almost an air line from the gate to the cottages. It is understood that the government intends to lay the road so as to make a complete circuit of the island. It begins operation at 6 o'clock in the morning and runs every nine minutes until 12 o'clock at night.

An idea of the extent of the improvements now being made may be obtained from the fact that for the past an average of a cubic yard of concrete has been laid at League Island every minute of the working day.

The greater portion of this material is being used for a new dry dock which is claiming special attention now from Lieut. Chambers, the civil engineer, who is pushing the work ahead as fast as existing conditions will permit. This is a single item, and illustrates the work that is being accomplished.

The government will expend \$1,200,000 in the construction of this dry dock, which work, in the opinion of Lieut. Chambers, will require at least eighteen months to complete, and which will make it eventually the largest dry dock in the world. One new feature will be the use of electricity for the pumps and capstans which hitherto steam was employed.

The thirteen thousand feet extension to the sea wall, now in course of construction, is not one of the least important features of the new improvements, and great naval station, which will require years to complete.

Lieut. Chambers has entirely rearranged the plan of the reserve basin, as the back channel is officially called.

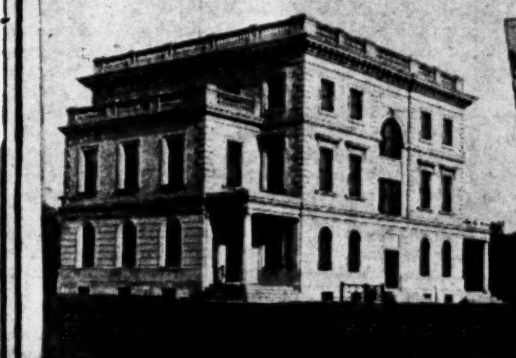
The lieutenant contemplates such construction as will surround the western end of the island with piers, construction shops and wharves. This will make the ship directly accessible to any loading point, reducing time and cost of handling to the minimum.



Million dollar drydock in course of construction at League Island



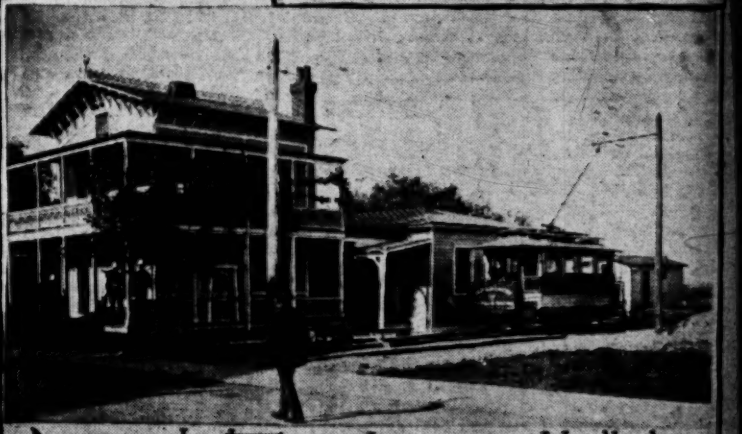
Equipment building



Commandant's new building



Detachment of marines at League Island



Navy yard entrance and government trolley line

would not recognize the League Island of today as the naval station of ten or fifteen years ago.

The unsightly old barracks and other miserable makeshift buildings have been razed and replaced by artistic and substantial edifices, while the grounds have been tastefully planted and laid out by expert landscape gardeners, and the future promises long avenues of beautiful shade trees where in the past were hot, dusty walks unprotected in any way from the glare of the sun's rays.

Under the artistic eye and with the guiding hand of enthusiastic officials, who have the improvements, costing millions of dollars, in charge, the mud-holes, ponds and ditches have been gradually made over into fine lawns, flower beds, roads and walks, with fancy stone terraces that delight the eye, to say nothing of the modern office and work buildings that add much



The reserve basin is to be used for laying up ships in reserve or in commission. This basin will be especially valuable, being the only fresh-water basin at any naval station in the United States, wherein the hulls of vessels can be repaired. "When completed," says Lieut. Chamberlain, "it will be possible to lay up the whole of the navy in the basin."

The official life of the navy yard is well known; it is interesting to touch a little of the social life. There is not a small community at League Island. Eight cottages along the river front—modest affairs, but dainty and home-like—and just a handful of rather retiring people, who make their homes in the cottages or on the vessels. It is a small community, but an interesting one. There one finds one of the most distinguished admirals of the American navy, commanders of important departments, officers of the navy's finest craft, and some of the finest women of the land.

Besides Admiral Sigsbee, there are at the station Commander R. G. Denig, of the Steam Engineering Department; Commander A. Reynolds of the Ordnance Department; Commander J. C. Caldwell of the Equipment Department; Naval Constructor L. Bankson, who is the bachelor resident of the island, and O. D. Norton, surgeon.

Those, with their families, form the only permanent community at League Island. Each new vessel that comes brings with it new men to infuse new life into the community, but the island life in its social aspect is largely confined to the cottagers. G. P. S.

## ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF.

THE IRON HAND OF RUSSIA THAT IS FELT IN THE FAR EAST.

[London Mail:] A pleasing personality, with nothing in his appearance to strike terror to the world, is the man who holds the keys of peace and war in the Far East today. Admiral Alexieff, a man whom the Czar has many times been pleased to honor, is still young enough to look forward to great conquests, yet just old enough to impress us as a kindly, middle-aged man, with a patriarchal beard, whose delight is to dandle a child on his knee.

He is the first Russian Viceroy in the Far East, the man upon whom Nicholas II has imposed the momentous task of building up a new empire. Quite what part Alexieff has played in the recent moves on the great chess-board of Asia, nobody outside the Czar's empire knows. He has been in his time Governor-General of Eastern Siberia and Governor of Russian Manchuria; and he is today commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in the Pacific. It is an office hardly understood in England, for Alexieff has power over the forces on land and on sea.

### The Rise of Russia's Navy.

If he has played his part in the strange developments which have brought Russia face to face with Japan, Alexieff has contributed his share to the strength of the Russian navy. Time was when the Czar's navy was commanded and officered by Englishmen, when the sea power of Russia was not such a thing as appalled its enemies. But it is different now, and Russia's fleet stands third among the navies of Europe. With ports 300 miles apart, Russia has a naval position which Sir George Clarke declares "absolutely unique," and its new power is due not a little to the foresight and skill of its greatest sailor.

As lately as 1900 Alexieff was side by side with the forces of Japan against which he may soon be engaged in war. He was in charge of the Russian troops in China, and had under him when war began more troops than all the other powers together, except Japan. The story is told that the Russian band played the French "Marseillaise" as it marched into Peking, and that it was only after some minutes of acutest agony that the general was able to stop the army of the autocrat sounding the republican march. But it was the simplest blunder, and could not be taken as in the least suggesting lack of discipline. Where Alexieff rules, there the soldier knows that obedience is the only virtue in the world.

### End of the Far East.

If Alexieff is not the slave of a strict convention—and we know that his soldiers were seen in China marching under umbrellas—he knows how to fit in freedom with efficiency. It was probably he of whom a traveler was thinking when he wrote home that "I have seen high Russian officers joke and laugh with their soldiers as if they had been chums," yet the same traveler wrote that on the trying march to Peking, "where soldiers of all other nationalities collapsed in hundreds along the road from sunstroke or dysentery, or oppressed by the great heat, I never saw a single Russian fall out of the ranks." When the allies left China the Czar sent Alexieff a sword shining with gold and diamonds, and inscribed: "For victories at the seat of war in Pechili, 1900."

Since then the Emperor has made him lord of Russia's Far Eastern empire, with powers almost absolute under the Czar himself and a special committee. The admiral has become, as a Russian paper said, the instrument of the will and purpose of the Czar, and that in the territories where Russia's movements cause the greatest uneasiness to the rest of the world.

It is said that when he first received his flag, Alexieff had a consuming passion for "Russian bridge," and was the best player on the Pacific station. But he has no time for "bridge" today, especially if it is correct that the Czar has telegraphed to him that "I give you full power to maintain, if necessary, the prestige of Russia by force of arms." We shall hear more of Admiral Alexieff if that is true.

"George certainly is a man of action."

"What has he done?"

"Why, the very next day after the helress accepted he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Furry Club."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

## Novelist and Prophet.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL TALKS OF JUSTICE AND ZIONISM.

From the London Mail.

"YOU expect to get justice!" and Zangwill laughed. The absurdity of any such Utopian expectation tickled him. He was addressing a young writer, whose first book had just received extremely unfair notice in a prominent weekly. "The man expects to get justice!" he exclaimed. In one phrase he had formulated his philosophy. Not that he is without hope—nobody is more hopeful; but immediate and general recognition, or even that ordinary fair play upon which your average Briton counts and builds, Zangwill regards as mythical—a fable. Of an ultimate good, an ultimate purpose, he has no doubt; here his faith is enormous and unswerving, but an immediate and forthright justice—the very notion made him laugh.

### Waiting Two Thousand Years.

"We Jews have waited 2000 years for justice," he says, growing graver and more formidable—for gravity makes his powerful face a mask of iron. "Two thousand years!" he repeats. "Justice has played at cat and mouse with us; has given us hope and taken it away again; has given us open air and equal rights, then penned us in a Ghetto. We are an eternal prisoner, sometimes out on bail, always remanded, but never acquitted. In every country we have passed from an illusive freedom to captivity. The two went hand in hand. My father was a captive in Russia; in England I am out on bail. My son—but I have no son. Read your history and you will learn something about us, and, incidentally, about myself. In Angevin England we dared exist—consult your 'Ivanhoe,' then we were massacred and driven out. Cromwell let us in again; tomorrow we may have to cross the seas. From Spain we were driven to Venice and Amsterdam; Disraeli's ancestors fled to the one place, Spinoza polished his lenses at the other, and founded a new philosophy between whites. The French revolution gave us a new hope, but 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité' could not prevent a Dreyfus case. And you—you ask me to believe in justice, the prompt and even-handed justice of a free-born Englishman! Impossible! We get a breathing space, a generation, two generations, enough to acquire an illusion of security. The old wounds are forgotten; our children face a smiling future—and then the bomb explodes; we learn the truth. Well, truth is no bad lesson. Today it is Kischineff, yesterday it was Dreyfus; before that Bismarck and his reptile Press; and so backward to King John and heaven knows who. "No," Zangwill finishes, "the fountain of justice is in ourselves, and we must take what is withheld from us. Thus I believe in justice, and that is why I am a Zionist."

But before we arrive at Zionism and the great change it has wrought in Zangwill's work and outlook, in his whole personality, it would be well to look backwards a little.

### The Zangwill of Yesterday.

In 1892, when his book, "Children of the Ghetto," brought him into prominence, Zangwill was an obscure journalist. He had taught for a living, he had supported his parents, he had been the mainstay of a family of seven. He is so still; and this quite simply, without any flourish of trumpets or sentimental by-play. In 1893, Zangwill, in a shabby suit and cheap boots, innocent of social amenities, of public schools and universities, a true child of the people, self-educated, self-made, burst upon London. He went everywhere and did everything. He tasted the novelty and freedom of his new position with a zest, a joyousness that left no social or artistic stone unturned. Zangwill met everybody, knew everybody, and was caricatured in "Vanity Fair." He was vastly interested in his work and in human nature. For a time, perhaps, his ruling passion, the love for his own people, his own race, lay dormant. He wrote "The Master," a few curtain raisers, "Without Prejudice."

Then he grew weary and retired from society and from Bohemia. The Dreyfus case, South Africa, with its menace of the Jewish capitalist, were in the air, demanding his attention. For Zangwill there was no overlooking them, nor the problems they involved. A Jew could not escape his Judaism. Elsewhere, also, there was a change. Literature, art, a living influence in the early nineties, were being elbowed out of the way by a doubtful policy, a doubtful finance. Instead of Kipling, Anthony Hope, Le Gallienne, John Oliver Hobbes, Haggard, Weyman, Sarah Grand, and the many new names that had arisen, men now spoke of Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and De Beers. In both movements Judaism was represented—by Zangwill in the first, by Barney Barnato and similar shapes in the second. But while the first movement had promised a boon to Jewry, the second and more powerful was full of danger. Of Zangwill the Jew, even the most anti-Rhodesian papers spoke with respect; the Jewish capitalists of Kimberley and the Rand, however, were quite another case. Zangwill doubtful, despairing of the future, foreseeing a pending anti-Semitic upheaval that has already produced its Committee on Alien Immigration, cast about him for salvation and a redeemer. Such a one was, strangely enough, approaching. In Austria, a Dr. Herzl had attacked and found a solution for the Jewish problem. Simply stated, there were two alternatives—fusion with the surrounding peoples, or a new nation. The first was impossible; the second impossible to mediocrity, but possible to genius.

### The Zangwill of Today.

"I had drunk deep of art," Zangwill resumes; "of life and politics as understood in alien cities—witness my 'Mantle of Elijah'—and I was still thirsting. Zionism was a cup held out to a man parched, despairing, and weary of the wilderness. At one bound I was presented with a people, a nationality, and the poetry of a great

and prophesied regeneration. What were the dull jealousies of European politics to the statecraft which should fulfill the prophecies of the Old Testament? What were the hopes of the alien peoples among whom I dwelt, whose art and philosophy I had exhausted, to the risen hope of my own new-awakened race? A race descended from warrior kings and prophets—from the Himyaritic peoples of gray antiquity; from the builders of sand-buried cities, whose inscriptions are indecipherable to the most learned, whose temples whisper of gods before the God of Zion; a race to whom Moses is a modern, and Solomon despatching treasure ships to Ophar as actual and as near as the latest flotations of Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co.

"To gather the scattered remnants of this people from all the four corners of the earth, the Beni Israel, who are the flower of your Indian army, strange yellow Tamudists from China, Delvalles and Toledanos from Curacao and Colon, Cohens and Levis from Whitechapel and New York, bandoliered brigands from the Caucasus, ringleted horse dealers from Galicia; to gather this chameleon-like, this universal race into one strong and impregnable unit joined by a common God, by the same Hebrew speech wherein its prophets and lawgivers once held converse with the Almighty, here was a purpose greater than art, greater than the parochial politics of the world empires of the west. . . . And so I have ceased to be a novelist and am become a Zionist. Yes, I believe in justice," he concludes; "it tarries by the way-side, it comes late, it comes later than human suffering—but still it comes."

## THE DEAD SEA.

SOME FALSE REPORTS ABOUT IT SET RIGHT BY A CORRESPONDENT.

[Correspondence London Graphic:] So many false and foolish reports about the Dead Sea—that strange and interesting lake—have been circulated lately that the truth will, no doubt, be acceptable to the many readers of the Daily Graphic. Since the earthquake in Palestine last April, someone circulated the story that the mouth of the River Jordan had been so affected by the shock that the level of the river had been altered to such an extent that at the place where the historic river goes into the Dead Sea there was now a waterfall of considerable depth and strength. This is altogether false, and no change whatever has taken place at or near the mouth of the Jordan. The writer has just spent some days there, and made it his special business to investigate this matter. Much has also appeared from time to time in papers and periodicals about steamboats navigating the Dead Sea. This, too, is a fabrication. The only boat on the Dead Sea is a small sailing boat about twenty feet long. . . . This vessel makes trips, as the wind allows, from the north end of the sea to the bay on the eastern side of the tongue that divides the water near the middle. Here at this terminus some Jews are located. The whole concern is, in fact, in the hands of Jews, who, at a low rate, buy wheat and barley from the Arabs, to be delivered on the seashore. From there it is shipped to the Jericho side, and carried on donkeys to Jerusalem, where it finds a ready sale at a good price. When adverse winds blow, the little craft is in danger of being swamped, for the so-called Dead Sea becomes a living mass of waves. The writer recently spent four nights such as never will be forgotten on these waters, and the smartness of the old man at the helm and his boy with the sails saved us from being wrecked again and again. A charge of one mejedie (three shillings and fourpence) a trip is made for each passenger, and for such a unique voyage it is not exorbitant. There is some talk about a small steam tug being put on the sea, but the authorities are loth to grant permission. It will be a great boon when, if ever, it does arrive, as it will bring the east and west sides of Jordan nearer to one another for communication and trading purposes.

## IS THE SUN MADE OF RADIUM?

"There is no doubt," says Mr. Walter Maunder, writing in "Knowledge" on the origin of the sun's heat, "that the discovery of radium compels us to abandon completely some of the conclusions based upon present theories of the origin of the sun's heat. Mr. W. E. Wilson calculates that '3.6 grammes of radium per cubic meter of the sun's volume would supply the entire output' of the sun's energy. He further suggests that at the temperature of the sun radium may be much more energetic than at our terrestrial temperatures. If so, a much smaller weight of radium per cubic meter may suffice. The computations which Lord Kelvin and other leading men of science have made as to the possible length of time in the past, and in the future, during which the sun could maintain its present energy of radiation, are necessarily entirely set aside, for we can no longer assume that the concentration of the sun's substance from infinite distance has been the sole or even the chief source of its energy. It is not only that radium itself may exist in sufficient abundance in the sun to account for its energy, but the same or similar radio-active properties may be possessed by other of its elements, or by the sun itself as a whole. Professor G. H. Darwin writes: 'Knowing as we now do that an atom of matter is capable of containing an enormous store of energy in itself, I think we have no right to assume that the sun is incapable of liberating atomic energy to a degree at least comparable with that which it would do if made of radium.'"—[London Graphic.]

## BACHELOR OF ARTS AT 14.

Pierre Alba, a lad of fourteen, has just received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the Faculty of Literature of the Paris University.

Owing to a brilliant Latin essay, with which he carried off a prize in June last, the age limit fixed for candidates for the B. A. degree was dispensed with, and Alba passed the university examination, receiving the mention "Very good." His father is a lieutenant-colonel in the French army.—[London Express.]



## China's Great Wall.

### A THANKSGIVING DAY PILGRIMAGE AND A BALL.

MISSIONARY WORK APPRECIATED—SCOTCH HOSPITALITY—A JOLTING JOURNEY—NOVEL ROADSIDE SCENES—BEHOLD, THE GREAT WALL—A CHINESE DINING CAR—ST. ANDREW'S BALL.

*By a Special Contributor.*

**T**O visit North China and omit the great wall would be an unpardonable fluke in the career of any well-bred traveler. No matter what the trouble of the trip, to make it is the simplest way out of a hole. The difficult jaunt takes far less time than to explain to our astonished friends, forever after, why we did not go there. A mighty effort, while in North China, is less bother. But the problem, how to do it, alone and unseasonably, is imposing. As there is always a right way and a wrong way to do everything, so there is a direct and an indirect way of reaching the great wall.

By Donkey Litter.

From Peking the trip is usually made on a donkey litter, with a staff and outfit from the Hotel du Nord. The tourist sacrifices comfort for novelty, and ease for historic enthusiasm, in such an outing. Cramped in an uncertain posture, attached to the flank of a most uncertain and obdurate beast, the trip is no sinecure, even for those who exult in the rough-and-tumble hardships of travel. For the tenderfoot who inclines to luxury, the outlook is dismal. Servants, bedding, baggage and numerous donkeys complete the caravan, over the long and lonely stretch of arid lands, with night stops in mud-shanties, where pig-tail John, at his best or at his worst, shambles through his duties of homemaker, and the only tinge of comfort which the traveler knows is the equipment which he carries, of bed and board.

The dreary monotony of the way is relieved by the visit to the famed Ming tombs, architectural marble monuments to a dead dynasty, whose powerful hand fell upon North China more than 200 years ago. If the tomb-loving tourist is not already satiated with the supply from the sands of Egypt or the classic soil of Greece or Rome, the wearisome overland route to the great wall has its *raison d'être*. For any other than a tomb-lover, a short cut across country is justifiable. In either case, a woman alone, in the cold brief days of November, has no enviable prospect among the surly celestials.

"It is easily done by train, but where will you stay? There is not a roof among the native lean-tos fit to shelter you over night," said kind Dr. Lowry. "You must find Brother Pike. He knows all that region, and he will help you through." When the busy missionary, buried in pagan relief, will give a passing thought to the worldly-minded trotter, then may said trotter rejoice, as having fallen into the hands of a tender providence. Barring sieges, massacres, and such unlooked-for difficulties, the missionaries have the right of way, the knowledge of people and place. It is within their scope to be a tower of strength to the blind wanderer. Brother Pike was locating other trotters, as I descended at the Tien-Tsin station, but his cheery advice was light in the dark. "Go to the traffic agent at Shanhaikwan, and tell him I sent you. We are great friends; just use my name, and he will do everything for you." What a load was rolled from burdened shoulders! The impregnable range of rock, so distant and so inaccessible, historic wonder of the past and present, which frowned, a majestic, insurpassable barrier across North China, was distinctly moving nearer, like Birnam wood in the play.

A Chilly Car Ride.

Morning found me ticketed for Shanhaikwan, while the electric flash sped the word that must have paralyzed the nerves of any but the hospitable friend of the missionary in the Orient. Eight hours of dreary rumble and joggling over the wild waste of the north, dull and cheerless in the barrenness of late November, drew the gray day to a close. The crude car was nearly square, and the single tourist felt like a stowaway in a packing box. No other lunatic traveled for pleasure, and few through pain or for profit. A biting cold swept in from the plains, and after wretched intervals of freezing, pig-tail John fired up the coal stove in the corner, till it blew itself red hot, and the lonely tourist wiggled the rickety door with a twisted poker, and opened the windows for a breath of pure frigidity. In a flash the temperature fell again to freezing, and time passed in digging coal from the dry goods box, and tugging at refractory window straps, till John should reappear. Occasionally we saw pitiful towns of the far north, and sometimes a pathetic station reared itself starkly from the somber plain. Strange figures in furs and flannels, blankets and bed quilts, flapped their rags on the platform, and switched their long queues at the train. The up-train and the down-train formed the one event of alternating days, and sometimes it must be flagged for an unexpected errand in irregular spots, and at regular halts while villages arrived to waylay us, in all their grim poverty and portable filth, while their cold pagan eyes stared us out of Christian countenance. Long mufflers were but coils of grease, and dirty caps slouched over dirtier ears, while rags and fringe flapped wildly in the gale, and yard-long queues dangled to the breeze. It was a defiant, motley crowd, hostile and stolid, which had no thought of welcome for the stranger. Professional beggars with palsied limbs and distorted features made distressing appeal to the traveler's sympathy; and an imbecile child put up a feeble wail for "baksheesh."

Ticket-taking required three officials. The cockney English conductor in charge of the train gave orders for punching and stabbing to the two celestials who trailed like black shadows in his wake. The conductor kept the strange lady in mind, and strolled in to play the host, when the celestials disappeared. He was concerned for my arrival and reception in the remote China town

which was the terminus of his train, and he sighed in relief on hearing that I looked to the traffic agent as sponsor. "You'll be his good 'an's. There's not a worthier man to be found." Through the gloom of the evening, a burley Scotchman elbowed his way, to study what fatality lay behind that electric message. Evidently he received a shock. Naturally he had expected the male persuasion only to be stalking through the land in this time and manner, and the rustle of skirts meant a change in the programme planned, for the trotter expected to rough it in a native hovel. He pulled himself together bravely, and gasped in feigned delight: "Brother Pike's friend! So glad to see you. Oh, yes, got your wire. Brother Pike's people are always welcome," and with plausible excuses he dumped me into the ice-chest of a station-room, while he waived the word to his courageous little wife, that the stranger dropped in the wilds was a dreadful female and must be housed. Generally a native bunk or a slippery bench on the cold leather of the car will do for the man who pushes with temerity into this far, north realm. The little wife consented to the traveling nuisance, and an arrowy coolie banked up the luggage, and piloted the way.

Scotch Hospitality.

Within the Scotch home were hospitable welcome, light and cheer. "I was a stranger and ye took me in," seemed written on her heart, which did not lessen its kindly care, though the house was full up with company of her own. A shake-down was built in the parlor, and a night's rest made the great wall seem an easy accomplishment.

A low threshold lifted the bungalow from the ground, and the animal life of the place grew familiar in the house. Turkeys gobbled at the door, with a truly Thanksgiving note, exulting in escape from the day we celebrate, and hens cackled cheerily in the entry. A few feet distant grunted the solemn pigs in tones of satisfaction, and the cows looked over the bars, as if meditating a sally to the kitchen. Two little red-haired youngsters chattered in glib Chotaw, and shadowy celestials slid around the establishment. Servants are legion in North China, and one may have a retinue of them, and find them more of a pest than a profit. The sun came up with wintry glow, to break the films of ice which had gathered on the pools. The cold air broke with delicious vigor, and despite the ancient monument, this fine old world took on a youth and freshness all its own. It was Thanksgiving Day in Puritan New England. It was Thanksgiving Day in all the States, with turkeys and chestnuts, pumpkin pie and celery and cranberries, with nuts and raisins and happy families gathered in festive glee about the board. Wherever two or three Americans were gathered together, there was Thanksgiving, a joyous guest in their midst. Many and good were the reasons to keep it, even alone, and on the great wall, which clambered before one, in all the hoary glory of antiquity.

To the Wall in a Springless Chariot.

The cockney conductor was off duty, and the traffic agent had bullyragged him into making the trip. He was not consulted as to preference, but he accepted his task with sufficient good grace. At 10 a. m. he meekly drove up to the gate with the patrician chariot of North China, the springless go-cart. It was painted in glaring colors, like a traveling menagerie, and its brass nails, of varied dimensions, stuck out like hat pegs and door knobs on the wheels. Its baby curtains left scant peering place for the aristocrat within, and I zealously relegated the cockney to the seat of honor in the rear, hard and horrible for the occupant, while I took comfortable quarters on the disreputable shaft, and we began a journey which would make the old-time emigrant wagon of the plains a palace of luxury. It was a day for heavy rugs, and my guide was lost in the depths of a great coat, which could not disguise the terrors of the trip. The celestial marched stolidly beside his outfit, swelling to thrice his natural self in the layers and overlays of quilts which should shield him from the cutting wind.

Shanhaikwan must have been God's dumping place for all the rocks and boulders left over in the scheme of creation, and not one, by any chance, did our Jehu omit, in that desperately deadly drive. In all the empire, that little town has no peer for hollows and humps. Down we crashed into the deep gashes of time-worn rocks, up we climbed to the ridge of a boulder thrown off in a past upheaval. Any possible level was skillfully avoided, every rocky divide, every cleft and crevasse, every yawning fissure in the road was our pitfall. Jehu marched placidly on, if not actually glorying in our agony, at least calmly oblivious that a little care would lessen it. Every fresh jolt bade fair to end all troubles. I lurched with the shaft, and occasionally slid to the back of the beast. Cockney on the patrician's bench was having a sadder experience. "Ho, me poor bones, me poor bones!" he groaned in despair, as another thud sent him lunging on the framework.

Through an interminable lane we pounded, lined with booths, and reeking with unsavory smells. The dirty passage became a frenzy of sights and sounds. Ducks, hens, goats, pigs, donkeys, hobnobbed with the family, and ate from the general dish. Children stole all that they could grab, and grandparents gambled in the open air. Every concoction of stew and fry sent its sizzling sputter on the air. Blessed, indeed, was the frost of winter to subdue stale odors. Bumping through the great doors, which shut that fermenting walled city from the waste beyond, sentries, that in any civilized land would have been clapped in the lock-up as tramps and vagrants, glared upon the Christian stranger, as if she were a passing pest, whose presence would corrupt the ancestral graves on the hillside.

Out we jolted, into the wide country whose hills and hollows made life torture. The stolid celestial found fresh mounds to scale at every step, and the obdurate quadruped lost no chance to give his fare an extra bounce. The cockney conductor, lame and bruised, descended in wrath from his high-bred perch, and jogged over the morland afoot. Though always in sight, the

great wall was not the easy mark it seemed. A rocky road grew rougher with every turn of the hill the driver declared his duty done, and turned horse to pasture. Shanks's mare must do the work, we tumbled through the thicket and scrambled at the rolling rock, crawling up and falling back, at chasms and jumping ditches, in a circuitous and alive line, with ambition always uppermost to reach that ragged, irregular belt of rock, which traversed the north country, and was ages ago forbidden to a foreigner. It was the cockney's first ascent, and his valiant effort to be courteous, disgust and crept over his face.

The Wall Attained.

The long line was before us, ever growing clearer, time-worn defense of North China, straggling and frowning on the valley, and crowning the slopes with authority of past ages. Turrets and outposts stood tinels grim, defying the foe. From these strong the pickets flagged the enemy, and flung the war their nation. No raiders could cross that step-line of demarcation, built for permanence many years ago, and stretching its rampart across Asia over 1200 miles. It was grim warder of hill and on its summit drove the oriental chariot. It stands in its eternal strength, emblem of past power, greatness, gaunt ghost of the glory that is past, a of decadent possibilities. Its foothold is unshakable will rest while the centuries come and go, as firm the solid earth on which it stands, positive proof people undaunted by difficulties. The soil is thick, crest, and its massive stones grow moss and fern. Weeds and shrubs rise thick and heavy in its run. No man today finds the old wall useful, and tourist alone find it interesting. The pickets stand from their post, and pedestrians may mount without drance. A landmark on its windy height is the house hidden in the thicket, where grotesque and ning gods guard the pagan shrine. A temple in a derness is this, whose presiding genius is a heathen bent double with the weight of the centuries, worth all the agony of the go-cart, and the stumble up the steep slope, to have one glimpse of ancient worthy in his sequestered nook. Water teapot shake in his palsied hands, but he has the leaves, and he makes a steaming draught for climber. He mumbles and cackles and chuckles as the tourist drinks his health in the wild shrine, and he catches a notion of the unbounded der and enthusiasm which the visitor expends on a famed cross-country wall, the mighty, impregnable, which debarred the stranger from the home.

A Chinese Dining Car.

The great wall read its lesson of endurance, and all which the ill-kept, unkempt town of Shanhaikwan could offer. But the one great marvel was Thanksgiving Day had passed successfully and safely. Never in a lifetime would such a wild and unbroken, a simple tea-drinking from the histories the celestials, repeat itself. The gray dawn brought for departure, and the alternate down-train car wanderer back to bustling Tien-Tsin. Pigtail John fled along with fried eggs in a skillet, to be on a railroad lunch. Luckily, the down-train had a That diner was the only car which boasted a fire, we hovered about its warmth, every passenger "bled" for a villainous lunch, at majestic rates.

A jolly crowd made a merry journey. A group was on in Tien-Tsin, and spirits were keyed to a high fun. Brass buttons and epaulettes prevailed, and soldiers and Italians from the men-of-war in the met their brother Englishmen of army and navy, nobbed with men of the civil service. Government in every capacity had turned loose, to seek the life. How good everybody was to the stranger, Eileen from Dublin, with rosy cheeks and kind, sought an introduction through the traffic agent, took the strange lady under her wing, for motive keeping. "You are going down for the ball, like all of us," was her hearty greeting. "I am a little tourist, and we do not come in on the things," was the despondent answer. "Oh, but my is on the committee, and I'll see that you have a tation, so promise that you will surely come." An easy promise, but Eileen kept her word, and a mittee sent its greeting to the foreigner, who was fluttering on the edge of the delectable event in a man's life, St. Andrew's annual ball.

St. Andrew's Ball.

Gordon Hall, true to the name of its great thrills with history. Its perilous past recalls the tremendous times of the Boxer siege. It was the de the Christian refugees in that reign of terror, during weeks of summer heat, hundreds of Christian lived imprisoned, expecting any day or hour to last. They were riddled by shot, and the whizzing burst all about their improvised camp. The great was a blaze of plaids and crests. The MacDonalds, MacGregors, the MacLeans, and all the other Macs hung the taretan of their clans to-honor their name to beautify the ball. Gay plaids in green and yellow draped the columns and festooned the cross. Amid the exotics of the platform bloomed a Scotch daisy, and bristled forests of heather. A band made its debut to the public in wild strains, tempted the oldest and the soberest to a mad and spin. How gay and glorious they were—those brave hearts who had suffered and won in the struggle! The sadness lay only two years in the but birth and fun were full in the present. Lordly and gracious ladies carried the style of London Paris; brilliant uniforms of every nation spanned prisms in the dance, and the flaming Eton jacket, lar "dress coat" of the English soldier, flashed like the midst. Army and navy from all lands were plentiful and resplendent.

And the laddies themselves! Nearly bare-legged bore themselves and their partners triumphant



## Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for *The Times*.

### The Shrewd Shopkeeper.

**JULES HURET**, the French journalist who was in Los Angeles some months ago and who announced that Americans make love too coldly, is the son of a rich and astute merchant. M. Huret likes to tell a story in illustration of his father's fine business sense.

"My father, years ago," he will begin, "occupied a small shop on the ground floor of a large building. He was then at the beginning of his career, and his income was somewhat paltry. He was, however, an economical man."

"A clothing firm occupied all of the building except the portion held by my father, and this firm had arranged with the proprietor that they should have that portion, whenever they were ready to pay the rental demanded."

"Well, one day they decided to take in my father's shop, and their manager accordingly called on him, and in a friendly way told him that he had better look about for another stand at once, since his firm would be taking over the shop in May."

"But I don't want to move," said my father.

"Well, but you'll have to," said the manager. "You are a poor man, and my firm is rich. We can afford to pay three times as much rent for this floor as you can. Now, if you'll leave quietly, without making any fuss, we'll help you to find a new place. But, if you stay, we'll have to pay a rent that will beggar you—simply beggar you, remember."

"Give me," said my father humbly, "two weeks to think this matter over."

"Well and good," the manager replied, and two weeks later he called again. My father was all smiles as he received him.

"Everything, my friend, is arranged," my father said. "You may stay here, as before; I don't pay any rent at all, but you pay 2500 francs a year more than you paid last. I have bought the building."

### Of the Boil.

**PRESIDENT VREELAND** of the Interurban Street Railway Company of New York—an organization that has just issued a report showing that it carries over 1,000,000 passengers a day and takes in over \$20,000,000 a year—was talking the other afternoon about the railways of Europe.

"They are not as good as ours," he said, "and this is because the Europeans are not so ready to visit us and profit by our ideas as is the case with us in America."

"A Chicagoan was in here talking to me yesterday, and he said that, when he was abroad last summer, he found the railroads of Scotland atrocious. He said that on one of those railroads, one day, the train stopped in a desolate country, and the guards got out, sat down on a rock, and began to eat their lunch."

"The Chicagoan put his head out of the window and shouted:

"What is the matter? Why have we stopped in this forsaken spot?"

"A guard replied, frowning:

"Ye maun e'en bide a wee. The water for the engine has gane aff the boil."

### Reinstated.

**MARCELLUS HARTLEY DODGE**, who has given \$300,000 to Columbia University, was president of the class of 1903. One of his classmates said the other day that Mr. Dodge had been a capable and conscientious student.

"Remember, though," he went on, "a day when we had a singularly hard recitation in geometry. Before a certain difficult proposition student after student was bumped. The instructor said to each of them in turn: 'Very poor, indeed, sir. Come and see me at the end of the hour.'"

"Finally this very difficult proposition reached young Dodge. He rose, bowed to the instructor, and said gravely:

"I will come and see you, sir, at the end of the hour."

### On Paper Place.

**WALTER E. JOHNSTON**, executive commissioner of the Washington World's Fair exhibit, is attracting a great deal of favorable attention in St. Louis. Recently Mr. Johnston gave the St. Louis people some strong advice against extortion, and the other day he told a reporter a little story.

"Seeing all these buildings going up," he said, "reminds me of a hospital dedication that I attended last October. We had the builder of the hospital there, and he called on him to make a speech. He was a big, bald chap, timid and embarrassed. He got up, bowed awkwardly, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I guess I am better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

### The Reckless Barber.

**SURGEON BRICE**, of the White Star liner *Germanic*, has crossed the Atlantic 804 times, traveling altogether 2,500,000 miles. This hale man of 77 years is the senior ship's surgeon of the world, and as a traveler also he holds the world's record.

Surgeon Brice believes that every man should shave himself. He has, for some reason, a contempt for barbers, and to account for this contempt he tells innumerable

able stories that reflect on barbers invidiously. The other day he said:

"In some old-fashioned English shops barbers are fined sixpence every time they cut a customer. The last time I got shaved, it was in one of these old-fashioned shops. The journeyman who looked after me told me about the rule, but the last word was hardly out of his mouth before he gave me an ugly gash on the chin."

"There goes sixpence," he said, laughing as he mopped up the blood, "but I don't care a rap how many men I cut today. I found a half-sovereign this morning."

### Just in Spells.

**SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS** of California returned recently from a three months' tour of Europe. The unprecedented rainfall over there interfered considerably with Mr. Perkins's pleasure, but it gave him an opportunity to sample the humor of the London bus conductors.

One rainy day Mr. Perkins boarded a bus and took a seat inside. He began, soon, to feel the regular patterning of water drops upon his head. The roof of the bus leaked, and the American was suffering from this fact.

The conductor just then came in to collect the fares, and Mr. Perkins said to him:

"What's the matter with this roof? Does it do this always?"

"No, sir, only when it rains," the conductor answered, smiling.

### What They Said to Moriarty.

SOME queer things happen over in the Jersey courts sometimes. Many years ago they used to have a system by which men were appointed to the bench as judges because of their ignorance of the law. Well, these lay judges, as they were called, had a fine thing of it. It was a political job, of course, and carried the same salary as that drawn by the law judges. There was really nothing to do but to sit on the bench beside the latter and look wise. Once there was a big case on trial in Trenton, and it took a week before it was finished. There were two law judges and the lay judge. The last man was a character, and I knew him well. He was a man named Moriarty, and a bricklayer by trade. We often heard him say that he only worked one week in all the year, and that was the week before election. However, he got on this case I'm telling you about, and it involved a great many technicalities and a great deal of money. I was a witness on the case, and had to be in attendance every day, and a long and dreary time I had of it. I often saw the law judges whisper together, but they never even so much as looked at Moriarty, except once, when one of them bent over and said something to him, to which he nodded profoundly. Several times after that I noticed that they made a motion as if to speak to him, but changed their minds, and I would be willing to bet that he was sound asleep at the time.

After the trial was over I traveled down to his home in Cumberland county, and stopped over night at his house. After dinner, when we were smoking on the front porch, I said to him:

"That's the first time I was ever at a trial when a lay judge presided."

"It was my first case, too."

"Did the law judges consult with you?"

"They did."

"On points of law?"

"Not exactly."

"On what then?"

"Do you remember in the middle of the trial when there was a big fat man on the witness stand?"

"Yes."

"Well, when that man had been there two hours or more, the judge leaned over to me, and he says, says he in a whisper:

"Whin that d—d idjit gets off the stand, we'll adjourn the court and go out an' get a drink."

"And did they never speak to you about the case?"

"Divil a word—nor I to think."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

### Then He Blushed.

**DR. W. W. KEEN** of Philadelphia has great reputation as a surgeon. In New York, one winter afternoon last year, he saw a man slip on an icy pavement, and fall heavily. He hastened at once to the poor fellow's assistance, and found that he had broken his leg.

Dr. Keen used his umbrella as a splint, and, with his own and several borrowed handkerchiefs, bandaged the broken limb tightly. As he finished his task, the ambulance arrived.

"You've bandaged this rather well," the young, blue-uniformed ambulance surgeon said to Dr. Keen.

"Thank you," said the other.

"Oh, not at all. I suppose," the youth resumed, "that you have been reading up some 'first aid to the injured' treatise, eh? They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but, really, the little you have learned about surgery you have put to good account. Give me your name and address, and I'll forward your umbrella to you."

"I'll give you my card," said Dr. Keen. He did so, and the young surgeon flushed a little as he read on it the name of one of the greatest of modern surgeons.

### Put Trust in the Lord.

"LAST winter when I went South for my health," said Col. L. S. Brown of the Southern Railway, who always has a good story in stock, "I was told they were going to try a colored man for stealing a quantity of raw cotton, and when the hour arrived I went up to the Courthouse to hear the case. The prisoner was a man about forty years of age, and he elected to plead his own case. The prosecution proved that the bag of cotton was found in the colored man's cabin, and the property

was fully identified as belonging to the owner of a compass. The prisoner asked no questions, but said he wanted to make a statement and rest his case. 'wid de Lawd.' After a while he was given an opportunity to speak, and said:

"I was gwine by dat compass at 'leben o'clock last night, when a voice dun called out to me: 'Hold on, dar, Abraham Jones. Yo' was a pore man, an' yo' jest take 'long dis bag o' cotton to buy yo' some shoes fur cold weather.' Den de bag fell at my feet, an' I dun took it home."

"Did you recognize the voice," said the judge?

"No, sah; but I reckon it was an angel who spoke."

"Then why did you hide the bag when you got home?"

"Well, sah, jest as I got frew de gate and her voice dun told me dat I'd better hide de cotton for a few days."

"Did you recognize that voice?"

"No, sah; but I dun reckon it was a voice from heben."

"And that's your defense, is it?"

"Yes, sah. I ze willin' to rest dis case in de Lawd's hands. 'De Lawd He dun knows I nebbber stole dat cotton."

"Haden't you better have a lawyer?" suggested the judge, with something like a smile on his face.

"I reckon not, sah. I ze been gwine to church fur de las' fo-ty y'ars, an' I ze restin' dis case right in de hands ob de Lawd."

"Then I shall have to give you four months in jail, Abraham."

"Hub, what fur?"

"For stealing that cotton."

"The prisoner received his sentence without a word, seeming to have expected it, and was presently led away. Two weeks later I met him on the streets of a town, fifty miles away, and said to him:

"Abraham, I thought you were in jail over at Selma?"

"Yes, sah, I was," he replied.

"And I remember you put your case in the hands of the Lord?"

"Deed but I did, sah, an' I cum out all right."

"But you got four months."

"So I did, sah, so I did, but arter serving nine days ob de time de Lawd showed me how to dig out der jail, an' yer I am, an' dey won't nebbber get me agin."

—[Washington Star.]

### Of the Anti-Prodigal Kind.

"USED to be an old man I knew in Albany," said State Excise Commissioner Timothy M. Cullinan, "whose son hardly was an imitator of the prodigal of olden times. The old man was rich, and his tastes were riotous, but his years were too many to permit him to roll as high as his wealth would allow. It laid with the boy to spend the money, but he wouldn't. Wouldn't dress up to top notch, nor go to wine parties, nor play poker, but was frugal and saving, and so the old man's heart was heavy within him."

One day the old man wrote to a business friend in New York, who had a couple of scapegrace sons, and told him he was going to send Billy down there on a trip; that he wanted his friend's sons to show his kid the elephant; in short, to give him the benefit of the whole menagerie. He gave Billy three hundred dollars and told him to skip out and enjoy himself.

"The old man thought the boy was frescoing the town, particularly as he didn't hear from him, and he was happy for two months. Then Billy returned and broke his heart with the truth."

"What do you suppose the kid had been doing? He'd struck a job setting up pins in a bowling alley, as soon as he got there, and he took \$360 home with him."—[New York Press.]

### "It Never Happened."

"PATRICK," the venerable messenger or office "boy" of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald, and a familiar figure to prominent men and women of the capital for more than half a century, is dead. Born in County Kerry, Ireland, seventy-one years ago, Patrick Diggins emigrated to the United States when a child, accompanying his parents to Washington. He secured a position with the Herald at the age of twelve, and retaining for fifty-nine years the humble place in which he began life, he died highly respected by his employers, lamented by quite a circle of intimates—and rich! Eighty thousand dollars, well invested in real estate, will go to his next of kin, for this thrifty old bachelor made no will.

Loyalty to his employers' interests was the ruling influence of Patrick Diggins's life. He saw Washington correspondents for the Herald come and go; he stayed on. One of these correspondents once had the temerity to dismiss Patrick. The loyal Diggins forthwith went to New York and secured from the elder James Gordon Bennett a letter saying that Patrick was to be reinstated, and that he was never to be dismissed from the service of the Herald.

A conspicuous public man once went to the Washington bureau to examine the files of the newspaper. "Can I see the file for this week?" he demanded, brusquely, of Patrick.

"Good mornin', sor," answered Patrick. "Certainly, sor—bustling to lay the papers before the visitor—" "Sure, it's the finest journal in the country I'm lettin' ye look at, sor."

The potentate, rustling the sheets noisily, glanced impatiently down the columns, then threw aside the file and started to leave.

"Did ye find the news ye wanted, sor?" inquired Diggins. The potentate shook his head.

"Didn't find it!" exclaimed Patrick. "Didn't find it in the N' York Her'd!" repeated the old man, shrilly. "Thin it niver happened, sor." And, following the visitor to the top of the stairs, he shouted after the great man's retreating form:

"It niver happened!"—[New York Commercial.]



## A Horse Show in Marble.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS FILLED  
WITH EQUINE STATUARY.

By a Special Contributor.

CONQUEST of an untamed empire by the pioneer was not without the horse, and its part in advancing civilization or receding savagery is heroically portrayed by the sculptor at the World's Fair. Progress fiends and automobilists in particular give the horse a century in which to become extinct. If this noblest of animals must lose his place in the world's activity, his memory finds a fitting apotheosis at St. Louis. Next to the human form that of the horse has always been the best expression of the sculptor's art, and at St. Louis it becomes a large feature of the exposition.

This horse show in marble covers the whole range of history. It dips into mythology with fanciful result, but for strong human interest returns to the every day. It is a wondrous span from Philip Partini's hippocampi in his marine mountain to Remington's group of mounted cowboys painting a town red, yet this implies nothing if the critic of horseflesh fails to study the varying types of horse development between the age of fable and modern day reality.

The fish-tailed horse of sculptural parance reigns supreme about the region of the cascades and the grand basin, that high point of decorative art at the exposition. Here H. A. MacNeill has employed him as part of a massive composition known as the Fountain of Liberty, from which gush the waters of the great cascade. The horses' trunks, carrying the graceful upper part of wood nymphs, a type of female centaurs, are skillfully used by Phillip Martini in his fine group, "The Triumph of Apollo," for the Hall of Festivals. Quite the most striking examples of the sea horse at the exposition are the equine figures that appear in Martini's hippocampi for the marine fountain in the Manufactures Palace. A sea god dominates the first fountain, and a marine goddess holds sway over the second. God and goddess stand erect in a shell chariot. They lean partly on tridents. Before them cupids with the tails of fishes ride the sea horses. The noteworthy features of the steeds are their funny manes, webbed hoofs, and the scales that cover the bodies.

The horse is inseparable from our idea of the dark ages. The powerful animal that bore the iron clad crusader to war, and from whose lofty height the warrior could vanquish thirty Saracens, is one of the noblest memories of medieval times. In the "Apotheosis of St. Louis," one of the most resplendent creations of the sculptor in the world, we see St. Louis, the crusader-saint, mounted on a mighty Norman war horse, in full battle panoply.

Charles H. Niehaus, one of the foremost of American sculptors, who modeled this giant animal and its kingly rider, became famous for his fine equestrian statue of William the Silent. Mr. Niehaus says of his finer effort for the World's Fair, that the horse in this group was modeled from an American horse of high spirit; a thoroughbred of the Mambrino Chief pedigree, and the sculptor declares that the animal holds himself as a noble charger should, but the equine characteristics of the medieval horse were carefully studied, as well, and embodied in the ideal. It becomes interesting in the same connection to learn that the caparisons and trappings were adapted from existing prints and reproductions of seals and records of the twelfth century, and from exact descriptions of the costumes of that period. The harness and draperies of the horse are emblazoned with the fleur de lis of France, and the horse's helmet has the cross in bold relief on its forehead. These, with the saddle and elaborately fashioned harness, give a good deal of diversity to the animal, whose movement is proud and animated.

Turning from this splendid figure we come to the equestrian statue of De Soto. The discoverer of the Mississippi rides the true Spanish barb, famous in romance tales. Such a horse was Baveca, the war steed of the Cid. Tall, delicate in outline, with long body, thin head and tiny ears, his flowing mane and tail supplementing his grace, De Soto's steed comes dangerously near to being the finest piece of equine sculpture at the exposition. It was on horses such as this that Cortes

and his adventurers terrorized the Montezuma hosts. E. C. Potter, the sculptor of this fine group, has chosen to portray De Soto at the moment when the mighty Father of Waters burst on his entranced view. The stately don has uncovered in involuntary homage to his discovery, and is reining in his steed sharply, the animal being slightly thrown back and his head drawn in close to his neck.

"The Protest of the Sioux" is one of the exposition's most vigorous and animated equestrians. Cyrus E. Dallin has represented an Indian warrior flinging his defiance at advancing civilization. His pony, a sturdy beast with unkempt coat and long fetlocks, is being almost forced to its haunches by the rider's tight hold on the single rope bridle. Shaking his clenched fist at the paleface foes, his other vehement hand is wrenching open the animal's mouth with the cruel bridle.

Mr. Dallin says that he has portrayed a powerful Indian stallion, one of the finest Indian horses he could mold, his desire being to represent the period of Indian life before the red man had become a reservation Indian, and the horse is, therefore, one of those magnificent stallions that used to run wild in the great free West. The sculptor in this instance purposely avoided making an Indian cayuse, as the spirit of his work is more or less heroic, and the animal was made to correspond with this feeling.

The West is well represented in the equestrian statuary for the reason that the exposition celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of the purchase of Louisiana. Solon H. Borglum, a sculptor whose intimate knowledge of the frontier rivals that of Remington, has contributed two commanding groups, which are full of the breath of the great West. His horses are the rough and ready "toughies" of the plains. No attempt has been made to idealize these animals, which gives them a strangely human interest aspect when compared with the grand monarchs of horseflesh in the groups dealing with past ages. In "A Peril of the Plains," a trapper is shown hovering at the feet of his beast, both braced to withstand one of those terrible blizzards of the far western prairies. The pioneer's horse is of the mustang type, used as a pack animal. Mr. Borglum explains that he has sacrificed all details to accent the impression of suffering the horse undergoes in a storm. In his second group, "At Rest," depicting the indolence of cowboy and his mount, the sculptor says this horse is a larger animal found in the northwestern plains. Here the details have also been sacrificed to accentuate the impression of a horse in hot, dry weather.

Frederick Remington, whose facile pencil has made the East so well acquainted with the men and horses of the West, has done a group for the exposition which will establish his fame as a sculptor who knows his horse. "Painting a Town Red" seems to be the proper title for Mr. Remington's hilarious quartette of frontier centaurs who are "drunk and dressed up." There is an onward rush of about four mounted cowboys, riding tightly pressed against one another, that gives the impression which grips a spectator watching a cavalry charge looming large in the moving pictures of the biograph. Every right arm is aloft, with "gun" in hand. The faces are working with hilarity, the mouths are wide open with cowboy yells—everything is moving about this astonishing group. The horses are the best part of it. They are really running at mad speed, nostrils distended, eyes starting from the sockets, and muscles quivering in the shoulders and flanks. Nervous energy is the phrase to express what Mr. Remington has succeeded in imparting to the usually impassive characteristic of statuary. The

remarkable feature of the group is the horse on the left. None of his feet touch the ground. He is held in position by contact at the feet and arm of his next horse. The group will introduce the seeker to the frivolity of the Pike or Midway St. Louis show.

Surmounting the quadriga which tops the United States Government Building are types of other horses. Sculptor James F. Early has used effectively. It reminds the students of the Horse Show in Milan. In Italy there is a breed of horses very powerful build, having massive necks and shoulders. They were employed by the ancient Romans to pull war chariots and the heavy machinery for besieging towns. Early throws additional light on this horse by the monument that it comes from Cremona in Lombardy, Milan. This is the animal which has been traditionally for the government quadriga.

Today the same horses are used by the governments of Italy and France in the engineering and artillery races, because of their great strength, in spite of the fact they develop a speed which is surprising. In this they are, unlike the gigantic draft horses seen in England and Ireland. Horses of the Cremona type are bred in bronze all over Italy, the best conventional type of them probably being the famous horses of Venice.

Greek and Roman horses are used by various governments for quadrigas to surmount several of the big city palaces. The largest horses ever modeled for a quadriga are those which F. C. R. Roth and Charles Leighton did for the quadriga over the tremendous entrance to the Palace of Liberal Arts. Mr. Roth says he attempted to follow the characteristics of the horse. Robert Bringhurst's quadriga for the Department of Education employs Roman horses, with short bodies, heavy, gracefully arched necks, square wide spread nostrils and "hogged" manes.

T. R. MACMURDO

### GOOD WORD FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS

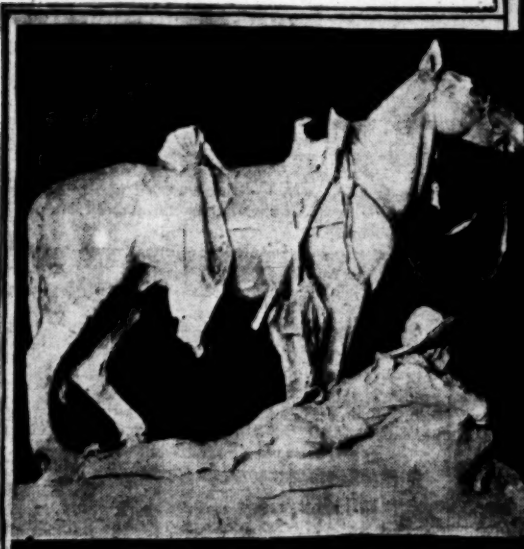
Plenty of honest, pure-minded, self-sacrificing men and women are devoted to Sunday-school work, the good results of their patient endeavor to enlighten the youthful mind might be too apparent to the writer, no matter how rare his gifts or how poor his pen, in making the Sunday-school worker the subject of ridicule and contempt, as Eugene Wood does in his article on "The Sabbath School" in the current McClure's Monthly. This labored attempt to belittle the Sunday-school will no doubt please all the sneer at the old-fashioned ideas of religious training have given to this nation its best men and women would it not be wiser to respect the views of the majority which, despite the unquestioned growth of money-making, still believes in the church and day-school of our plain fathers and mothers? They might well employ their gifts and publishers' talents in a better field of endeavor than in belittling the church and the Sunday-school teacher. After all, there are enough of the vicious and the vile in the world to find to criticize and condemn? Isn't it a waste of the way to spend time in belittling the work, whether it be well-directed or misdirected, those who seek the betterment of our youth and the preservation of what we have always been proud to call the American Sabbath?—[Leslie's Weekly.



PROTEST OF THE SIOUX  
BY CYRUS E. DALLIN



PAINTING THE TOWN BY FREDERICK REMINGTON



AT REST ONE OF BORGLUM'S GROUPS ON THE MAIN BOAT LANDING

PAINTED SEA HORSES FOR MARINE FOUNTAIN BY PHILIP MARTINI



## Decorative Lighting.

ELECTRIC FIXTURES AND THE PART THEY PLAY IN THE HOME.

By a Special Contributor.

CONSIDERABLE space has been devoted recently to the making of suggestions as to what is the best possible way to treat a room from a decorative point of view in order to get the most pleasing result, and enough, so one has touched on the vast field opened by the lighting fixtures, which today can be got up in such unique and artistic designs. It is one time the style or pattern of the chandeliers considered immaterial, provided they gave satisfactory light, but fortunately in recent years, realizing that an essential feature the chandelier is in carrying successfully a certain desired result, decorators and interested in interior treatment have put particular stress on this point. This has resulted in some very effects, and since they are as much a part of the decorative scheme as any of the other furnishings, a few words apropos of their use should be timely. In order to obtain best results, it is well for those who are planning building homes to plan their lighting very in the course of the construction of the house, so the electrical wires can be most advantageously placed. Very often one finds after the house is almost

and the chandelier over it will give best results when supplied with a hanging dome to deflect the light downward upon the table. The wall fixtures will give general illumination throughout. These should be sufficiently shaded to protect the eye, but not so much so as to lose the light.

A reception-room should have side lights only, and of a delicate character, those in which silk or cut beaded glass shades are employed being most effective. These rooms are usually small, and a center fixture should be avoided, as it has a tendency to produce that stuffy oppressiveness or overcrowded feeling which is to be avoided in a room of this character.

The hall should have a center electrolier placed close to the ceiling. Art glass effects in which the source of light is concealed are good. When large, an additional bracket or two is desirable.

In the dining-room it is essential to have a center or dome fixture, and here is an opportunity to adopt one of any number of different schemes, all of which are practical. When candelabra are not used, the fixture should hang low over the table, and be so arranged with either the fringe or a diffusing plate as to bring the light below the level of the eye when seated at the table. A very pleasing arrangement for dining-rooms is a Tiffany art-glass dome, in brick or scale detail, with crystal cut bead fringe, supplied with four side runners attached to the ceiling, from which are suspended art glass shades in harmony with the centerpiece. Wall brackets to correspond should be placed at either side of the mantel or buffet. Lights should also be placed in

series of marvelously artistic additions to the general decorative scheme. By the selection of various metals, harmoniously put together, and combined with the correct tones in art glass, they supply a note of brilliant color, and in some cases form the most attractive feature of a room.

Most people who build pretty homes now devote much time to reading, and the study of every step which goes to complete the whole, and thereby succeed in getting a very happy and pleasing result, but the bringing of a residence to a satisfactory finish in every respect cannot be accomplished without much thought and attention, and the writer would suggest that those who contemplate building make up their minds to give much time to the personal supervision of all details, if they hope to find a finished product as they had planned.

CARL ROFSCH.

## SUBMARINE MINES.

HOW THEY ARE LAID AND HOW HARBORS ARE PROTECTED BY THEM.

[Pearson's Weekly:] There are many people who imagine that submarine mines are holes dug in the bed of the sea by divers, and filled in with explosives which can be "fired somehow or other."

As a matter of fact, no submarine mines are laid below the bed of the sea, for were they so laid they would be of little practical use, their destructive force being thereby greatly reduced, and the business of laying them would be immensely increased.

In most cases submarine mines are floated as near the surface of the waters as possible, but not so near as to be visible at any time; which means they must be at sufficient depths to be invisible at low tide. Every inch of water beyond a specific number above a mine reduces its destructive force.

Mines laid in this manner are in themselves floats, requiring no support, but are held in position by moorings, which keep them at the required distance below the surface of the waters. The only submarine mines to which this does not apply are ground mines, which do not float, but are laid on the bottom, and these can only, of course, be used in comparatively shallow water.

These floating volcanoes are generally about the size of small buoys and of much the same shape, and contain approximately five hundred pounds of gun cotton in a number of metal cases.

Such mines are connected by steel wire ropes to anchors, and it is naturally by the length of these ropes that the height at which the mine floats is regulated. They are fired in three different ways.

Automatic submarine mines are so constructed that they will explode immediately a ship's bottom runs against them, and when such mines as these can be liberally laid in the waters of a harbor, they are wonderfully effective, and capable of turning a big fleet into a mass of submerged scrap iron.

Other mines are fired by electric current directed from shore. What are known as observation mines, for instance, are connected by wire with a firing station on land, and are exploded by an officer in the station when he observes an enemy's ship within a radius of thirty or forty feet of the mine.

At the lesser radius the mines may safely be relied on to sink nine warships out of any ten.

Observation mines are generally laid in lines stretching right across a harbor, and with visible buoys at each extreme, so that the officer under whose charge they are can quickly observe when a ship is passing over the line of mines (there may be a score or more in the line) since the visible buoys indicate the line.

The great thing against the use of observation mines is that, under certain conditions, such as fog, they are practically useless.

Thus we have contact mines which combine the principles of both the observation mine and the automatic submarine mine, for they are so contrived that, albeit they do not explode on contact like the automatic mines, directly a ship runs up against them the shock sets working an arrangement which rings a bell in the firing station on land, and as each mine is represented by a particular bell, the officer in charge knows exactly which mine the ship is against; and all he has to do is to press the electric button, which will fire that particular mine.

By this ingenious contrivance the difficulty that might arise from a fog is entirely overcome, as it is not necessary for the officer to see beyond his bells and buttons to blow the enemy's fleet to pieces. In anticipating the attempt of an attacking fleet to force a passage into harbor, it is necessary to provide for the contingency of one's own navy desiring to enter the same harbor for protection by its guns; and automatic mines cannot be relied on in the heat of battle to discriminate between an enemy's and a friend's vessels.

A harbor protected by contact mines would be open to its own ships and closed to the enemy's, except in a fog through which they could not be recognized by the officer in charge of the firing station, when it would be a case of the rival navies disclaiming their own rights to enter the harbor first.

The total lack of any faculty for discriminating between friend and foe is, of course, the automatic mine's "weak point."

In protecting a harbor by means of mines, all three kinds are generally used, the automatic being laid only at the last moment. Observation mines are laid along what might be styled the lip of the harbor, stretching right across, and three or four lines of them.

Nearer in will be laid numerous groups of contact mines in threes and fours. And within that deadly zone the automatic mines will be put down, and the ships that succeed in passing the lot deserve their success.

"Who's the slowest man you ever knew?"

"A chap in New York. He fell out of a third-story flat window and did not reach the ground for an hour."

"How was that?"

"He caught in a tree at the second story and went in to visit some friends."—[Detroit Free Press.



pleted that the wiring is not at all suited to the use of some design or scheme which he would like very much to adopt, all of which might have been avoided by more than passing attention been given to the electrical installation.

Being preoccupied with so many things which seem to demand immediate and pressing, we are prone to leave this to the discretion of a contractor, who places the wires throughout after a set rule, which, while it no doubt lights a house satisfactorily, very seldom lends itself to the application of unique lighting effects, such as the spirit of the period demands.

The tendency today is to avoid stiffness in design, and as almost all residence lighting is now done with electroliers, it makes it possible to overcome that unsymmetrical and clumsy appearance produced by the old-fashioned gas fixture, and where it is deemed necessary to have some gas, in the event that the electricity fails, this feature is taken care of by an emergency jet, which usually appears as a part of the chandelier ornament. The prevailing sentiment seems to be toward the simpler patterns; since designers have demonstrated that simplicity and graceful elegance can be obtained by covering lines properly assembled, which is more pleasing to the eye than the ornate designs formerly in vogue.

The effectiveness of the light fixtures is materially increased by the range of possibilities offered in the style and finish of the metal. Electroplating has now reached a degree of perfection whereby it is possible to reproduce all the antique colorings, and some of the most greens and Pompeian bronzes are so cleverly executed as to be hardly distinguishable from the genuine. One can readily appreciate what this means toward the successful completion of a harmonious decorative scheme. It is a much-mooted question as to whether sides or center lights best light an apartment. The living-room of the modern home, which supplants our old "sitting-room," is usually large, and should be provided with both a center and side lights, the number of the latter depending upon the size of the room, and to be so placed as to destroy valuable picture space.

When a reading table occupies the center of the room,

the buffet to reflect upon its contents, but concealed from view. This adds very much to the richness of the china and glass display.

Chamber lighting has always been a serious problem. The desire here is to get good light into the dresser glass and this is usually best accomplished with a side fixture, one on either side of the dresser, arranged to swing, and with the bulb at an angle of 45 deg.

Where a cheval glass is used, a fixture which comes from an opening in the wall directly above the glass, with a small dome over the light, is an ideal means of lighting the entire figure, as one stands before the glass. This, however, must be sufficiently high to be out of the way, and not obstruct the reflection. A single ceiling bulb in the center of the room completes the necessary bedroom fixtures.

There is an apparent lack of attention given to the design of fixtures intended to light the veranda. This is one of the first things the visitor sees, and since first impressions count for so much, is it not important that this should be particularly good? For a simple country house or cottage with a small veranda, a Paul Revere lantern, with polished horn or mica lining, is satisfactory. The perforated ones of the same period are impracticable, giving off so little light.

Another novel effect can be obtained by suspending a regulation ship's lantern from a yard arm. This will show to best advantage when placed directly on the corner of the house, if sufficiently protected by the eaves from the action of the weather. For the mission house a true copy of the mission bell in glass, suspended on a single chain, will be appropriate and pleasing. This bell globe idea, combined with roughly-executed hand-wrought or hammered iron electroliers, can be aptly applied to lighting the interior of the mission house, which is so much affected in Southern California.

The electrolier of today can be in itself a work of art, and should be in entire harmony with the other decorations about them, and reflect in each case the style of the rooms in which they are placed.

As a whole the fixtures can be made to form a



## The Sunny Isle of Capri.\*

DELIGHTFUL ITALIAN RESORT THAT  
REMINDS ONE OF CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles,  
And yonder, fairest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her rich estates.

THE rocky islands of Capri and Ischia seem like giant portals placed to guard entrance to the charming Bay of Naples. It is claimed that Capri is the ancient island of the sirens, being the first land that Ulysses would have passed after leaving Circe at Ischia on his voyage to Sicily. On its southern shore the white limestone rocks, still called "Le Sirene," represent the "human bones that whiten all the ground" of the poor sailors who were lured to destruction by the song of the sirens.

Today the song one hears on approaching the island is less alluring, and the sirens resolve themselves into a group of vigorous peasant women eagerly clamoring to carry the traveler's baggage, which they balance on their heads with the fine poise peculiar to people who make a practice of carrying loads in this manner. And such loads! A large trunk seems to them a mere bagatelle. For a wage that in California would be deemed scarcely sufficient for one hour, they will trudge all day long up and down the steep, stony path leading from the landing place to the village, nestling on the side of the cliff, nearly five hundred feet above the water, bearing great baskets of lemons and oranges, casks of wine, and even bales of hay, chatting meanwhile to each other in a cheerful manner, and seldom is it that one sees a careworn or discontented face. Their placid countenances and strong, lithe figures give to them an especial charm; some possess real beauty, suggestive of the ancient Greek type, a heritage from their Hellenic ancestors. The little girls, desirous of imitating their elders, play at carrying loads on the head, and seemingly derive great pleasure in walking about in a sedate manner with several good-sized stones balanced on their round little pates. These youngsters never need dolls, for the babies, of which every family has a continuous supply, are left almost entirely to their care, and the patience and good nature they display in guarding their small charges is highly creditable.

Except the boatmen and fishermen, who are a fine, sturdy lot, the men of Capri seem to be pretty poor specimens, preferring to leave the heavy work to the women, and choosing for themselves some lighter occupation, such as driving a cab, or keeping a little wine shop. But many of the more active men pass the greater part of their lives away from their native isle. Some go to the coasts of Sicily and Sardinia, in search of coral, others to America in quest of the dollar; if successful in amassing what to them appears a modest fortune, they return, to pass the rest of their days on their beloved rock. It is little wonder that all who can do so come back, for this little island possesses a strong fascination, even for those who have sojourned on its shore but for a brief time.

The picturesque effects of scenery and brilliant color tones, so distinctive of Capri, prove especially seductive to artists of all nationalities. Here they come, many to remain for years, and occasionally one marries a Capri maiden who has served as his model. Indeed, the artists have made such an impression on this susceptible people that the Roman Catholic priests have intervened, and prohibited the girls to pose for the painters, which on the whole is a wise measure, as the Capriotes are of a jealous, suspicious nature, and the maid who poses for the foreigner will win no lover among her countrymen.

Unfortunately but few American travelers see Capri in the summer time, kept away, probably, by the accounts one hears of the excessive heat in Southern Italy. The writer remained here from May to October, and only on the occasional days when the "sirocco" blew was the temperature decidedly unpleasant. The sky was never obscured by cloud or fog, and though at times the sun's rays beat down somewhat too fiercely, the air was generally fanned by a sea breeze. During the summer season the temperature of the water remains almost constantly at 80 deg., and bathing is a delight indulged in daily by nearly every one. One end of the beach is reserved for the women and the other end for the men. As there are very few bath-houses, the bathers hide themselves under a sheet while disrobing and robing; the effect of these sheets waving around in wild contortions is very comical, but they serve their purpose well. The working women usually bathe after dark, and seldom venture out into deep water, but remain huddled together close to the shore, muttering in unison prayers to the Virgin to preserve them from the perils of the deep.

The religious festivals chiefly celebrated on the island occur in the summer months, and are days of general rejoicing. On the evening of these "giorni di festa," the Piazza, or paved square, is brilliantly illuminated, festoons of flowers and colored lights are hung around, a gorgeous display of fireworks and deafening discharges of giant firecrackers are interspersed with music of the band; gayly dressed people throng the terraces and balconies, and the cafés entertain crowds at their little tables; altogether the effect is most spectacular.

The amount of money spent in fireworks and gunpowder by this pleasure-loving people would add materially to their comfort, although, owing to the prosperity brought them by tourists and resident foreigners, they are much better conditioned than most of the peasantry of Italy, and one is not pained by the importunate and miserable beggars that infest other parts of that country.

The foreign colony is composed chiefly of Germans,

but there is also a fair number of English, retired army officers, elderly clergymen, and that strange lot of expatriated Britons one meets with all over the continent of Europe. Each morning the steamer from Naples brings over its quota of noisy Neapolitans and German tourists, who, after paying a hurried visit to the Blue Grotto, spend the rest of the day on the terrace of a café, imbibing copiously of Capri wine or Munich beer, according to their nationality.

In the early autumn the islanders are all occupied with the vintage, most important of all the industries here. When one is told that the juice is extracted from the grapes by the maidens treading them with their bare feet, one imagines that this must be a very beautiful sight, suggesting the ancient pictures of the festivals in praise of Bacchus. But, alas! The reality is far from attractive. To see a lot of untidy girls, their skirts spattered and feet streaming with purple juice, mashing down a mass of grapes in huge shallow vats, and to notice that they frequently jump out of the vats and run down the dusty path for a drink from the water jar, returning to the grape treading with the dust and gravel sticking to their feet, does not increase one's desire to drink the wine, which, however, is excellent, in spite of the primitive method of production.

At this season of the year large flocks of quail pass over the island on their long-flight to their winter home in Africa, and the manner in which they are caught is most cruel and unsportsmanlike. In the first place, a few are snared, and their sight destroyed by searing their eyes with a red-hot wire. They are then put in cages placed under large nets, stretched between trees, where, because of their blindness, they keep constantly giving their call, which attracts the other quail, who become entangled in the meshes of the net, and are killed in great numbers.

When a Southern Californian first sees a faint blue outline of Capri rising from the sea, he is at once reminded of fair Santa Catalina, nor does the resemblance grow less on nearer approach; the same rugged cliffs, even the familiar shape of Sugar Loaf, has its counter part in a group of rocks called the Faraglioni. But how every foot of ground is utilized here! The steepest slopes are terraced, and covered with the vine or olive, and the Californian sighs for the splendid largeness, the wild, uncultivated grandeur of the island off his country's shore.

J. W. NICOLL.

## Newest Town on Earth.

SAID TO BE ON THE EDGE OF THE  
AUSTRALIAN DESERT.

Correspondence London Mail.

NINE years since Mount Morgans was an unknown waste in the Australian desert. The nearest town of any size was weeks away, and the journey full of peril. None set out on it without long preparation, and of those who started, taking stars and compass as their guide, the bones of several lie still in the bush around.

Tonight I go up to my room from the regular five-course hotel dinner, and switch on the electric light to write this article. It is hard to realize that, even now, one is on the very outskirts of civilization. We have luxury untold; abundant water, both for washing and drinking. The furniture of the room would not discredit Maple, and possibly came from him. I must draw down my blind to shut out the glare of the electric arc lamps in the street below.

Mount Morgans prides itself on being the newest town, worthy to be called a town, on earth.

Pegging Out Claims.

Population, one thousand. Two fire brigades, a brass band, water supply, electric light, telegraphs, and a weekly newspaper. There will soon be a railway station, for the line from the coast is being laid as quickly as hands can secure sleeper to sleeper and rail to rail. Until the locomotive comes we have to be contented with the old-fashioned coach and four. There are three churches—Anglican, Wesleyan, and Salvation Army. The number of hotels I cannot give, but they must be counted by the dozen, for the business of liquor merchant is a profitable one in Westralia. The streets are broad after a manner that London might envy, and run in straight lines and at right angles. Atop of the hill stand out the works of the gold mine on which the town depends.

The making of a town like this is not without interest. At first any man can pitch his tent anywhere, but after a time the government takes a hand. Thus, when population grew, the government warden declared that Mount Morgans would be made a township, and first-comers could stake and secure quarter-acre residence claims. There was a general holiday, and each man stood around, his arms full of regulation pegs and mallet. At a given moment a whistle was blown, and every one rushed to peg out his claim. There were many fights during the next hour, and then it was found that the best claims were pegged twenty times over, each applicant ready to swear that his pegs were in first. It lay with the warden of Mount Margarets, eight miles away, to decide. "The claims must be restaked," he declared. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before the entire assembly rushed out towards the new township.

A Town on Wheels.

The town sprang up. As men grew rich, tents gave way to weatherboarding. Mount Morgans grew, while the neighboring town of Margarets declined. Then the whole town of Margarets transferred itself to Morgans, houses and all, for a weather-board house can easily be removed on wheels. A postoffice and inland revenue office appeared, and Morgans today feels itself secure. Men are bringing their wives, and there is a schoolhouse open.

From the housewife's point of view this is not a place. Every mouthful of food has to be brought in, or five hundred miles by rail, coach, or camel. Normal rates here would be considered famine prices elsewhere. Ordinary cuts of meat are 1s. 3d., and better cuts rise up to 2s. No one in the town attempts to grow anything, for while we have plenty of water for drinking, water for agriculture is almost beyond imagination. Some way between here and Melbourne one man has found land with wells on it, and is planting a vineyard and garden there. People come miles to gaze at his growing bushes. Vegetables are dear. A local housewife supplied me with the rates for domestic supplies. Bread is 8d. for the 2-pound loaf, although there is talk of reducing it to 6d.; onions, 4s. a pound; potatoes, 4d. a pound, and butter, 9d.; onions, 5d. a pound; cabbage, 4d. a pound; milk, 4s. 6d. a gallon; butter, 2s. and 2s. 6d. a pound; apples, 1s. 3d. a pound; oranges, 3s. 6d. a dozen; lemons, 1s. a pound; oatmeal, 2s. 3d. 7-pound bag.

The Market at Mount Morgans.

Beer was formerly a shilling a drink, but the war struck, and after a hot fight forced the publicans to reduce it to sixpence. Thirst at Morgans is a very thing, for we lie on the edge of the great alkaline desert. The hot red sand blows everywhere. In the worst summer months, from December to February, thermometer day by day registers considerably over 100 in the shade. One week last summer it stood every at 109, and on a recent Christmas Day it registered 110 degrees. The air sucks up moisture as a sponge, and dry up any open stream in a short time by the process of evaporation. In summer time no sane man thinks of going a mile out of the settled track unless he has a well-supplied water bag in hand.

The sixpenny novel and magazine fetch a high price here. The price of an ordinary London weekly is threepence. A neighbor of mine has bought a good English bicycle. It would have cost probably sixteen guineas at home; here he paid 10s.

The great bush around us, stretching into the distance until it looks from the hill-top a great sea of green, influences all our lives and thoughts. Prospectors are continually passing through our streets. The camel walking slowly past the hotel tonight may in a find death or fortune in the unknown beyond. A mother warns her children continually that they never stray in the woods, and backs her warnings with dreadful tales, all too true. Now and then tribes of natives make their way in from the bush, begging food. There is little or no fear of violence from them. Ugly, horrible, pitiful, the most wretched and degraded all peoples, no thoughtful white can gaze at them without mixed emotions of repulsion and remorse—at their unattractiveness, remorse at the thought of civilization has brought them to.

The Desert.

The desert lies beyond—desert of spinifex and the hard, patchy grass that cuts horses' hoofs and progress almost impossible, of sand that parades drives to desperation those caught in its embrace, desert without shelter and without water. In there are men here who will repeat the bravest tales of the great explorers of history, and say not a word of their own. One lime-kiln owner, for instance, was across the desert to Broken Hill, in a light cart, accompanied by one black tracker, a few years ago, to buy sheep, and returned home the same way. A yearwards he crossed again, and, carefully picking his way, drove a herd of cattle and sheep across. They took nine months, and must rank among the courageous journeys ever done. The man still in his kilns, and if you were to ask him about the journey he would probably reply that he wanted his stock, and went and got them.

Mount Morgans is a town with a future. It has of pioneers and of brave men, clean, orderly, and enjoying all the good fortune that is coming to it.

F. A. M'KEE.

## HIS OWN SCHEDULE.

No man ever succeeded in his work, it is said, who was not overworked. A day's work to a man who is of his own destinies may mean as much work as a squeeze into the hours between rising and going to bed.

A workman came out of a little carpenter shop after dark, and was met by a friend who had had supper, changed his clothes, and was downtown for a good time.

"Hello!" said the man in good clothes. "Just through?"

"Not quite through yet," replied the man in overalls. "Got to go back for a few minutes and finish up."

"Well, aren't you working overtime?"

"No."

"What time do you begin?"

"Seven sharp."

"But the union schedule is eight hours, and your employer will have the delegate after him."

"No he won't. I have just bought this shop, and I'm my own employer. The union has nothing to say to how long an employer shall work."—[Youth's Companion.]

## MRS. MONROE'S DOCTRINE.

Monroe was giving his wife a lesson in diplomacy. "My mission in life," he exclaimed, "is to lay down doctrine!"

"Yes, dear," she answered, sweetly, "but can't you lay down the carpet first?"

Muttering something about a forgotten engagement, he hastily fled the scene.—[New York Sun.]

Little Willie (reading): Say, Pa, who are the poor ing poor?

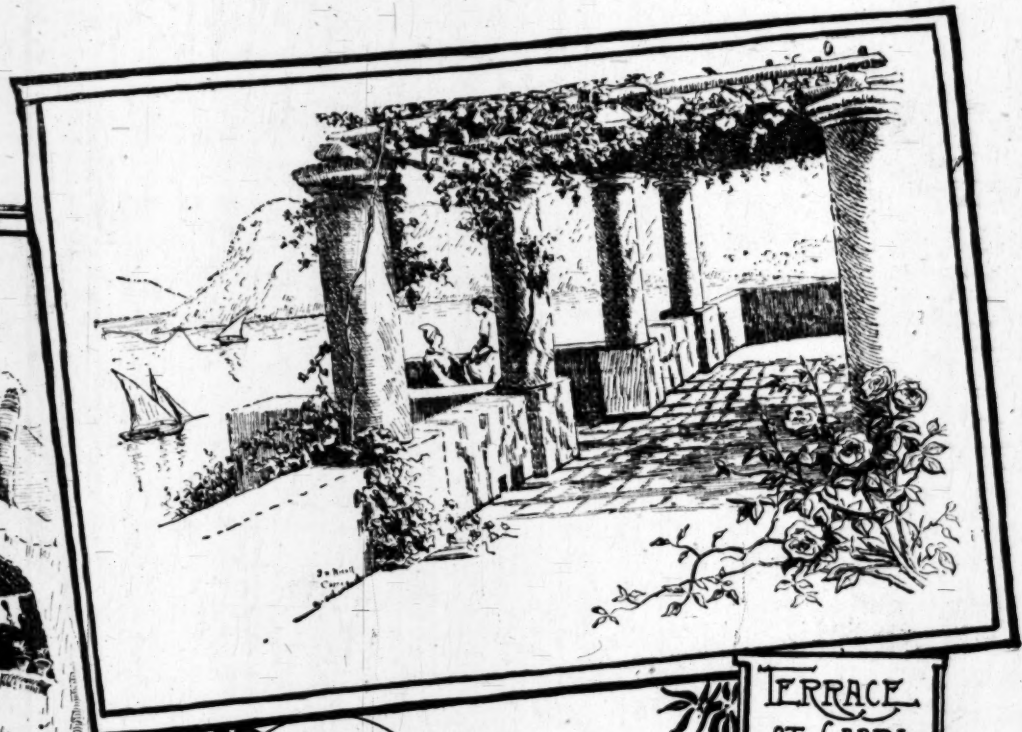
Sagacious Father: Those who don't deserve to be poor, my son.—[Chicago News.]



*Picturesque Places on the Island of Capri.*



CAPRI  
ARCHITECTURE



TERRACE  
AT CAPRI



CAPRI AS SEEN  
FROM SORENTO



FISHING  
BOATS



# The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

## PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

### A CALIFORNIA FAIRY TALE THAT CAN BE SUBSTANTIATED.

By Belle Sumner Angier.

NOTE—Queries, properly and clearly stated, addressed to the House Beautiful department in care of The Times, and which relate to floriculture or landscape gardening, architecture, interior decoration, will be answered, so far as possible, either in these columns or by personal letter. Answers will have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

#### A Garden that is a Factor in Family Life.

EVERY now and then we hear a gusty sigh from some world-weary man or woman, and catch floating to us out of the depths of reflection, "Oh, I wish I could walk in my grandmother's garden, down among the rows of blackberries, or under the old apple tree, and smell the old-fashioned flowers. There was everything in that old garden, from cabbages to cabbage roses, and I never saw anything finer than my grandmother's lilacs, 'laylocks,' she called them, and—" but you have all heard about it, and many of you have thought that some day you would have just such an

are great mountain ranges, while south and west lie the town and Coronado, with the ocean beyond. The soil on these lots, as on most of the adjoining property, is a red clay, that makes an excellent basis for a garden, but needs to be thoroughly worked and other soils mixed with it to make it practicable for small gardening. Three or four feet below the surface is a hardpan, which must be blasted before trees are planted, but as may be seen in the photographs, Mr. Miller has overcome all these conditions, and his fruit trees, now planted just two and a half years, are fruiting heavily, and look as if they were several years older, while the profusion of the small growth shows that the earth is indeed prolific. The lot is just 100x100 feet; and from this must be taken the space occupied by the house, and by the tidy barn and chicken-houses, yards, and garden walks. At this season (November) there is less growing in the garden in the way of annuals, both flowers and vegetables, than later in the year, but I venture to say that Mrs. Miller finds in her own garden all the supplies of fruit and vegetables needed for the family table, there being four in the family.

I listed the contents of the garden for my own instruction, and think my readers may like to glance over them. First for the flowers, for all about the house, along the inside of the fence, and by the garden walks is a profusion of lovely blossoms.

To enumerate: honeysuckle, climbing along the fence and on the house; sweet peas, a dozen or more fine rose hedges of rare sorts, nasturtiums, a great bed of violets now blooming, a splendid assortment of amaryllis, solanums, a fine plumbago; a number of handsome double abutilons, some fine lilies, a great La France rose, and an agrippina that has grown on a trellis to a height of eight feet or more; sunflowers, and a dozen others that do not occur to me just now.

Now in the fruit and vegetable garden there is, as you

much to the beauty of the landscape for a long season. The Missouri plum, with its brilliant red and yellow fruit, and its dense highly perfumed blossoms, makes an excellent hedge, or boundary shrub, while the Japanese plums and persimmons are really beautiful. No doubt the nurseries could yield many other beautiful fruiting shrubs, and the utility of the tree need not deter growers from utilizing them for decorative purposes.

We have some native Californian shrubs and trees whose fruits are edible, and that are strictly ornamental in aspect. The holly-leaved cherry, *Prunus ilicifolia*, is very beautiful the year around, but specially so when loaded down with its bright red fruit. The toyon, or Christmas berry, *Heteromeles arbutifolia*, the elder bush, *Sambucus glauca*, and the native gooseberry, *Ribes speciosum* and *Ribes Menziesii*, the madrone, *Arbutus Menziesii*, and the manzanita, *Arctostaphylos glauca*, are all of a decorative nature, and worth preserving to posterity.

Up around Santa Barbara are found a great many Mexican fruit trees. Of these the zapote and the capulin are worthy of notice. The alligator pear, *Persea gratissima*, is grown here also, and is quite palatable. The anona, or cherimoya, a native of Peru, has been successfully grown here also. Its fragrant flower as well as its rich fruit make it worthy of a place in the garden.

The grenadilla, or edible passion flower fruit, is much relished by some. The brilliant blossoms make it popular, but unfortunately it attracts the butterflies, and the vines become a nest of crawling things before the summer is over, unless hellebore is used freely early in the year, and then, of course, there is more or less danger attendant upon the use of the fruit.

I am surprised that so few people plant other than the common strawberry guava, *Psidium lucidum*, the yellow Cattleya guava, and *Psidium guayana*, the lemosa guava, are edible, and very agreeable, both to taste and sight. The St. John's Bread, or carob, tree is very successful near the sea, as at Santa Monica, and the pods are much liked by horses and cattle.

The mango, *Mangifera indica*, will do well in sheltered localities, with plenty of moisture. The fruit of the mango is most delicious, and the tree pretty to look at. Bananas grow freely and fruit in most sections. The fruit is not to our taste as agreeable as the imported, when picked directly from the tree, but I am told that if laid away in a shady place they get flavor, as does the mandrake, or the pear. The cerimon, or *Philodendron pertusum*, has attracted much attention in Florida, but it is not generally known that it fruits readily in Los Angeles, and is readily grown.

#### A Freakish Growth.

Among certain very simple field plants—notably, in California, the *stephanomeria*—fasciculation is not an uncommon occurrence among the flower stems. This habit of several stems and flowers growing into one band is not to be easily accounted for, and specialists are now at work trying to solve the mystery in many of the schools and colleges of the land.

The ordinary garden cockscomb is supposed to be an example of the habit, the fasciculation in this plant extending to the inflorescence. Very recently a rose of the polyantha variety, *Perle d'Or*, growing in the garden of Miss K. O. Sessions at San Diego, has produced a tremendous cluster of roses, the stems of which are banded together in a great fasciculation, which extends to the terminal buds, so that the head of the cluster has three distinct centers, although apparently but one rose. The band shows the distinct growing together of seven stems, and they sustain fifty perfect buds and blossoms. This fasciculation was entirely by accident, and I doubt if any other so remarkable has ever been found in California, for its discovery must surely have been chronicled.

#### California Bulbs Under Cultivation.

Country Life for November devotes the larger portion of its pages to California bulbs, and to the largest of the California growers, Carl Purdy, whose work in developing this industry of the cultivation and exporting of our native bulbs was described in this department last May. The eagerness of the eastern gardener to adapt our lovely blossoms to the very trying conditions of his climate should be an indication to our growers that the market may be increased at will.

The writer in Country Life intimates that the secret of success in the eastern garden with these bulbs is to keep them perfectly dormant until early spring, as the California climate has "practically but two seasons." The bulbs that are most generally exported are *Mariposa* lilies, *brodiaeas*, *Washington* lilies, and *trilliums*. There are something like fifty varieties of *Mariposas* in the State, and of bulbous natives one hundred and fifty, and when it is taken into consideration that these may be improved and hybridized, and that as yet a beginning has hardly been made in their culture, it may be seen that here is a field for some enterprising florist or young botanist to accomplish great things.

#### A SISTERLY OPINION.

"Isn't that young Mr. Clerker a clever talker, Laura?" "Do you think so, dear? I couldn't help overhearing a part of what he said last night, and it struck me as being idiotic."

"If you overheard what he was saying last night then you know that he was praising me."

"Well, yes, dear, I gathered as much."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer,

will see, a bewildering variety of tropical and northern fruits. Everything that is mentioned has borne fruit, and makes a part of the living of the family: A thrifty banana, which fruits freely, and a handsome Japanese persimmon, grapefruit (pomelo), three orange trees, several apricots, six peach trees, six figs, two fine cherry trees, pears, apples, quince, nectarine, loquats, two almonds, quantities of splendid strawberries, loganberries, dewberries, raspberries, guavas, three splendid varieties of grapes, climbing on the rear fence, and prolific bearing, and among the vegetables, tomatoes, quantities of delicious asparagus, cabbages, cauliflower, rhubarb, peas, onions, lettuce, potatoes and sweet potatoes (some of which weighed four and a half pounds, and the hills furnished a half sack each), squashes, pumpkins, and in their season a constant rotation of all other vegetables is grown, "enough for the family and some to spare for the neighbors," for Mr. Miller likes to vie with his neighbors, and there is many a friendly race on the heights to see who will have the first ripe strawberries, or the largest melon, or the tenderest and best blanched asparagus and lettuce. There is a patch of alfalfa about twenty feet square at the rear of the house. "Doesn't amount to much," says the owner, but the pretty Jersey cow seems to relish a green cut now and then, and the hens in the chicken yard seem to lay the better for an occasional feeding of alfalfa or other green growths from the garden. There are three stands of bees in the garden, too, and your own nice honey and cream fit into almost any bill of fare, or so I think, at least. I am conscious as I look over this list that I have not included all that may be seen in this garden, even now in November, and as for the springtime, why then it would be "a sight to behold," I assure you. When one considers the small plot of land, the comparatively insignificant expense for water and fertilizers, and the tremendous yield of food supply for the family and the live stock, it is not hard to estimate the saving for the bank account.

#### Fruit Trees for Display.

A delightful article in Floral Life for November by Burt Johnson urges the planting of fruit trees in ornamental gardens. This is a suggestion that has been long in my own mind, and is carried out to some extent in my own garden. The glossy lemon and orange trees are, especially when in bloom, as beautiful as any tree or shrub there. The peach and apple trees have a long season of bloom here in California, and, pruned low, add



old-fashioned garden, but you don't. Pride and love of show, and this eternal living for appearances, and what the next-door neighbors will say, prevent your expressing your own feelings in the arrangement of your garden, and so when you get a hundred feet square of earth for your own you cover as much of it as your purse will allow with a big showy house, and the rest of your "handful of earth" is planted to grass, which means little care, and little of beauty, and only now and then you close your eyes and dream of "grandmother's old-fashioned garden."

Now it so happens that I know a few people who do not sacrifice everything that is worth while in life to keeping up appearances, and I know a few families who own their nice little homes, and have neat pretty cottages that are quite large enough to house their families nicely, and who, while they love beautiful flowers, and must have them about them, yet know, too, the delight of raising their own fruit and vegetables, as well as their own flowers; and who daily find health and pleasure, both awaiting for them, in the little home garden filled by their own hands. In the smaller towns of Southern California which I have visited, I have found many of these little home gardens, and it has given me a new hope for our statehood. Our homes and their development mean much to the State, and there is not much in the life of the people in the crowded cities, with all nature crowded away back, to develop mental, spiritual or even physical strength, and so I rejoice when I see a breaking away from the bonds of the city conventionalities and see these little homes and gardens which are made to be a real factor in the family life.

#### The Prolific Earth.

It is really marvelous what may be done with but a trifling outlay in Southern California in the way of gardening. Such a garden as I am about to describe may be found not only in one town, but in fifty in Southern California, and may be duplicated a dozen times in each of these towns.

I have not chosen E. P. Miller's garden as an illustration this week because it is very unusual or unique, but rather because it is prolific and profitable, and might be easily duplicated by any man who, with the desire for a comfortable, pretty home, can secure it by the expenditure of a few hundred dollars, and a little personal energy. Three years ago Mr. Miller selected his lots on the heights in San Diego at a point where the grand old Pacific may be overlooked night and day. North, east and south



## A Concrete House.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY INNOVATION IN BUILDING.

By a Los Angeles Architect.

ON this page will be found a picture of a recently-completed small apartment building that was erected by the Concrete House Building Company for Gustave Thomas at No. 1236 West Fourth street. The building complete cost about \$4600. It contains two flats of six and seven rooms each, which have reception halls, bathrooms and modern conveniences.

The building has the general appearance of a house finished on the outside with lath and plaster, but it is

two rings gets in again and old Mr. Aristocrat gets soaked some more on his sewer assessments. Then he'll holler like a stabbed hand-organ; but he'll keep on talking about politics being too low a business for a gentleman to mix in, just the same!

"Somebody said a pessimist is a man who has a choice of two evils, and takes both. There's your man that don't vote.—[Booth Tarkington, in December Everybody's.]

## A HUMAN ROOSTER.

A CHILD PUT INTO A FOWL-YARD, LEARNS TO CROW.

[Sydney Correspondence London Express:] An unparalleled case of neglect of a child with astounding results has been unfolded in the police courts.

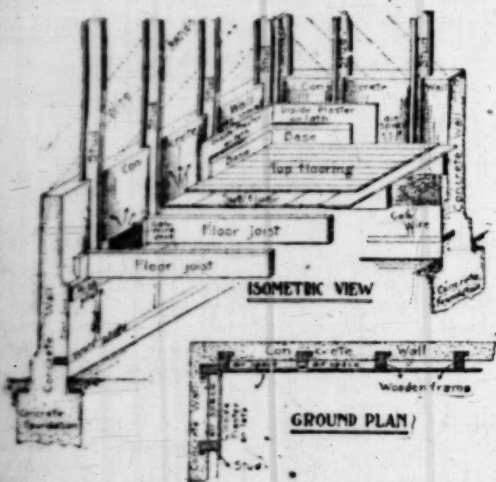
Agnes Martin, a young domestic servant, gave birth



HOUSE BUILT OF CONCRETE.

In reality, as far as the outer walls are concerned, one solid piece of concrete from foundation to roof.

The isometric view shown also on this page presents this concrete construction for which a patent has been issued. It shows at a glance how the studs and joists are partly imbedded in the outer concrete walls, thus adding considerably to the stability of the whole structure and making the outside walls fire-proof. The space formed between this outside wall and the inside plaster gives a perpetual circulation of air and makes



these houses well ventilated and healthy, cool in summer and warm in winter.

Such a building does not cost much more than those inclosed with rustic, clapboards, shingles or plastering, but is much superior in appearance and in durability.

The advantages that the concrete house offers over other styles of construction will, it is thought, bring that style of building, in time, into more general use.

G. E. VOELKEL.

## THE MAN WHO DOESN'T VOTE.

"As anybody knows, the 'better element' can't be depended on. There's too many of 'em forget to vote, and if the weather isn't just right they won't go to the polls. Some of 'em won't go anyway—act as if they looked down on politics; say it's only helping one boodler against another. So your true aristocrat won't vote for either. The real truth is, he don't care. Don't care as much about the management of his city, State, and country as about the way his club is run. Or he's ignorant about the whole business, and what between ignorance and indifference the worse and smarter of the

about four years ago to an illegitimate child, and afterwards could obtain no work.

Eventually a home without wages was offered for herself and her offspring, the only condition being that, except in very cold or wet weather, when the child might come into the kitchen, it was to be kept in the back yard.

The unfortunate wail was reared among the fowls, and acquired so many of their peculiarities that her antics at last attracted the attention of the neighbors, who communicated with the police.

Senior Constable Brown stated in the witness box that he found the child hatless and bootless. She was scratching in the earth with her foot or hand, rolling in the dust, crowing, and imitating the fowls in every way. She could crawl through small openings, and would follow the fowls all round the yard.

Constable Cruickshank described the condition of the child when he saw her. She cackled and crowed like the fowls, and finally strutted round the yard half a dozen times, each time crawling under a low bush that was in the yard. Then she "sparred up" to a rooster, just as another rooster would have done.

Margaret Johnston, a nurse attached to the Benevolent Asylum, to which the child was taken by the police, said that for two or three days after the child was admitted to the institution she would not speak, but would crow and cackle, and strut round the room like a bantam. When put to bed she would not lie down like an ordinary child, but perched herself on the end of the cot, and wanted to roost there.

The mother of the child said she had been in the same service for over two years, and had never been paid any wages. She worked from 6:30 a. m. to 11 p. m. Once she had put shoes and socks on her child, but her employer made her take them off.

She was fined £1, or seven days' imprisonment, and the child was handed over to the department for neglected children till she reaches the age of sixteen.

## THE BISHOP'S RETORT.

At a recent public dinner in England, among the guests were the Bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit, and a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh who ate and drank a good deal and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. He did not know the bishop, but seeing his clerical garb he decided he must be a parson, and that there was a chance for him to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop—"three fine lads. They are in trade. I always said that if ever I had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop of Durham said to him, with a quiet smile: "Your father thought differently from you, eh?"—[Chicago News.]

IN last week's Magazine we had occasion to refer to our general line of CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS, ETC.

Today we wish to make special mention of

## LINOLEUM.

which has become one of the most important items among the various kinds of floor coverings. The main ingredients composing a first-class article of Linoleum are cork and linseed oil, to which are added a small quantity of kauri gum, all ground in a kind of cement composed of oxide of linseed oil.

The true value of all Linoleums depends largely on the purity and genuineness of these ingredients. A first-class article of Inlaid Linoleum is one of the most durable of all floor coverings; and is perhaps the nearest approach to real Tile, both in appearance and wear.

We have in stock nearly a hundred different designs, including both Printed and Inlaid Linoleum of the quality that stands the severest test.

When in need of Linoleum our salesmen will be pleased to show the line and will quote you a surprisingly low price.

T. BILLINGTON CO.

312-314 S. BROADWAY.

**ELECTRO-CHEMICAL PAINT!**

READY MIXED.  
EVERY BRUSHFUL  
FINDS NEW FRIENDS.  
HONEST EXCELLENCE  
IN PAINT AT  
**\$1.25**  
A GALLON COULD  
NOT DO OTHER-  
WISE.  
TWENTY SIX SHADES  
ALL OF THEM FAST  
COLOR.

P. H. Matthews  
PAINT HOUSE  
238-240 S. Main St.  
Los Angeles California

IT STANDS  
THE RUB!

## THE STYLE IN TILE IS GRUEBY

THERE IS BUT ONE PLACE TO GET IT  
**CARL ENOS NASH**  
716-718 SOUTH SPRING ST.

## THIS CHRISTMAS HAVE A LITTLE ORIGINALITY.

A good suggestion would be REICHENBACH'S HAND-MADE FURNITURE. It's quite the style now and will be a century hence—from great grandfather to great-grandson. See the nice line of this furniture in following styles:

MISSION, CHIPPENDALE, COLONIAL  
and SHERATON.

as well as sketches and designs.

**F. B. REICHENBACH,**  
DESIGNER AND MANUFACTURER.

618 SOUTH BROADWAY. Phone, Home 22.



# Stories of the Firing Line. :: Stories of Animals.

## Poker in the Philippines.

"I HAVE been reading all sorts of stuff in the papers since I got back to the States," said a Washington boy who was recently discharged from the army in the Philippines, "about the life of the soldier out there and what he learns by contact with the Filipino, and all that sort of thing, but the toughest lesson I learned was the good old American game of poker."

"When we landed on the far-off island I was nervous, thinking my goose would soon be cooked. In this I was mistaken, for we had both our strenuous and our leisure time. All kinds of diversions were resorted to to while away the time. Finally I delved into the mysteries of poker. Being an unskilled player, I lost in nearly every game; but, being a braver card player than a soldier, I would not give up."

"My money was soon all in the hands of other players, and as a last resort I put my cuff links into the pot. Then my watch and chain went the same way. I became desperate, and offered to stake my clothing on the game."

"My shirt soon found a new possessor, and lastly my hosiery constituted a portion of a jackpot, and the other fellows scooped them in. The next day I had to do picket duty without socks, and an officer discovered the fact and reported me. I was called up and, not daring to tell the truth, was ordered confined to the guard-house for a day. I have not played poker since."—[Washington Times.]

## Buckeyes at Chattanooga.

"THERE was no jealousy—hardly rivalry," says Grant of the battle of Chattanooga, where various divisions of the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of the Cumberland served under each other's standards. That is the spirit in which the dedication of a monument to commemorate Ohio's part in the culminating moment of the victory—the storming of Mission Ridge—was undertaken by the Buckeye State veterans yesterday, and in which it will be received by their brethren in other States."

Ohio men were thickest in the Army of the Cumberland. It fell to that army, which had been so grievously battered in the defeat at Chickamauga eight weeks before, to strike the finishing blow at the Confederate center after Bragg's left had been turned by Hooker and his right fought to a standstill by Sherman. The Ohio generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, loom large in the story of the victory, but when the Ohio regiments moved out for that dash up the mountain side their commander was Thomas, the great Virginian. Nothing stopped them when they started."

Many a Buckeye commander was made by the work of that day, and many a deed was performed that is still recited around the camp fires of Ohio veterans. Every State has its heroic episode to point to in the Civil War. Perhaps the supreme moment of Ohio history blossomed on that bloody Tennessee hillside.—[New York Mail and Express.]

## Condensed Account.

COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT, who was on the ill-fated Maine at the time of her destruction, says that after that terrible catastrophe a number of the survivors were conveyed by the Bache to the quarantine hospital at Key West.

It appears that one of the wounded jackies was questioned as to what he knew of the frightful explosion.

"Well, sir," replied the sailor, "I can't say that I know much of it. I was a corkin' it off in me hammock, sir, when I hears a h— of a noise! Then, sir, the nurse says, 'Sit up an' take this.'"—[Philadelphia Post.]

## The Militia's Drill.

N. G. CONYBEAR, the manager of Sir Thomas Lip-ton's Chicago packing-house, told, at the dinner given in Boston to the Honorable Artillery Company of London, an amusing story about a militiaman.

"This militiaman," he said, "was a captain. He used to drill his troop every Saturday afternoon on a green in the center of his village, but sometimes the green would be quite covered with linen bleaching in the sun, and an hour or two would be wasted while the owner of the linen was looked up and bidden to remove his goods."

"The captain, therefore, issued a general order that, on Saturdays, no linen was to be bleached upon the green."

"Well, this man's rage was great when, the very next Saturday, he marched up at the head of his troop to find the grass altogether hidden under a snowy spread of baby clothes, napkins, sheets and pillow cases."

"We'll teach these disobedient people a lesson, men," he said. And he marched his company on to the green and drilled them on the white and costly linen, just as though there had been nothing there."

The linen, in a little while, was blackened and torn, and at the end of the drill it was nothing but a draggled heap of dirty rags. The captain was about to disband the company, when his maidservant rushed towards him, wringing her hands.

"Gracious, master," she cried, pointing to the ruined fabrics, "what will the missus say when she sees all this?"

## Boer Women in Time of Danger.

AN incident illustrating the calmness of these women under nerve-trying circumstances occurred near Dulstroom. A company of five hundred English rode up to a farm house occupied by a widow and her eleven daughters.

Soon smoke filled the windows, and the girls were seen pushing the organ out of the door. They moved it forty yards away by a stone, cattle kraal. The mother sat down and began to play, and the girls grouped about her. The house was enveloped in flames, the soldiers were killing the stock, while the officers cracked jokes at the expense of the homeless family. "Of course," says Col. Blake, "we thought that the old lady and her children were singing a hymn or psalm, because these are the nearest to the Boer heart. The English having completed their pleasant duty rode off in search of other farms. We then went to the scene of destruction, because we knew that immediate help was necessary, as the sun would soon go down. On meeting them we asked the old lady how she could play and sing hymns while her home was burning and all her possessions were being destroyed. She replied: 'We are not singing hymns or psalms, but our Boer war song.'"—[Donahoe's Magazine.]

## How Filibusters Landed the Cubans.

THE doleful landing violently affected the most flamboyant of the adventurers, a former cavalry bugler of the regular army, Jack Gorman.

"It's a hell of a place," said he. "It would take a mowing machine to get a man started on a march through that jungle. There ain't a Cuban soldier in sight, and from all I can hear there ain't none within a hundred miles, and the dozen or so that's left in this province is hidin' in the tops of the tallest trees in them mountains back yonder. And this gang of patriots is sittin' in plug hats and cutaway coats, with the stuff piled up around them like the wreck of a hardware store. I was promised a commission in the Cuban army, but where in blazes is the army? How am I going to pick off Spanish officers at one thousand dollars apiece if we are supposed to go after the Spanish army with the God-forsaken outfit? An' here I am burnin' up with fever and no hospital in the nearest seventeen counties."—[Ralph D. Paine, in Outing.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### Muskrat Habits.

THE last log in the West Branch drive was sluiced through North Twin (Me.) dam on Saturday. While the keeper was closing the gates and making ready to flood Elbow Lake, the wind came around to the west, and ice formed along the lake as far as South Twin.

Early in the evening Joe Sockabasin, an old Indian from Old Town, came to Gerrish, the overseer, and asked permission to set his traps at the edge of the rising water, saying he believed he could catch enough muskrats to make it pay him well for his labor. Sockabasin professes to know very much about the ways of muskrats. He says the animals can live for months under ice which is not covered with water, but as soon as the ice fields are overflowed the supply of air is shut off, and no animal can exist below the ice for more than half an hour. Gerrish had no faith in the theory, but was willing to see it tested.

Sockabasin labored until nearly midnight, fastening his traps among the stones and gravel close to the edge of the water, so when he returned to camp from his tramp of four miles up the lake, the lake had risen nearly a foot, covering the traps. He brought in six muskrats which had been caught during his absence. Next morning the water was wetting the third plank on the dam, and had risen more than two feet when Sockabasin went up the lake in a bateau. Two hours later he rowed back with sixty-eight muskrats.

"Ah'm bin do heem ev'ry tam," said Sockabasin. "Muskrat no bin 'fraid of ice. Lak ice have hole in heem w'at let in ze air, so musquash heem breathe lak heem bin in heem home. Ze water on ze ice bin keel ze musquash, so heem die eef he no geet away. Ah'm bin set ze trap 'longside ze new ice whar ze fool musquash bin come out fer to look 'round, so heem steep in ze trap, and geet caught. Sockabasin heem mak' beeg money by know how ze fool musquash bin act when heem bin 'fraid heem drown.'"—[New York Sun.]

### Ghosts of Elephants.

IN the last number of the journal of the Straits branch of the Royal Asiatic Society there appears an interesting article from the pen of A. D. Machado on the supposed evil influence of ghosts. He says:

"Some years ago, when I was engaged in certain prospecting operations in the highlands of Pahang, on the borders of that State with Perak, I had occasion to make a somewhat lengthy stay at a place called Kampar, on the Tue River, one of the tributaries of the Betok, in its turn a tributary of the Jelai, the principal feeder of the Pahang River. I selected this spot because it had already been cleared of large trees, and had only recently been in occupation as a Sakai settlement, from the remains of which we reared our unpretentious little camp. The Sakais, however, strongly advised us to go elsewhere, alleging that this place was haunted by elephant ghosts, and that they had been the direct cause of a number of deaths, principally among their children, whose remains lie buried there."

"It is necessary to explain that at the back of this place, not fifty yards away, is to be seen one of those peculiar muddy pools, which animals of all kinds frequent for their saline properties, this particular one being known as the Kubang Gajah Hantu (the mud pool of the ghostly elephants). These salt lakes are also known as genuts in Malay. When the Sakais refer to this place it is usually with bated breath and a mysterious

and awesome gesture. These men declared that almost nightly elephants are seen and heard breaking twigs and branches and wallowing in this mud pool, and yet in the morning not a vestige of their spoor can be seen anywhere. Of this I am certain, the prints of deer and pigs were always plentiful and fresh, but no elephant could have been within miles of the place during my residence in that locality. My mandor's wife, an old person, who always followed her husband in his journeys, doing the cooking for my followers, declared that the first night we slept there she and all my men heard continued long-drawn wails, like a long we-e-o, which went on without intermission until almost daylight. This noise, they said, came from those Sakai children buried there."

"This account is interesting from an ethnological standpoint, in so far as it illustrates the beliefs and superstitions of a race of very primitive people. As for the number of children dying at the time, this would only seem natural when it is remembered that an epidemic of measles was then and had been for some time raging."—[Singapore Straits Budget.]

### Reflections of an Old Goat.

IT'S an infamous slander and an insult to put my portrait on a buck beer sign. What ought to be there is the picture of some dirty-faced, red-nosed old bum that drinks the stuff.

If I run the streets everybody throws stones at me, and if I take refuge in the alleys, they say I'm looking for a meal of tin cans. That's why I sometimes associate with the policeman on the block.

I always consider it a compliment when a girl with a wad of gum turns up her nose at me. I don't chew gum myself.

I think mighty little of a man that tries to raise a beard like mine. If nature had wanted to make a gun of him it wouldn't have stood him up on his hind legs and made him walk that way.

There's another thing. I don't smell half as loud as a bear, and yet people who hold their noses when I'm in sight will crowd around the grizzly's cage in the park and cackle with delight.

A boy is the meanest thing that grows, and the older he grows the meaner he is.

I've got as good a right to reflect as anybody has.—[Chicago Tribune.]

### Seals Like Music.

AT the Aquarium the other day an elderly man was playing a soft, doleful air on a tin whistle near the tank containing the seals, several of which craned their necks and seemed to take great interest in the musician. When asked for the explanation, the musician said:

"The fondness of seals for musical sounds is a peculiarity of their nature, and has caused me no little amusement. I lived for several years in the Hebrides, and was walking along the shore in the calm of a summer afternoon a few notes of my flute or a tin whistle would bring half a score of seals within thirty or forty feet of me. There they would swim about with their heads above the water like so many black dogs, evidently delighted with the sounds. For half an hour or more I could lead them to the spot, and when I moved along the water edge they would follow me with eagerness, like the dolphins which attended Aron."

"I have frequently witnessed the same effect when in a boat. The sound of almost any musical instrument was no sooner heard than half a dozen seals would swim up within a few yards, wheeling round us as long as the music played, and disappearing one after another when it ceased."—[Mail and Express.]

### Lion Mother a Murderess.

THREE months an ideal lion family life may last, no longer. When a lioness is angered she acts exactly as you might expect her to act. She lights sudden as a flash, sees nothing, and the next instant she stands with her dripping paw, and death is in her cage. One of Nalwa's whelps was lost that way.

With teeth, the appetite for meat had waxed strong on the babies. Whenever the old lioness was fed by four youngsters stood in a half-circle, and, with restless tails and bulging eyes, watched the long, snow-fangs and crooked claws as the tearing of meat from bones struck envy to their little hearts. Once, the lion mother warned with a snarl—and a lion mother speaks but once. Pedro, a fine little cub, more venturesome than the rest, decided he'd at least try his new teeth on his mother's long tail. There was a chopped off end of the flash of a paw, a dull thud, and little yellow Pedro lay dying in a corner of the cage, one of his sides torn off. That was the beginning of the end of the happy family life, a sample of jungle discipline. Thereafter the cubs were separated from the mother while feeding, until, when six months old, they were put in a separate cage for good and fed on a pound of beef a day.—[McClure's Magazine.]

### A Funny Dog.

MILDRED is the bright little six-year-old daughter of a Kensington merchant. The other day she was with her mother in Fairmount Park, when she saw a dog whose species was entirely new to her.

That evening she thus described it to her father: "It was one of those funny ones, you know; the ones that are a dog and a half long and half dog high. You know the sort, father. It is a dog that has only four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six."

Needless to say, the father recognized from her graphic description that Mildred had seen a dachshund.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors, and contemplated enterprises.]

### Chile Peppers.

**C**HILE peppers are a profitable crop in some favored sections of Southern California, where there is little or no frost. David Ammann has for several years made a specialty of the chile pepper at his picturesque little ranch, located on a sidehill overlooking the beautiful Cahuenga Valley. He has now ten acres in peppers, said to be the largest tract in this crop in Southern California. The raising of peppers is a profitable branch of the agricultural industry, but it requires skill and experience. Mr. Ammann reports having received as much as a thousand dollars from the crop of an acre and a half. They are marketed chiefly about the month of March. He ships them green, and most of them are sent to San Francisco, where they sell for about 40 cents a pound.

### Fruit Preparations, Oil and Pickles.

**A**SOMEWHAT elaborate line of fruit preserves, fruit juices, pickles and olive and salad oils is produced by the Sunland Orchard Company, which has opened a manufactory at Nos. 830 and 832 Stephenson avenue, Los Angeles. The plant represents an investment of about \$20,000. The company manufactures from the products of its ranch at Ontario and from other ranches the various fruit and other preparations which it turns out. The company claims for its preparations an entire absence of preservatives. In connection with the establishment there is operated a laboratory, from which are turned out numerous flavoring extracts. Among the articles produced by the company are a preparation of cherry juice and grape-fruit juice, several kinds of concentrated grape juice, and a line of condiments. From fifteen to twenty hands are employed by the company. Harold H. Stevens is president and manager of the concern, and W. Stanford Patterson is secretary.

### Foundry for Redlands.

**O**SBUN & PARKER are starting an iron foundry in Redlands, for which plans and specifications have been approved by the City Trustees. The plant, which is to be located south of Mill Creek canal, will be erected near the present machine shop, and will cost about \$1000. Both casting and pattern work will be turned out.

### Gypsum and Gold.

**T**HE San Bernardino Times-Index says: "The mountain of acids in Whitewater, which was discovered some months ago by Messrs. De la Woodard, Prendegast, Swarthout and others, has proved to be a richer proposition than they had first supposed. From a report received from the government chemists at Washington, the analysis of the specimens shows a large percentage of borax. They have practically located an entire volcano, which measures 3000 feet at the base and is 1500 feet in height. There are immense deposits of gypsum, which is used in the manufacture of cement, and the Portland-Cotton cement people have offered to pay them \$6000 in gold for an interest in the property. This offer the locators have turned down, and there are now New York capitalists inspecting the property, who will give many times that sum for a share if they are satisfied with the prospects. There is sufficient gold on the volcano to almost pay for the working of the entire property."

### Development in New Mexico.

**T**HE Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal says: "General Manager W. S. Hopewell of the Pennsylvania Development Company, and the New Mexico Fuel and Iron Company arrived in Albuquerque last night. He has just returned from a week's visit to various points along the line of the Santa Fé Central Railway. He has made arrangements to put in a sawmill at a point about eleven miles from the village of Tañique, and about fourteen miles from the line of the railway. Sawmill machinery is now being hauled to the proposed site, and within a few weeks active operations will commence. The timber land from which timber will be cut has been procured from private parties.

"Preparations for the erection of a plant for the refining of the salt to be taken out of the salt lakes east of Estancia, owned by the Pennsylvania Development Company, are being pushed rapidly. It is proposed not only to refine the salt, but also to extract soda and other by-products contained in the salt lakes and alkali deposits for commercial purposes.

"A survey for a narrow gauge line from a point on the line of the Santa Fé Central south of Willard station has been run to the iron fields in that section, and the construction of a narrow-gauge line to the fields is contemplated, although work thereon may not commence until next spring. The plans for the development of the great natural resources of this section tributary to the Santa Fé Central are being fully matured, and when carried out will be the means of the building of several prosperous towns there. Everything is being arranged systematically and thoroughly by General Manager Hopewell, and the next year will see a great development in

what will be the county of Torrance after January 1, 1905.

"Material for the construction of the Albuquerque Eastern, and the branch to the Hagan coal fields, is being assembled at Moriarity in large quantities. Over 50,000 ties for the roadbed, which is already constructed sixteen miles west of Moriarity, are already there, and bridge timbers, telephone poles and more ties are being contracted for by contractors. Other railroad material is also being gotten together as quickly as can be done in the present state of affairs. The outlook for all these enterprises is certainly very encouraging, and the year 1904 will see them in active and successful operation."

### Kern River Flume.

**I**N reporting the completion of the Kern River flume, the Bakersfield Echo says:

"The great flume of the Kern River Company is extended across Kern River. In the construction of this flume and trestle work about 1,500,000 feet of choice lumber has been used, 50,000 cubic feet of concrete has been used in the piers, 100,000 pounds of iron has been used in the chords, knuckles and sway braces, and fifteen skilled laborers have found work on the ground for more than one year. The cement used in the concrete must have cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. This is undoubtedly the greatest work of its kind in this part of the State. It is calculated to carry 500 cubic feet of water per second across Kern River, at an elevation of sixty-eight feet above low water."

### Kings County Irrigation Ditch.

**"P**REPARATIONS for the commencement of operations on the Lake Land Canal and Irrigation Company's big ditch are now being made in earnest," says the Hanford Journal. "Two 40-horse-power boilers have been purchased and placed on the ground near the point where the head of the ditch is to be, and the construction of an immense dredger will be pushed to completion as soon as the necessary material can be obtained. This dredging machine, which is to be floated on a barge, will have a guaranteed capacity of 200 cubic yards of earth per hour, or 4000 cubic yards per day. When once begun, work will be kept up both night and day, two shifts of men being employed. The work of excavating will be commenced at the river's bank, the water from the stream being used to float the dredger as it works its way down the canal's course to its terminal."

### Profitable Grain Growing.

**T**HE Hemet News says: "Thomas Kerr, the grain rancher, said Tuesday that he and his brother had already 3000 acres plowed and seeded to grain. They have secured 18,000 acres, and expect to seed all the land. In the season just closed the Kerr brothers made a great deal of money."

### Fattening on Beet Pulp.

**T**HE Guadalupe Moon says: "A number of large corrals are being constructed at Betteravia for the purpose of accommodating several thousand cattle, which will be shipped there soon by the Pioneer Truck Company of Los Angeles. The cattle are to be fattened on beet pulp, as this has been found to be a very desirable food for cattle. O. B. Fuller has charge of the Pioneer Truck Company's business at this place."

### Port Harford's Big Oil Tank.

**T**HE San Luis Obispo Breeze reports that work has commenced on the construction at Port Harford of a 37,000-barrel oil tank for the Pacific Coast Company. The foundation is cut on the side of the mountain, a few feet west of the narrow-gauge railroad. The cistern is below the tank, and the oil will flow from the tank cars into the cistern, and from the cistern it will be pumped by stationary engine into the storage tank. From the big tank the oil will flow by gravity through an eight-inch pipe into the steamers.

### Cantaloupes Near Phoenix.

**T**HE Phoenix (Ariz.) Enterprise says: "A. J. Chandler has ordered cantaloupe seed to plant 140 acres of cantaloupes this spring. The crop is to be raised on section 27, on what is known as the Consolidated ranch. This is the biggest undertaking in cantaloupes for the valley."

### Arizona Strawberries.

**T**HE Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican, in an article reporting some encouraging results in experiments in strawberry culture near that city, quotes Prof. A. J. McClatchie, in charge of the experiment station, as saying: "Growers have given more intelligent attention to berry culture in recent years than during the previous ones, with constantly diminishing results. The employment of the methods that resulted in large crops of berries a few years ago has resulted in recent years in failure. The difference is quite plainly due to the climate and the water supply, and not to the growers. We have hoped that by the employment of better methods and by the introduction of other varieties, the difficulties might be overcome, and strawberry culture again be as profitable as it formerly was. While we are not assured yet that the difficulties have been solved, some promising results have been obtained. One variety new to this

region is producing a few berries now, but it remains to be seen what effect the weather that will follow will have upon them."

### Oceanside Carnations.

**O**CEANSIDE has joined the company of carnation-producing communities. The San Diego Union says:

"Mr. Hosp of Oceanside is shipping about 1000 carnations a day from his carnation farm. He expects to soon increase his shipments. His garden at Oceanside, which is his private enterprise, and not connected with his official business as gardener for the railroad company, is a most attractive place, and has developed into a paying business. The flowers are very large and fragrant, and bring \$1 per hundred in Los Angeles, with a practically unlimited market."

### Pumping Plant Near Santa Maria.

**S**PEAKING of water development not far from Santa Maria, the San Luis Obispo Tribune says:

"The Union Sugar Company is putting a \$10,000 pumping plant on the Shuman ranch, two miles west of Santa Maria. When finished, it will be one of the three largest plants of its kind in California. A 150-horse-power Corliss steam engine and two sixty-six-inch boilers by sixteen feet return tubular boilers, 200 horse power, with sixty-four-inch flues, have been set up, and a ten-inch centrifugal pump will be used. This is expected to pump 4000 gallons per minute, and will irrigate 15,000 acres, eighteen inches deep, during the entire season."

### Manufacturing Jewelry.

**"O**NE of the few manufactories which have been established in Santa Barbara has been recently started by Collis C. Richdale, a manufacturing jeweler recently in the employ of Tiffany & Co., of New York," says the Santa Barbara Press. "Among his appliances for the manufacture of jewelry Mr. Richdale includes an engine for making rings and cutting stones, a high-speed polishing lathe, a rolling machine, which permits gold to be rolled to the thickness of one one-thousandth of an inch, and a large smelting furnace for gold casting, all run by a five-horse-power electric motor."

### Lithia in San Diego.

**"L**ITHIA users have written to Frank A. Salmons stating that they can take his entire output of lepidolite, provided he can reduce it and ship the chemical instead of forwarding the ore in bulk," says the San Diego Union in a recent issue. "Acting upon the hint, Mr. Salmons left yesterday for New York City, where he will endeavor to purchase a reduction plant. If he succeeds, the material for the plant will be shipped to this city, or to the mines at Pala, and a new industry will thus be launched in Southern California. One of the by-products of lepidolite forms the base of a valuable paint. The cost of forwarding a car of the ore to the East is about \$450."

### Pickles and Sauces.

**T**HE following account of an institution for satisfying the demand for products to tickle the palate is printed in the San Bernardino Sun:

"The latest factory enterprise established in the city is the San Bernardino Pickling Works, which has taken two floors at Nos. 328-330 Third street, and since the first of the present month has been preparing for the market everything from chowchow to Worcestershire sauce, with a sprinkling of sauerkraut, horseradish and a variety of sauces and pickles thrown in. The San Bernardino Pickling Company, of which A. C. Bell is the manager, is seeking first to supply the trade in the products which it handles, in this city and the neighboring towns, and after that has been accomplished will perhaps seek for wider fields. It finds, even at this late season of the year, many of the raw materials here that it will use, among them barrels of cucumbers for pickles, cider vinegar among the mountain apple ranches, horseradish and other items. Cabbages are now shipped from San Francisco, but another season it is expected that local growers will supply everything of that kind that is needed. The company may also establish in conjunction with its plant, or as a separate establishment, a factory for making alcohol vinegar. The principal thing which will have to be brought in by freight will be bottles, which come from Illinois, with freight charges to Los Angeles, and an arbitrary local rate back to this city. Since the first of the month the products of the pickling works have been placed in most of the groceries of this city, and it is expected that they will soon be on the shelves in all the surrounding towns, and the volume of business promises to be all that the promoters of the industry had hoped."

LOS ANGELES

MINING REVIEW

"The Great Mining Journal of the Great Southwest"

EVERY WEEK—SIXTH YEAR

PRINTS THE MINING NEWS OF THE WORLD \$2 a year. At book stores.

Business Offices—107 1/2 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.



## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### A SEASON OF RICH DRESSING.

SILKS, VELVETS, GOLD BRAID AND RARE OLD LACES USED.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS season is a notable one for rich and luxurious dressing. With silks, and velvets, and furs, gold braid, bright buttons, embroideries, rare old laces, and fearfully and wonderfully constructed sleeves with the most ornate trimming, one might imagine oneself transported to some old-time regal court of barbaric splendor. Men had their part and lot in the gay plumage of bygone court days, but now, especially in this blessed land of blessed women, America, the manufacturer's most gorgeous production and the artist's dearest design are solely to enhance the native loveliness of the "golden lady" of an American man's love.

Nothing conveys so well the impression of unlimited wealth and luxury as velvet, which is the material of the hour in New York. And not velvet alone, but velvet adorned with laces, and more than all else, with fur, of which the rare and expensive sable is the favorite.

When one beholds the richness of a velvet costume, its fine weave and finish, how it almost creates beauty for those who are without it, one naturally wonders that it is ever out of vogue for a moment.

One grand old dame of my acquaintance has always seemed to me the very acme of dignity and elegance in a certain festal robe, the same year in and year out, bearing the stamp of her individuality and thus needing no radical change of mode or vogue. This time-honored gown was made of black Lyon's velvet, the finest and heaviest to be purchased. Around her throat was a simple collar of old rose point, and a priceless diamond brooch completed a rare tout ensemble. "Very expensive," perhaps you may comment, but not when you consider the number of years this gown did duty upon occasions when its owner dispensed a world-famed hospitality.

Velvets are of greater variety and handsomer than ever, the plain velvet in both dark and light colors being used for street wear, and the brighter colors for evening costumes.

Many of the evening costumes have coats to match, or of plain black velvet. These velvet coats are smart

and quite new. Some are of the color of old ivory, rose color, pink, and a peculiar shade of bright blue. A fur trimming gives to these coats the appearance of royal robes.

A velvet used much for trimming is the new chiffon velvet, which has much the same glossy appearance as panne, but with a heavier nap.

For afternoon wear figured velvets are much used and one particular costume quite took my fancy, being made of ivory velvet with a black fleck or dot in it.

A jaunty street suit of navy blue velvet is pictured this week. It is made in the popular military style. Not the military style of the cape coats, which are cut with a straight front, for this has a flaring skirt to the coat which looks almost as if stiffened with crinoline, and brings up visions of sway-back German and Austrian army officers with fierce mustaches and corseted figures.

There is a fetching little cape to this suit, cut on the bias and slashed on the shoulders, and laid back in a suggestion of revers in front. The cape and coat are finished with stitched bands of black taffeta, and flat dull finish gilt buttons. The belt is a stitched black band with two brass buttons in the back and the cape has the slashed shoulders held together with cords extending from the buttons on each side.

One very smart feature of this coat is the outside darts, both above and below the waist, by which it is fitted like a glove to the figure.

The skirt coat is slashed up on each side of the front and outlined with the stitched taffeta bands. The little straight military collar is lacking in this costume, as it is finished around the neck in collarless effect.

The sleeve is comparatively plain with a deep handsome cuff, deep cuffs being much affected at present, indeed some cuffs are of such dimensions that the sleeve seems simply a continuation thereof.

The skirt is plain and somewhat close fitting. It is made with double box plaits which are strapped at the knee and let loose to give the necessary fullness about the feet.

The length of the skirt is a serious problem now, for women are loth to part with the long, sweeping skirts

always been noted for her share of beauty and style adhered strictly to the short skirt idea and even real papers computing the number of microbes gathered by dainty ladies with their sweeping robes, but when her husband said one day: "Jenny, what makes you look so ridiculous and sawed-off? Why don't you look like other women?" The result can be imagined, and the friend who told the story assures me that Jenny is now dressing even as other women and trying to take a Christian Science view of microbes.

Some of the very ultra outdoor skirts are made for walking only, and are so close fitting about the knees and even around the knees that it is perilous to attempt to sit down, but fortunately there is always a reasonable way of approximating such styles without going the lengths of the ultra mode.

Embroidery is now running riot over shirt waists and stocks, and is even spreading its vari-colored banners over outside wraps. We have pictured a wrap this week made in military style but with the velvet overlaid about the neck, embroidered in green and red, thus introducing a dash of bright color.

The material of this cloak is the new wool zibeline in navy blue, the softest and warmest thing imaginable for this wool zibeline is like a down baby lamb.

It is made with a simulated double box plait down the back and a double-breasted effect in front, the shoulder capes extending to these plaits back and front.



which give such sinuous grace and length of figure. Over and over these skirts have been pronounced unhygienic for street wear, and now comes the English instep skirt which is cut just to the instep and escapes the ground by a good two inches. You must ape the English if you would be a good American, seems to be the rule, and in this case good sense would argue the cause of the Anglomaniac; but alas! tall women look strongly undignified in these short skirts and modistes who have an eye to artistic values without any regard whatever for hygiene and the eternal fitness of things, save to be forcibly urged to cut off their well-made skirts to a sensible length for walking, even if the instep suit is English and chic.

It is hard for women to be sensible in dress, and just let me say that men are to blame to a certain extent, for though it isn't openly confessed, the primal reason is that women dress to please these lords of creation. A certain bright little club woman who had

The capes are made with double plaits held down by three fancy buttons in silver and blue; the sleeves full and roomy and ends in a plain cuff, while the skirt is adorned with two-cord ornaments. This cloak lined with heavy blue satin and is a good protection from any winter winds that blow.

I saw a dear old lady not long ago dressed to celebrate her golden wedding. She had rosy pink cheeks and fluffy white hair in which she wore a single rose. Now the grace of that single rose made me ponder the subject of the head ornaments now I have seen some charming women lately whose heads seem changed to perform the duties of grape vines, judging by the number of purple and green grapes dangling from them. Grapes and wheat heads are enough but the cause of beauty suffers and cries against such innovations.

Now I am not arguing the cause of a number of satin rosebuds dangling and shaking, but the



rose, be it satin or otherwise, is more effective and artistic, nine times out of ten. The pretty head shown in the cut still shows the becoming mode of coiffure introduced by that wily favorite of Louis XIV., Madame de Pompadour. Isn't it strange that wicked people can invent such beautiful styles? and an enduring one—in this case, for it is too becoming to many features to be exchanged for the low, drooping coiffure, or even the parted Madonna style which may soon be in vogue again. The fashion of one's garments may be individual to a certain extent, but the fashion of one's hair should be so. Study the contour of your countenance; study art, if need be, to teach you what is necessary to fulfill the laws of harmony in your particular case and when you have solved the problem do not be afraid to be a law unto yourself. Individual and effective, in dress or in head dress.

## LACE AND FICKLE FASHION.

THE MOST ADVANCED IDEAS QUICKLY REPRODUCED IN CHEAP IMITATIONS.

[London Telegraph:] Fortunes have lurked in cheap lace of late seasons, for fickle fashion has deigned to favor it at every turn. Each industry, Irish, Buckinghamshire, Honiton, Bohemian, Maltese, Ceylon and Italian, is conscious of the impetus fashion has lent to the making of lace, but these are not to be included in the category of cheap lace, and are only for the few. The great business of the past seasons is concerned with the manufacture of imitation, machine-made lace, the industry which has swamped our English market with lace collars, cravats, stoles and capes. And reflection grows more serious with the realization that English makers are playing a very infinitesimal part in the activity which has met the popular demand. Some years ago, when it became evident that lace in its cheaper moods was to be much worn, Nottingham, which is considered the home of English machine-made lace, had the option of adopting a new machine specially designed to turn out quantities of imitation guipure, the lace in greatest demand. Nottingham elected to meet the growing demand with the machines already established. Thereafter the new invention ultimately found a home in far-away Plauen, in Germany, where much prosperity has followed it, and the monopoly of the English market is usurped by the far-seeing foreign manufacturers.

They entered the business knowing quite well that it could only be regarded as uncertain, and that unless they were able to educate the public they served to a patronage enforced by an excellent output, the looms would have to cease work. That was four or five years ago. Then lace collars, insertions and trimmings were sparingly used in the imitation makes. Fashion in its most extravagant walks demanded an elaboration and ornamentation which was best satisfied by a lavish display of lace, which soon found expression in the cheaper makes. Had those cheaper makes obviously revealed their inferiority to the genuine article, the fashion would have died in the season of its birth, and the wearing of lace would have returned to its normal level. Instead, they have had four consecutive seasons, each registering an increase in the wearing, and consequently in the making, of lace. Some manufacturers are inclined to think it reached its zenith last year, but none care to take the past season into account when arriving at an average. The record has been so disastrous in every branch of the drapery trade. The hope still remains that the spring of 1904 will again reinstate the industry, and to extend the manufacturers are exerting their enterprise. Designers and travelers are already at work perfecting and creating new spring fashions, which are mostly copied from the genuine lace. On the continent men make every fashionable function which is likely to suggest anything novel, and thus, almost as soon as a fashion is stamped with aristocratic favor in England it is presented to the shops in its cheaper makes by foreign manufacturers. For instance, a man well versed in the intricacies of the lace trade is commissioned to attend the smart race meetings of Paris, and to note of anything which may suggest itself as likely to appeal to popular taste. His ingenuity results in a design, which is worked out on the loom, and in the space of a day or so the London representative of the manufacturer offering to the wholesale house a cheap and good imitation of the leading fashion of the moment. The manufacturer stands to lose in any subsequent transaction, since the manufacturers only make to order. Should the market, therefore, become overstocked, the surplus remains with the middleman, who acts as a medium between the manufacturer and what is termed the "little man." It has been suggested, in view of a possible duty upon foreign goods, that the manufacturers should impose the percentage of the middlemen, supply the trade direct, thereby clearing a direct profit which would balance an import tax.

Some predictions made by a leading exporter of guipure from Plauen may be of interest at the moment. He says the deep lace collars from the throat to the waist are things of the past. Stoles and lace scarves have been relegated to the shades of the unfashionable, the entire outplacéd by the lace tab collars, which are nearing their decline. Although the travelers are loath to show them, they are in the shop windows in great variety, and in their better makes are sure to be bought largely for Christmas presents. For this trade, the lace commences with the outgoing colonial mails, a belt in guipure has been designed. It is of lace, high at the sides to form the fashionable point at the front, and is, boned into a high Swiss belt at the back. It has short stole and tasseled ends, both back and front. The newest collars are made of armour net, reinforced with guipure insertions or motifs of wheat pattern, cut in epaulette fashion to fall over the shoulders, and are fringed all round with a heavy guipure tasseling, which adds considerably to the effect. The wheat pattern figures in every make of this lace, in the beautiful black mercerized insertions, and what the trade call "effects," which are really appliques. Of these the manufacturers are offering a beautiful variety,

all of a heavy make, with padded centers, a distinguishing feature, also, of all the newest gowns and lace medallions. "Overalls," another trade term, which embraces all lace materials for covering mantles or satin dresses, are certain, according to expert opinion, of a record season this winter. It is strange, in view of the comparative difference in price between real and imitation guipure, that such an enormous interest can be concerned in the making of the latter, but it seems; in Plauen alone, 500 manufacturers are engaged in the business. Most of the applique work is given out to the peasant girls in their homes, but they regard their lace work more as a last resource for a wet day than as a remunerative industry. More women are employed in the making of tambour lace at St. Gall, in Switzerland, which is of fine net, threaded with braid; but although most of the work is hand done, it comes within the list of cheap laces, as does also the lace made at Annerberg, which finds so ready a sale in America.

## FRENCH GRACE DARLING.

HOW ROSE HERE, THE HEROINE OF BRITANNY, SAVED FOURTEEN LIVES.

[Brest Correspondence London Mail:] All Brittany is talking of the heroic exploit of Rose Here, the courageous Breton woman who (as briefly narrated in yesterday's Daily Mail) saved the lives of the boatswain, Etienne Coursol, and thirteen men of the steamer Vesper, which was wrecked on the dangerous coast of Ushan.

Rose Here is a fisherwoman and cultivator of the soil. On Monday, about 8 o'clock, she was gathering shellfish on the rocks near the Pyramide du Runiou, when out of the fog, which was just beginning to lift, she heard despairing cries, and looking seaward perceived a boat containing fourteen men which was drifting wildly at the mercy of the strong currents among a mass of dangerous reefs. Every now and again it was buffeted by the surf, which threatened to dash the frail craft to pieces.

The occupants of the boat, half-naked and afraid to throw themselves into the sea on account of the evil tide, plied their oars with the courage of despair, and shouted at the top of their voices for assistance.

Rose at once signaled to them with her arms that she was coming to their aid, and the shipwrecked men on perceiving her meaning pulled with all their strength for the shore. Rose ran down to the foot of the cliffs, and without losing a moment plunged into the boiling surf, dressed as she was, and swam to the boat.

Climbing on board, she reassured the sailors as best she could, for she speaks little French, and then, taking her place at the rudder, steered the boat with marvelous adroitness past a thousand dangerous reefs to Pen-ar-Roch, distant about two hours by rowing from the Pyramide du Runiou.

When the rescued men had landed, Rose Here guided them to the village, where they met Capt. Viel and the rest of the crew, who had come to the conclusion that the fourteen men in the boat had been lost. Capt. Viel warmly thanked the heroic woman, whom he was unfortunately unable to recompense substantially, all his money having gone down in the Vesper.

He has, however, sent an account of her brave conduct to the owners of his ship, and requested them to send her a money reward. Further, he has sent a report to the municipality of the island of Ushan, who, after investigation, will communicate it to the Minister of Marine.

Her task finished, Rose Here returned to her usual occupations. She states that she has saved many other shipwrecked men under similar circumstances.

The British Consul at Brest has sent a sum of money to M. Malgorn, the Mayor of Ushan, for the brave fisherwoman, who is in very poor circumstances.

## LONDON'S DRESS EXCHANGE.

Very costly dresses so soon soil and get utterly ruined that many women are brought face to face with a situation when they are either obliged to let all the choicest creations in their wardrobes lie idle or run the risk of having them quite spoiled after wearing them only once or twice. This is particularly the case in going abroad, where the wear and tear on clothes is much greater, and the life of a good gown so much shorter that many women prefer to provide themselves with less costly but more serviceable clothes.

It is on such an occasion as this that the Dress Exchange, a mushroom of quite recent growth, comes to their assistance. By its aid they are enabled not only to acquire the serviceable clothes they are looking for, but get a very fair price, in addition to the exchange, for the things they discard.

Another situation where the exchange is useful is on occasions when it is necessary to go into mourning. This has developed into a system by which the exchange pays for the clothes at its own risk, and so does not tie the sellers down to take what they want from the stock. In this way a great deal of material is acquired, often at ridiculously small prices, which admit of the things being resold at a small profit—for the motto of the exchange is "Small profits, quick returns"—and enables people to pick up bargains in every kind of wearing apparel. Very often the exchange can buy new material cheaply, and much of the stock kept is not second-hand at all.

There are special departments for various kinds of dresses, one for evening, and another for out-door gowns; while in the "bargain" room, where are kept the older things, which require a little attention before they can be used, there are often quite surprisingly cheap things to be seen. A department in which the things are altered is indispensable, while private fitting rooms are provided. Many of the dresses displayed are superb creations. Models from Paris, Nice, Vienna and all the principal centers are displayed, and it is a common occurrence for a dress which must have cost at least fifty guineas to be offered for sale, practically unsold, for eight. All the best dresses are kept in carefully tabulated drawers, with linen covers, and are handled with more care than is bestowed on many human beings. Not only dresses, but hats, furs, boots and every conceivable thing

is sold or exchanged, until it becomes possible for a woman to dress exceedingly smartly, and in clothes of the very best cut, for a very moderate outlay, indeed.—[London Mail.]

There are times when the task of holding this heedless and blundering old country in check is almost too much even for Col. Watterston.—[Chicago Tribune.]

## REFRESHING, STIMULATING, INVIGORATING

Is the verdict rendered by millions of people all over the world who are using Lipton's Tea. There is a broad distinction between this tea and other varieties. The former is pure, wholesome and economical—the others are—well try them and see how broad the distinction is.

## LIPTON'S CEYLON TEA

is all that it is claimed to be—pure and wholesome. It reaches the consumer with all its natural flavor intact. No attempt is made to improve on nature by adding foreign substances.

## HAAS, BARUCH & CO.

LOS ANGELES

AGENTS FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

DON'T YOU KNOW you can make "better" coffee than your mother used to make? If you make it in an aluminum coffee pot—clean, hygienic, durable—lasts a lifetime.



**PITTSBURG ALUMINUM CO.,**  
312 S. Spring St.

## FURS....

SEAL GARMENTS  
MADE TO ORDER

Old seal garments remodeled into latest styles and redyed.


ALL KINDS OF FURS  
REPAIRED.....

**D. BONOFF,**  
FURRIER

Formerly with Marshall Field.

212 S. BROADWAY

2nd Building North of City Hall.  
PHONE HOME 3905

**"SHE HAS A BEARD"**  
Is a remark often heard. It is a disfigurement more humiliating than any other. We have the only absolutely permanent cure. And we cure in one treatment leaving no scar or trace. When you are worn out with the hair returning—come to us. We cure also red and brown birthmarks, red veins, moles, all skin diseases, pimples, blackheads, scars, small pox pits, wrinkles, eczema, acne, freckles, tan, moth patches, open pores and oily skin. We go to the root of the evil and cure the cause.

**COSMETIC SURGERY CO.,** 215 Johnson Bldg., Cor. Fourth and Bdwys.

**STOLL.** Is waiting for your order. Couches are the order of the day with him—Everything in Couches.  
615 SOUTH SPRING STREET.



## The Youths' Department—Our Boys and Girls.

### FOREIGN MARKETS.

#### FROM THE BAZAARS OF DAMASCUS TO THE TEA FIELDS OF JAPAN.

By Gussie Packard Du Bois.

NOW that Thanksgiving Day is over, and we are all in the quiet frame of mind usual after a good dinner, it may be of interest to take a stroll through the various markets of the world, and observe the food of those countries, rather than the cathedrals and types of people. It is said that at the present day all the ships on the sea are sailing in the direction of the human mouth, and people generally accept the statement, "Tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is."

With due regard to all that is curious and interesting, I think the bazaars of Damascus are the most picturesque sight of all. They are very noisy, for the muezzins repeat the Mohammedan creed in a sonorous, ringing voice, which resounds from one minaret to another throughout the whole city; the water bearers and vendors of all kinds of refreshments call their wares loudly, and continuously, each striving to outdo the other, while the voices of the donkey and camel drivers fill in any chinks of silence that might otherwise be left, and run over into the general uproar, and the fact that it is all in a foreign tongue makes the noise seem even greater.

Instead of our broad streets, with courteous policemen at the crossings, there are narrow alleys, never wide enough for the strings of laden camels and yourself, or any other representative of humanity, and, if you chance to encounter them, you must needs crowd into a doorway until they and their dirty, gesticulating drivers have passed. You feel all the time as if you were looking through a kaleidoscope that is ever shifting and turning. Here are a group of Bedouins, those wanderers of the desert, looking as if they had been in too much of a hurry in the morning, when they left their tents, to take off their nightgowns; close behind them the warlike Druze and the pilgrim with green in his hat, to show that he has been to Mecca; then the kaleidoscope turns, the scene shifts, and some waddling Turks and picturesque Circassians, looked fierce in spite of their ballet-girl petticoats, come into view. All the time the turbans of every hue and shape fill in the spaces above, and the darting donkey boys and skulking dogs below, just as the bits of colored glass in the real toy drop into place, and for a time you really feel like standing still, putting your hand over one eye, and staring to see what the next change will bring, or else you have a desire to turn the toy a little faster and shift the venerable copper merchant to a camel's back, and the ballet dancer of a soldier to the street peddler's place. Then you become a little accustomed to it, fit yourself into the pattern, and move on with the rest of the picture.

The bazaars themselves are as unlike the streets to which we are accustomed as they could possibly be. They are really only long ranges of open stalls, with slight divisions between, on either side of long, covered lanes, and each trade or merchandise has its own separate quarter. You will see no floor walkers, no clerks, but as you peer into the semi-darkness you may see squatting on a counter a turbaned figure, with a long beard, and he might be a statue, only that he tells his beads and

says his Koran. Do you think he cares whether you buy his wares? He seems utterly indifferent, but he really has a keen eye to business. Sitting there cross-legged, he looks so venerable and majestic that he can but impress you, and your respect will be great for the trading instincts of the patriarchal old, bearded humbug, even when he asks you seventeen times the worth of the articles you are buying. For it is hard to imagine a man ready to cheat you who looks like Abraham, and Jonah, and Isaac, and Jacob, and King Solomon, all in one.

Do you wish a copper kettle in which to cook the lentils, or beans of the country? The bazaar of the brass workers is one of the very first on the street of bazaars, and perhaps the noisiest. Here the stately merchant will receive you with a bow, affirm that all his goods are yours, and seem to pay you no further attention. But all the time he is watching your expression keenly for approval of some article, while he makes a picture of himself in his embroidered jacket, long, white gown, and red fez.

Those who begin to examine brass work usually end by developing a great fancy for it, and you may decide to buy a tray on which to serve your beans. There are many kinds, some oval, some having legs, and a few are very large, as the Bedouin believes this to be a sign of prosperity and hospitality, as the amount of food is supposed to be gauged by the size of the dish.

There are two kinds of brass work, in one the pattern is beaten out on a pitch foundation, and the designs are rounded; in the other it is chased, or cut in low relief, and the designs are chiefly geometrical. Some of the work is done in an adjoining room, as you will easily perceive by the din, but it is extremely difficult to find out where all the articles are made, for they are not all hammered out in the little workshop for so large a bazaar as this. Some of the things on those shelves, or set so carelessly about the wall, are seven or eight hundred years old, and bear ancient inscriptions, and names of kings of a

past age. If you ask where some article came from, you will perhaps answer, "Three days' journey from Basra," or "Fourteen days from Damascus," or "The shores of the Red Sea."

When I try to buy for you the tray which you have chosen, the shopkeeper will ask five times what he would have charged a native, and when, after continuing to haggle, for I should never think of paying what I would first asked in an oriental bazaar, I name what I think a fair sum, he says in a tone of contempt, "Take it as a gift of Allah," when he well knows that he is getting a high price, and that I am aware of the fact.

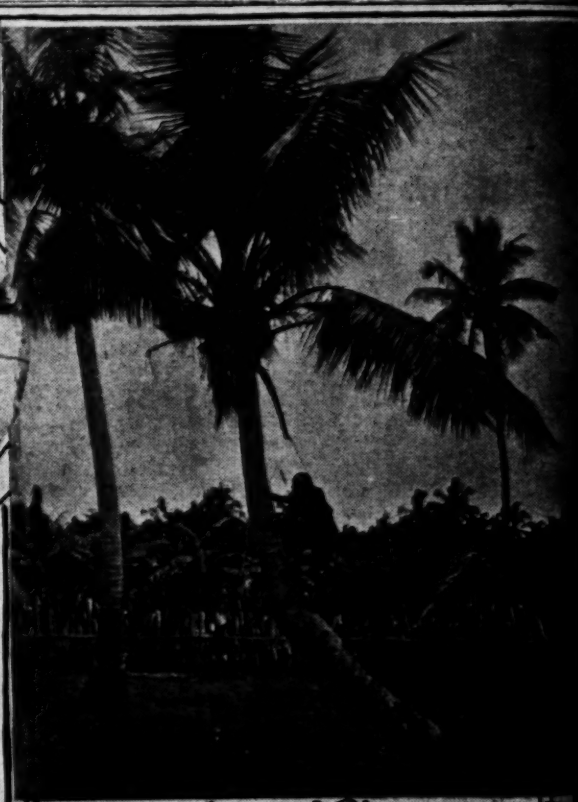
Perhaps you desire a silk robe to wear when you wear your lentils on the brass tray, so we will stop a moment at the silk bazaar. Very effective in coloring are the shawls for the head, with the gaudy red and yellow stripes to which the Bedouins and peasants are partial. The white ones with narrow colored edges are called the handkerchiefs streaked with yellow or white thread, which the Moslems use as turbans. But a turban would hardly be becoming to you, nor a woman's cloak, nor even a finer one from Bagdad. The finest shawls are on a divan in the corner, a tumultuous wave of brilliant, yet soft, as only oriental colors are. Here the women among these silken stuffs, white gowns shrouded in veils. But they do no float like real glass, they run and scamper, they chatter like magpies, and drive shrewd bargains.

As you pass from shop to shop it is most curious to hear the street cries. A boy is selling the thin, round bread, which has been baked on stones or a copper plate, and he shouts, "God is the nourisher; buy my bread. You will want some of it, for it is delicious, especially when eaten warm. The vendors of lemonade or sherbet cry: "Refresh thy heart; allay the heat." One who sells raisin water cries, "Well cleared, my child;" that is, say, the stones and skins of the raisins are carefully strained out.

The sweetmeat stall is always attractive. Do you notice that delicious odor of pistachio nuts steeping in



Circassian soldier



A Coconut Palm



Toilers of Algeria



Picking tea in Japan



the mad whirl. The gay kilts bobbed at the knees, the sash swung gracefully from shoulder and waist, the "warlock" dangled in front, the hunter's horn rang shrill above the din, and bagpipe, emblem of the true-born Scot, worked in its rustic note. All the frenzy of a bacchanalian orgy was let loose by the usually sober Scot. Pandemonium is a mild term to express this explosive babel. The laddies stamped till the floors creaked. They leaped in the air like bounding deer from the thicket, and whirled their breathless partners off their feet. They kicked to the corners, clapping hands and snapping fingers, they pirouetted on one leg with hands on hips, brandished their long arms above their heads, and shrieked such war cries and wild whoops as would have abashed the wild Indian in the din of battle. The reels and "speys" were a vent for surplus energy, an extravaganza of mirth without parallel. Perhaps they are danced best and merriest by those who have outlived the hardships of a Chinese raid. The rafters rang with the yells of the celebrants, and Gordon Hall was witness to a scene of revelry which formed queer contrast to the agonizing weeks of carnage which had made bloody history, but two short years before.

#### A Cosmopolitan Crowd.

As the friendly English had received with open arms the stranger, welcoming me to every joy of the hour, so were they equally kind to all whom they might gather in. It was a rallying night for the country round. A good time for everybody, and carping criticism flew out of the window as gaily blew in at the door. Nobody cared a flip that Elleen, my rosy-cheeked, large-hearted Irish girl, bounced like a pumpkin on the floor. The nurse from the hospital staff of the northern mines was having the time of her life. She made her record during the pests in Brazil, and she stood by the dead and dying in the stricken camps of Southern Africa, a staunch, brave spirit in the hour of need, now she threw her life into the merry reels with the same abandon that had made her loved in the horrors of war.

Supper was a proud item of St. Andrew's night. The caterer from Astor House had used his carte blanche for a banquet which would have graced the royal board of Holyrood in the days of the gay Mary. But not to the skilled fingers of the expert chef was left the triumph of the feast. Only by worthy and experienced Scotch dames could be prepared the immortal Haggis, famed in story, glory of culinary art to the Scotch epicure. Luckily for the unsophisticated tenderfoot, the kindly Scot neither expects nor insists that the stranger shall devour with joy his national dish. All are not born to love the haggis. It is an acquired taste, like olives, oysters, Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." Moreover, many would not think it worth acquiring. The haggis is a warm dish, this stomach of the sheep, stuffed with fiery peppers and spices, and served smoking hot.

In the biting air of a starry morn, the dancers rolled into wraps and called for their rikshas. Bundles of animated rags, celestial John and his inevitable "brother," tossed back their pigstails, swung into the shafts, and hustled their fare through the gloomy highways. St. Andrew's night in far Tien-Tsin was already a thing of the past, but the war whoops of the reels are not easily forgotten. The dance marks a mile stone in travel, and the lonely Thanksgiving on the giant wall which straggles overland is a cherished event in world-wide wanderings.

ADAMS-FISHER.

#### WE ARE ALL HERE.

We are all here!  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother.

All who hold each other dear,  
Each chair is filled—we're all at home;  
Tonight let no cold stranger come;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
Nor once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
And kind Affection rule the hour.  
We're all—all here.

#### We're not all here.

Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth  
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth,  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in, and thinned our little band,  
Some, like a night flash passed away,  
And some sank, lingering, day by day;  
The quiet graveyard—some lie there—  
And cruel ocean has his share—  
We're not all here!

#### We are all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,  
Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view;  
How lifelike, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears!  
We see them as in times long past;  
From each to each kind looks are cast;  
We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
They're round us as they were of old—  
We are all here!

#### We are all here!

Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,

You, that I love with love so dear,  
This may not long of us be said;  
Soon must we join the gathered dead;  
And by the hearth we now sit round,  
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,  
So, in the worlds to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
We're all—all here!

—[Charles Sprague.]

## The Genial Idiot.

### HE DISCUSSES THE MODERN KID AND HIS BRIGHT WAYS.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

"BY thunder—look at the date, will you?" said the Idiot, pointing to the headline of his morning paper. "November 29, when it seems only yesterday that we sat up and watched the old year die. Seems to me old Father Tempus should be arrested for fugitive beyond the speed limit."

"He certainly flies fast," observed Mr. Pedagog, with a sigh. "I am getting on in years—past sixty now, and somehow or other it doesn't seem as if my days were more than four or five hours long. I'll be a hundred before I know it."

"You have too good a time, Mr. Pedagog," said the Idiot. "That's what makes your days seem short. You are enjoying your otium cum dig in a scorching age."

"Do you call it ease to have to teach children nowadays?" asked the schoolmaster. "I don't. Compared to how things used to be, it's quite the reverse. Not only is the modern child harder to handle than his father, but somehow or other he seems instinctively to know more. He's a great deal harder to keep up with, and what with that and the new methods of teaching which must be learned, there's precious little spare time for a schoolmaster to devote to his own pleasures."

"The modern kid is one of the most interesting developments of the nineteenth century," said the Idiot. "And I should think you would find daily contact with him quite inspiring. I've got a bunch of nephews myself, and I think they're ripping lot, and each of 'em in a different way. Bobbie is five, Tommy is ten, and Jack is fifteen, and ten minutes with any one of 'em is a liberal education."

"I hope they're not acquiring any of their stores of knowledge from their uncle," said the Bibliomaniac. "If they are, I'm going to write to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and denounce you."

"No—I'm too selfish to share with anybody the rich store of learning that I have acquired from years of breakfasting with you gentlemen," returned the Idiot. "I'm a miser with the information I've got at this board—I just hoard and hoard and hoard it. When you tell me something I never knew before I wrap it up tenderly in cotton and put it away in a trunk with my other treasures, such as my first sock, and my little blue kid shoe, with the white pearl buttons, and the lock of my hair my first love cut off one of her switches for me when at the age of eight I tried to get her to desert her grandchildren and run off and marry me. Let your mind rest easy, Mr. Bibliomaniac, on that score. I love my nephews devotedly, but I'll see 'em grow up in ignorance before I'll share with them any of that confidential information which you, from time to time, lavish so generously upon me. Some day I shall use it for the benefit of the public in a ten volume edition of 'The Idiot's Encyclopedia,' which I intend to have published among my posthumous works."

"I dare say, judging from the quality of your discourse," observed Mr. Brief, "that on the contrary you have gained all the information you possess from them, eh? Your facts have a juvenile ring that suggests the idea, anyhow."

"That's it," said the Idiot. "Most of the things I know thoroughly they have taught me. All my theories in regard to the Panama and Nicaragua Canals, for instance, I have got direct from Tommy, the ten-year-old; my views on the subject of literature are at least traceable to Bobby, who, though only five, takes a pretty sane view of modern literary conditions, and as for the details of a complete philosophy of living, that fifteen-year-old Jack has got the whole thing at his finger ends."

"What nonsense!" said the Bibliomaniac. "The idea of a boy of ten having views on the Panama-Nicaragua business that are worth anything."

"Well, Tommy has," said the Idiot. "He was talking about it only the other night. My brother and I were having a discussion on the subject, and it was getting pretty hot. He was for Nicaragua and I was for Panama."

"That's like you," said the lawyer. What the Dickens made you a Panama advocate? Do you know anything about it?"

"Why, I have a sort of notion that if the Panama Canal goes through, the people down there will be rich enough to buy their own hats, and so relieve the United States of the necessity of wearing 'em," said the Idiot. "On esthetic grounds I object to Panama hats, now that men have taken to shaping them so that they look like inverted coal scuttles and sugar scoops. But my brother and I were fighting mad about it, and just as he was reaching for a lump of anthracite to throw at me, as a final proof that Nicaragua was the only route worth talking about, and I had grabbed the poker to poke Panama down his throat, Tommy puts in with, 'Aw, dig 'em both, an' come to supper.'"

The Poet smiled broadly. "That is a solution that doesn't seem to have occurred to anybody else, at any rate," said he.

"All sorts of ideas that never occur to anybody else occur to Tommy," said the Idiot. "He advanced the proposition the other day that the only part of arithmetic that was of any practical value as far as his experience went was subtraction, because his allowance was never added to, multiplied or divided, but always subtracted from, a theory that fits snugly into the financial condition of ninety-nine out of every hundred citizens of this country. To spend years learning how to write with a pen when typewriting machines can be bought for a song he regards as a great waste of time and energy, and to study spelling when you can have a secretary to do your letters for you is silly. As for history, he considers it useless to stow away in your head until it aches pages of stuff that you can find in a book whenever

you need to use it, advancing the undeniable truth that what's going to happen is better worth the knowing."

"By Jove!" laughed Mr. Brief. "He's your nephew all right, isn't he? Ideas of that kind seem to run in your family."

"Yep," returned the Idiot. "That's one reason why I don't like to spoil the youngsters with the commonplace ideas that anybody can have. What's the use of a special point of view if you don't avail yourself of it?"

"I should like to hear about the five-year-old literary prodigy," said the Poet.

"He's a dandy," cried the Idiot, enthusiastically. His comment on Browning, to my mind, sizes up the situation to perfection."

"Oh, come off," said the Bibliomaniac. "What rot. I don't believe any five-year-old boy except possibly the Boston lad of the comic papers who never existed, ever read a line of Browning. You are drawing upon your imagination."

"I never said Bobbie had read Browning," retorted the Idiot. "Save in your imagination. It is you who are overdrawing your account."

"How the deuce can he size Browning up then, if he hasn't read him?" demanded the Bibliomaniac, triumphantly.

"By listening when others read him," replied the Idiot. "My brother is very fond of reading aloud, and if walls had ears, and could spout what they have heard, there isn't a British poet that the plaster of his library couldn't reproduce. Last Sunday night he began on Sordello and stuck at it manfully to the end. Bobbie was sitting on the floor counting up his marbles, and apparently not paying much attention. My brother had read about twenty minutes, when he paused to cut two pages apart with his paper knife, when Bobbie put in 'Say, pa, if a little boy got lost in the middle of that poem, do you think he'd ever find his way out again?'"

"That boy is all right," said the genial old gentleman, who occasionally imbibed. "I feel exactly the same way—when I'm sober. I can't understand half of Browning's poems unless I've had half a dozen cocktails, and then I'm so tongue-twisted I can't explain 'em."

"You should wait until next morning," said the Poet, with a twinkling eye, "and then write out your solution."

"The trouble with that," replied the genial old gentleman, "is that when next morning comes I've forgotten the explanation."

"Well, that's too bad," laughed the Idiot. "If you only could remember you could write a sort of Baedeker to Browning, which would fill a long-felt want."

"Pah!" ejaculated the Bibliomaniac. "I have no difficulty in comprehending Browning—though you've got to take him in small doses, and think it out—that I admit."

"What does Bobbie think of the historical novel?" asked the Doctor. "Does he approve of that?"

"I was coming to that," said the Idiot. "I caught him sitting in a hammock one Sunday morning off in the country last summer, and he had Susan Brinckeroff Sudberry's 'Red Feather of Provence' in his hand. He was chucking away to himself to beat the band. 'What's the joke, Bobbie?' said I. 'I see yeadin', he chuckled. 'And you like the book very much, eh?' I queried. 'Yes,' he said, 'it's awful funny. I see yeadin' it upside down.' And he was. By Jingo, I believe that boy has the making of a critic in him. His favorite characters in fiction are Ernest Thompson-Seton and Noah, because they know all about animals. In history he has a pronounced liking for Jack the Giant Killer and Theodore Roosevelt, and for the Babes in the Woods he has no use for at all, because they hadn't sense enough to telephone for the police, and have their wicked uncle arrested as soon as he began to treat them badly."

"I should judge that that young man will be an author some day," smiled Mrs. Pedagog.

"He is already, madame," returned the Idiot. "He has delighted me frequently with a romance of his own, in which Little Lord Fauntleroy goes out to capture an Ogre, and is eaten by the latter before he has a chance to draw his riding whip and stab the wicked giant to the heart. It is a very short narrative, but it is full of dramatic situations, and in so far as pure fiction can be so, it strikes me as being relentlessly realistic."

"Did I understand you to say that there was a fifteen-year-old in that family who had reasoned out a philosophy of living that is worth while?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," said the Idiot. "He belongs to the 'Don't Worry Club.' When he plays golf and his ball lands in a hole, he doesn't use intemperate language the way his elders do, because, as he remarked the other day, he never knew a golfer to swear a ball out of a hole yet. When he broke his arm at football and I began to sympathize with him, he cut me short with the statement that it might have been his head, and then he couldn't play chess. When his father remonstrated with him for getting a six in Greek, he reminded the old gentleman that five would have been worse, and in response to his mother's mournful remark on a dark, dreary day recently that 'there wouldn't be any sun today,' he smiled and said that there would be just as much sun as ever on the other side of the fog. Last year he asked his father for ten dollars at Christmas, but his daddy demurred and gave him only five. Three days later he informed his parent that he was mighty glad he hadn't given him ten dollars after all, because he'd had his pocket picked on the cars and his loss was only half what it might have been."

"Ha," said Mr. Whitechoker. "He is a philosopher."

"Regular Sunny Jim, eh?" suggested the Bibliomaniac.

"That's what," said the Idiot. "It seems almost incredible that a boy of that age should be so calmly philosophical. But those are the facts. He's far ahead of his father in that respect."

"Oh, well—there's nothing new about it, after all," said the lawyer. "We have had the word of the sages for centuries that the child is father to the man."

"Yes," said the Idiot; "but this twentieth century boy is better than that. He's a regular grandfather to the man. By and by if things keep on the way they are going, posterity will put ancestry out of business altogether."

[Copyright, 1901, by John Russell Davidson.]



## The Habit Back.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

By Mrs. Charles Stewart Daggett.

Author of "Marinella," "X-Ray Stories," "Studies from an Earthquake Shock," "Chinese Sketches," etc.

**L**A PURITANA dots an upland southern vale, remote from temptation and fashionable guile. Only when a sparkling electric spray from the searchlight of Echo Mountain sweeps a darkened range, and when lascivious night eyes wink from distant streets in Los Angeles does the sober hamlet credit tales of Satan. In a retreat favored with heavenly altitude life moves slowly. As yet no profane trolley disturbs the prim ways of the tiny settlement, lost to the world on a mountain's wholesome breast. Even the echo has been trained to give back the "Long Meter Doxology." A postoffice and general merchandise store, schoolhouse, Baptist Church, and a dozen houses, form the village; beyond are small valley ranches—veritable hanging gardens—above an arid mesa. The southern sun has enriched this upland mold. Girdling the "mother mountain's" magic robe are emerald belts of orange trees and low-pruned grapes. The sky harbors no fog, and in springtime regenerating breezes waft smiles and sighs and sobs from Nature's soul. It is easy to be good in La Puritana. Inertia tempers nerves, as carnal ambitions fade. But to Miss Mary Web, returning home after a brief but diverting visit to Los Angeles, the far-away hamlet seemed dull. As the lady alighted from Samuel Wilson's wagon and stood once more before an arched opening in her cypress hedge row, she felt, for the first time in years, a spirit of rebellion. A subtle influence had made her a less contented person. She was not quite glad to be back in La Puritana. The thought of seeing her elder sister Rebecca did not thrill her; for some suppressed reason Miss Mary was miserable.

During her short absence spring had taken possession of the little valley. Over cleanly-cropped, rich-smelling hedges Cherokee roses spread pure sprays, like Easter stoles; Lady Banksia garlands swung from treetops with empire dash, while, glorifying the roof of the Web cottage, blazed a Gold of Ophir. Southern California's floral borealis of rosy flame, and glory. Nothing was missing from April's prodigal outburst. The ravishing air, the sun, the flowers, wished Miss Mary joy; yet in touch of so much sweetness, her heart was tintured with bitterness.

For the first time in fifteen years the little spinster passed beneath the cypress archway as under a rod. Mild tears smarted her round, child-like eyes, and her usually sprightly step was halting. But at the sudden appearance of a large, severe-looking woman, she plunged forward.

"You see I am here at last," she cried, with nervous gayety. "I did not mean to stay so long. Cousin Annis just compelled me to remain another week; I really fear I should have come before." Rebecca nodded coldly. "I hope you've enjoyed yourself," said she.

The wish, kindly expressed, carried an opposite import in both tone and inflection.

"Cousin Annis was so hospitable, and the children so dear and well behaved," the younger sister explained, shying, like a frightened colt, clear across the veranda.

Her arms were overflowing with bundles; as she sank into the nearest rocking-chair a large pasteboard box fell backward. With evident relief she spread the folds of her home-made frock, as Wilson followed with an old-fashioned valise.

"You seem to be badly winded; I low you're not half glad to get home," he whispered.

Mary's cheeks flushed. "Our mountain roads are uncommonly rough, and the wagon jolted my very breath," she answered with dignity.

To be boldly interpreted by a stranger—her marked inferior—was more than she could now endure. She waited in chilling silence for the man to depart, then the truth of his impertinent assertion stunned her. Although ignorant of football tactics, poor Miss Mary was unconsciously maneuvering for time. She was very much like a broken champion beneath a dripping sponge; sure of defeat, and keen to criticism. Her words stuck in her throat; the little conciliatory speech, rehearsed for days before, would not come forth. With Rebecca's hard, questioning eyes glued to the edges of the protruding white box. The elder Miss Web was undoubtedly "calling time," and for Miss Mary a "touchdown" had not been scored. She felt weak and unstrung, but arose, trembling.

"A little journey makes one very hungry, and mountain air is such a tonic. Let's go in and get supper," she suggested eagerly.

The brave attempt revived her, and she clutched her new possession firmly; yet once inside of the house, resolution withered. If Rebecca would only wait! Wait until after the evening dishes were washed and put away; then perhaps she might confess all. Mary wanted to eat a last meal of peace. When her sister had seen beneath the cover of the white box, a long delayed climax would be imminent. Dreadful things were sure to happen. With a flash of memory the little woman's uneventful history grew tragic. As never before she admitted the deadening power of Rebecca's will. Through long years Mary had been to this sister nothing but a foolish child, incapable of sensible judgment. The very clothes upon her back had been selected and fashioned by this uncompromising woman, who could not tolerate progress. Each fall and spring, for twenty years, the elder sister had used the same old dress patterns with stern satisfaction. While bachelor women of the world adopted smart, youthful costumes, stylish creations from Paris and tailor-wrought street gowns, the Misses Web were judiciously clothed in home-made frocks, admitting of turned breadths and regenerated seams: Rebecca held theories on utility, which sentimental Mary never dared to gainsay. Season after season the younger

woman had obeyed the odorous will of her sister; dressing in brown when she preferred blue, sporting a long tail to a basque when waists were round; clinging to fullness when skirts were narrow; wearing, in fact, to the bitter end, garments unchosen and unenjoyed.

Now, for the first time, the younger woman was prepared to defy Rebecca's established taste. The opportunity reposed in the large white box; for timid Mary had just brought from Los Angeles a beautiful tailor-made gown. When once the cover had been lifted, her dark secret would be out; Rebecca's infallibility denied, and strenuous sessions of home dressmaking, hitherto enlivened by mild squabbling and serious discussion, dissolved. Until now, Mary believed that she had counted the cost of her sister's displeasure, but at all events, it seemed best to know the worst.

"Sister," she faltered, "come into the bedroom and I will show you my new frock." To call the thing a gown was yet beyond her strength. As Mary pressed forward with her purchase, she took note of Rebecca's scorn. But her only thought was to have done with the exposure; she would open the box if the effort killed her. The binding strings were strong, and Mary's nervous fingers picked at the knots in vain. Rebecca's frugal eye watched her narrowly as she reached for a pair of scissors. "I am sorry, but I cannot save the thing—the knots won't slip," she faltered lamely. The snapping of the cords made her jump; then she raised the cover. To her utter confusion, violet powder drifted to her nostrils from layers of violet-colored tissue paper. Poor Miss Mary suddenly remembered that Rebecca's greatest aversion was perfume.

"I fear you will think me frivolous," she cried, with fresh misgiving. Miss Web put her handkerchief to her nose without remark. "I hope you will approve of my purchase," Mary went on. "You know I have always longed for a tailor-made suit, and Cousin Annis took me to such an excellent shop; the prices were so reasonable. I thought that getting my frock made in Los Angeles might save you trouble; now that your left lung is bad again I hate to see you sewing." She flung aside the sheets of violet tissue and drew forth a triumph of modern tailor's art. But all at once the upper measurements of the stylish "habit back" appeared indecently plain. In vain she tried to shake out a fold on the closely fitted hip lines; not even a wrinkle eased her embarrassment. The rear of the costume seemed to resemble the clean sweep of a toboggan slide; its startling modded effect gave Mary a sudden little chill.

"You had best wear trousers and get the whole effect," observed Rebecca. She rattled the violet paper with rasping emphasis.

"But, sister," the younger woman dropped the offensive habit skirt upon the bed and coughed behind her hand, "but, sister, why should we always be different from the others?"

The question was a fresh challenge. Hard seams in Miss Web's oblong cheeks deepened; her jaw locked, then opened with a defiant snap.

"When I allow a man to fit my figure, 'twill be when I'm ready for my coffin," she affirmed.

"But, Rebecca, the tailor did not actually fit me—a lady did that; he—Mary blushed richly—"he only came behind the curtain for a very few moments, just to see that everything was right. He just cut it out, planned it, and pressed the seams," she hastened to explain.

"When you rig up in your tailless coat, you had best walk out with Sally Gunn's tomcat, I hear his got lost in a trap. Or you might get Sam Woods to take you driving with his bobtail horse. He has just been arrested for cruelty to beasts; perhaps, if you helped pay his fine, he'd lend his turnout for church the day you show off."

Rebecca's scorn was pitiless. Resentment hardened her large features and cruelty sharpened her tongue.

Mary burst into tears. "I am a woman grown," she sobbed. "I've always obeyed you like a child, but I'm tired of never pleasing myself. Why should we go on forever living as we do? I'm sick of it! Sick unto death of it," she repeated.

Rebecca listened to her in icy amazement.

"If I had remembered mother's wish and not listened to you, I might have been like Cousin Annis, with a kind husband and children, and things to live for. You've always bent my will to yours; ever since I was a little girl you have made me act contrary to my inclination. I haven't taken a mite of comfort in my clothes for years. When I went to the city I found I was dressed differently from every one else, and it hurt my pride. You're only five years older, and yet you have kept me down like a baby. And I seem to be getting tired of the things you like best. I pine to have some part in life instead of planning for funerals, and what one of us will do if the other is taken away. Even our minister says we have a call to live above ground in the sunlight until our appointed time. I loved my father and mother as much as you, and I want to keep their graves neat; I like to cover the mounds with flowers and feel that I am doing my part as a daughter, but I can't seem to get a mite of comfort from mopping over their monuments with a wet rag. Nature has a lawful right to discolor grave stones. I should like to feel that mine was touched by the sun, the wind, and the rain, hopped upon by birds, and spun over, now and then, by a nice soft spider's web."

"Your notions would do credit to a book; but likely you haven't finished," Miss Web cut in.

"I don't mean to seem unkind, sister—indeed I don't," Mary's voice was fraught with mill-race agitation. Long-pent thoughts plunged fearlessly into words. "But when I go to the graveyard, mother doesn't seem to tell me to scrub the monument; if I feel her presence she bids me enjoy myself and do for the living, rather than for the dead. Since I went to Los Angeles and saw Cousin Annis making her husband and children, and all about her, happy, I have felt nothing but shame at the way we live."

"Anything more?" said Rebecca.

Mary bit her lip. "I'm not saying that you've not been a good sister," she hurried on, chokingly. "We have been all the world to each other, since mother died; and, perhaps, it was foolish to refer to the past—about

my not getting married." Mary's breath came hard. "I would be perfectly happy to be just as we are, if only you could feel willing for a bit of diversion now and then. I do so pine for a change. It does seem as if it would be nice to have company once in a while. At Cousin Annis's the neighbors are just like one big family. They know one another and play games of cards every evening. Once a month they have a little party, with chocolate and cakes, and two prizes for the ladies and two for the gentlemen."

Miss Mary reddened at the recklessness of her last statement. That she had recently been associated with the sterner sex had until now been hidden from Rebecca.

"Of course," she hastened to explain, "the greater number of the gentlemen are married, but all were so polite and considerate that it was impossible for me to feel embarrassed."

From ulterior motives the elder sister listened. Her silence was reassuring, and Mary went on with enthusiasm.

"You have no idea how interesting it is to play games for prizes. With your cool judgment you would be sure to win."

Her sister's austere nature was at times beguiled by the basest flattery; Mary followed up a possible advantage.

"I feel sure you would win a prize," she repeated.

Even a short experience at cards had developed spunk for the shrinking woman. The month in Los Angeles revealed the charm of heavy chances, and lest Rebecca should lose interest at the critical moment, Miss Mary rushed on.

"Why can we not entertain, some evening, with games and prizes?" She asked the question excitedly.

"What?" Miss Web's incredulous voice was not assuring.

"I think it would really do you good," the younger sister persisted.

"You do? Well, I shall try to pull through without your medicine. I can't remember that you have been noted for judicious actions—but I suppose you will send down a special train to Los Angeles, then carry your friends from the way station to the house in carriages. It won't take more than a day to haul them up here, and of course they will all stay over night."

Both voice and words were freighted with sarcasm. The satin-lined, tailless jacket seemed to furnish cause for a fresh outburst, for Rebecca caught it up and flung it the length of the spotless counterpane.

"I calculate you will wear your pinched-out frock and your hair stretched over a wool pad, like the minister's girl," she jeered.

"But, sister"—Mary's poor heart was thumping; she coughed, and went on. "But sister—I only thought to invite a few of our neighbors—and we have not entertained since the sewing circle—over eleven years."

The elder woman's brow darkened with vindictive memories. "The parlor carpet holds stains from lamp grease to this day, to say nothing of a glass pitcher broke to smithereens at the very beginning of Sam Ward's tomfoolery. No, Mary Web," she snorted hoarsely, "we'll not entertain, as you are pleased to call it, and if you feel no daughterly pride in keeping your parent's monument decently white, I do. If you want to wear skirts fitted skin tight, like a man's trousers, I am not responsible for your lack of decency, but I may still keep from acting the fool myself. If you give a gambling party in this house, you give it on your own account. Remember, I wash my hands of the whole thing. And mind you, don't say you can't do what you like. You needn't be throwing it up in my face that I kept you from getting married. Your old bean is still single—it's not too late to let him know that you've changed your mind. He is near at hand, and as addle-pated as ever. Just catch his eye when he's out after bugs and vermin; doubtless he'll jump at the chance of being taken care of by a woman with a comfortable income. Remember, I am done advising you—do as you please—I wash my hands of your affairs forever."

The quarrel was on afresh; for the first time in twenty dull years, the sisters faced in open, angry war.

"You never did set store by brains," cried Mary.

"Brains!" sneered Rebecca. "Of what good are brains, if their owner is unable to get his living? If you had married your learned, wool-gathering bug catcher I doubt not that by this time you would be nicely cured and pinned to the wall with one of your own darning needles. 'Tis a pity lizards are not fit for food; in that case some folks might have less trouble finding a square meal. Brains! Give me common sense and a shirt with a decent starched front!"

Miss Mary raised her head slowly. The round blue eyes seemed awakened to fresh, sweet fires, sudden spirits enveloped her small, unassuming person. Proudly wounded, proudly speechless, she gathered her offending tailor garments into the white box. Her small, ladylike hands trembled perceptibly amid layers of crackling tissue paper; otherwise Miss Mary rose to dramatic heights of wordless dignity. Close to her fluttering breast she held, with strange defiance, her new and fashionable possessions—then, with a sweeping courtesy to the vindictive woman, who had thus far mastered her life, she left the room.

That day and the next one, Rebecca ate her meals alone, but on the following morning the younger sister took her place, as usual, at the foot of the table. Mary's heart was too tender for strife; she was ready for peace at any cost to her pride. The gentle creature's Waterloo was over—Miss Rebecca Web's had just begun. As days went by, poor Mary paid dearly for a dream of independence. It took her six long weeks to compute the force of her sister's unforgiving will, and through all that time silence reigned in the Web household; Rebecca spoke no word. Each day the women performed their long-appointed tasks, with intensifying gloom. In vain Mary ventured a timid overture; Rebecca was stone; her lips were sealed with a sullen vow. Every moment the younger sister was made to feel the futility of reconciliation. As time went slowly forward, Mary's willful course became her shame; she was like a mourning dove without a mate. Through the day household duties



slightly tempered her agony, but at night the blue eyes grew almost sightless in a "low fog" of penitential tears. Her soft, amiable cheeks were now so frequently irrigated that little channels of grief had begun to form at the corners of the mouth. At first Mary had secretly enjoyed her dearly-bought finery. In her own little chamber, above Rebecca's impenetrable stronghold, she had admired the tailor-made costume, and vowed allegiance to the "habit back," had even dreamed of a future visit to Los Angeles. But as weeks went by without a sign of melting in her ice-bound sister, the solitary little masquerade above stairs grew tragic. She began to hate the white box on her closet shelf. The violet perfume of the tissue wrappings now seemed sent by the devil to lure her sinking soul to eternal silence. Rebecca's mute cruelty would soon drive her mad. She had not even courage to seek society away from home, and her church no longer gave her comfort.

At this particular time Mary would have gone on her knees before her sister, but that impassable person quelled every ardent advance with a stony stare. There seemed to be only one kind spot on all the earth for poor Miss Mary; this was her dead mother's garden. The prodigal, semi-tropical bloom of Southern California had never quite satisfied old Mrs. Web, who had planted quaint flowers common to the eastern summer. Mary loved this little plot, and now, near the end of May, when millions of rose leaves were strewn the ground with an annual shroud for departing glory, the old-fashioned lilies, snowballs, syringas and lilacs of far-away Ohio were also blooming. Today the unhappy woman felt the sweetness of the milder flowers. She thought of her childhood; of the one lover who had cheered her uneventful life; and of her parents, sleeping in the little burying ground on the spur of the mountain. Her lonely heart was charged with memories that the transplanted eastern flowers seemed to hold.

At last a great hope had come to Miss Mary; she suddenly remembered that the next day would be the 29th of May, a date made sacred by Rebecca for scrubbing and polishing the family monument. On former occasions the sisters had joined their forces; but on the succeeding morning, the 30th, Mary always went alone to the graves of their parents with great bunches of her mother's favorite blossoms. Her sister's interest focused at the muscular purification; a scrubbing brush and sapollo interpreted the conscientious rites of Rebecca's devotion—for flowers and sentimental fancies she had no use.

The lilacs this year were wonderful—finer, fuller blossoms than had ever clothed the California bushes. Mary sank her face close to their purple branches, and tears caught perfume for her feverish cheeks. What if Rebecca should ignore her on the approaching morrow? Would she then have courage to follow her to the burying ground uninvited? She asked the difficult question all day long; at night, in her own little chamber, she had come to no conclusion. She felt that she should surely die if her sister repulsed her, but no bold plan for reconciliation came to her mind. For hours she tossed and dreamed of Rebecca's hardening heart. When morning proved her darkest forecast, and her sister faced for the burying ground without a word or sign of weakening, Mary sank down hopeless. Then the fringe of Rebecca's shawl caught on a rosebush. Here was a last opportunity, perhaps she would soften. And the trembling penitent rushed forward.

"Sister, dear sister," she cried, but Rebecca pushed her aside with a stare.

Flinging her garments free from presumptuous briars, the elder woman passed on. Her tread was martial, strong and exultant, as she paced onward to the grating din of a fresh cake of sapollo thrashing against the sides of her tin water pail.

Mary pressed her tearful face close to her mother's lilacs; her heart was breaking. Suddenly the flowers sent a wave of fragrance. She thought she heard the voice of her mother commanding her to lift her head. Something seemed to tell the lonely creature that she had discharged her duty to Rebecca. Then, through the cypress archway, Mary saw the sky of a world beyond, with strange, new feelings. Voices, too, she heard, and childish joy filled her heart. She hastened forward, gazing eagerly down the street. A number of little boys were approaching, and towering above the bare-headed urchins was the old professor. The woman's pulse quickened. Doubtless her old lover was enriching the minds of the children, pointing out, as usual, the charms of some strange bug. But no, this time general interest was not centered in an insect, the affair on hand was even more exciting. Without warning, Miss Mary saw that she was herself the pivot of the sensation. The little boys were now crowding about, watching curiously, as her old friend placed in her trembling hand a "quick-delivery letter."

"Our postmistress has just received it," he explained. "She was sending it to you by the boys, when I discovered the special stamp and address. I saw Rebecca leaving for the graveyard, and feared you might be perturbed." His nearsighted eyes flamed kindly, and his round, sun-scorched cheeks shone like late fall apples. "Pray do not be frightened, I—I will open it for you—if I may?" he entreated delicately.

"Thank you," said Mary, again all of a tremble. "I have never had a special letter before—some one must be dead." She pressed her hands together, while her old lover, still addicted to method, carefully slit the end of the envelope.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "after all, the news is happy." Mary took the proffered letter, and as she read, joy thrilled her voice.

"It is a second invitation from my cousin Annis, she wishes me to return to Los Angeles. She says the children have missed me greatly," the woman cried, with strange excitement.

The boys now scattered at the uninteresting news. No sensation was in store for them—no one had died; nothing of importance had happened. The professor and Mary were alone.

"Ah!" said he, "I am glad that you were not afflicted."

"Thank you," said Mary. "A sudden shock is a dangerous thing."

"Yes," answered Miss Mary.

The professor coughed; after twenty years the old lovers met for the first time unchaperoned by Rebecca.

"Have you a cold?" the woman asked, with anxiety.

"Only a slight affection of the bronchial tubes; this fine warm weather will soon relieve me," the entomologist assured her.

But concern shone in Mary's eyes. "You should be careful; you ought to wear a chest protector. May I not make you one?"

"Ah!" said the professor, coughing again.

I will send it to you from Los Angeles. I think I must go in now and pack my things. I wish to start before my sister returns."

The professor's autumnal cheeks shone. "May I not drive you to the train?" he asked, with emotion. His chivalric air of twenty years back was still with him. "Wilson's team is hitched before the postoffice; when you are ready I will fetch it. Meantime, I would like to sit on your sunny veranda; it is a long time since I have been here," he added, reflectively.

He bowed gallantly, as Miss Mary fluttered away. Above, in her chamber, a fierce struggle began. What was she going to do? Was she actually leaving La Purissima forever? Would her hard sister soften when she came from the graveyard and found the house empty? How would Rebecca like protracted silence? Mary told herself that she had the right to leave her unhappy home; her sister had been too cruel, too hard upon her. Below, on the sunny veranda, she heard the professor talking to the young mocking birds that perched fearlessly about him; his gentle voice rose to her open window, and flooded the room with melody. Miss Mary felt like one begging for a remnant of happiness. For a moment she sank her head upon the bed, then her eyes lifted, and resolution made them almost young. She would never cry again. Her tears for this world had been shed. She had a right to happiness. In the looking-glass Miss Mary beheld herself with new interest; faint color had crept like spring beauties to the surface of her skin; she was far from being a plain woman. She went to the closet and lifted down the box. Yes, all was safe—between folds of violet paper. In her exhilaration, the perfumed, satin-lined jacket and habit back skirt invited her to make haste and put them on. At last Mary was free to dress as she pleased. Hidden in the bureau was a soft white silk waist, a stylish hat and a dotted veil. Mary took out her treasures, one by one; then she placed her best underclothing in a neat pile, ready for her father's old valise. She would leave her ugly frocks behind. The bitterness of those last weeks of silence should hide in their folds; moths might eat and rust corrupt the long-despised garments; reckless Miss Mary did not care. Bondage was ended, and the joyous return to life and Cousin Annis must be marked by complete change.

Suddenly the emancipated woman decided upon a pompadour. For the first time since childhood Mary dressed her hair with glee. When she put on her new hat, spring beauty tints shone through the dotted veil. In all her life the little woman had never felt such glowing self-respect. A short note to Rebecca, inclosing the recent invitation to the city, appeared to be the only hard chore of an eventful hour—then Mary Web went below to bloom once more for her early love.

"Ah," said the professor, springing forward, "the great satchel is far beyond your strength."

He took it gallantly, glancing sidewise beneath the dotted veil.

"When may Rebecca expect you home?" he asked.

"Never," said Mary; "I am not coming back. She has not said a kind word to me for six whole weeks; I've been almost beside myself with loneliness. First she was huffed about my tailor suit, then she spoke," Mary hesitated, and the tint beneath her veil deepened, "she spoke derogative to your character—she said what I could not stand." The truth was shocking, but the woman plunged on, her eyes cast down. "I was willing to be trampled on myself, but to have you denounced—she could not finish."

"Dear, dear Mary!" cried the old professor.

Their hands clasped, and twenty years were bridged in a second.

Out in the sunshine mockers made love. From old Mrs. Web's lilac bushes; from behind richly fringed pepper boughs, the bold little warblers called significantly:

"Sweetie! Sweetie! Sweetie!"

"Dearie! Dearie! Dearie!"

"Come here! Come here! Come here!"

"Listen," said the old naturalist; "listen to the birds—they will instruct us."

## DOGS THAT DIED OF GRIEF.

### MANY PATHETIC INSTANCES WHEN ANIMAL SORROW PROVED TO BE FATAL.

[London Express:] The Scarborough Irish terrier, that has just died on his master's grave after a five years' vigil of love and grief, has supplied one more example of the devotion of which the canine nature is possible.

To a height of intense attachment involving his own death the dog has risen over and over again in the history of the race.

The dog's companionship with man was first chronicled in the Book of Tobit. History since that time has been filled with instances bearing out the fact. The reality of that companionship, reaching to the highest points of attachment and sacrifice, has never lacked examples in any land.

Here is a story of a dog which belonged to a former postmaster of Fort William. He was a rough, thick-set little mongrel named Gilliemor, and he had a wide sympathy for the dead, as well as for all bereaved people.

Not a funeral took place in the country around his master's home, but he was present. In due time before a

funeral he would rise and shake himself, as though dressing, and then make off to the stricken home, and keep all beggars and noisy children at a respectful distance.

When the procession started he would join in, walking decorously, and after the coffin was lowered he would look anxiously into the grave, then at the mourners, and finally trot home. He was known to attend several funerals in widely remote places in one day.

### Died of Grief.

Instances of dogs who have grieved for strangers are not at all uncommon; but there are far more numerous examples of canine pets who have died of grief for their masters.

Many years ago the Chamber of Deputies in Brussels contained an empty wooden kennel in one corner. It had been brought from a neighboring churchyard, where it had been placed by some charitable people for a dog that never left his dead master's grave for seven years, and ultimately died there.

This dog belonged to a young French officer who fell covered with wounds in a battle when the Dutch invaded Brussels in 1830. His body was found on the battle field with the dog lying upon it, licking the wounds and howling piteously. He followed the body to the grave, and never again left the spot.

Sometimes the vigil of grief has not been drawn out to the long period it was in this heroic example.

### Officer's Pet Dog.

In the case of the captain of an artillery company of South Carolina, who was killed in the American Civil War, the officer's pet dog lay moaning upon the grave of his master, refusing to eat or drink, for three days, and then died.

This instance is all the more remarkable from the fact that the officer's body did not reach the family home in Columbia until a week after death.

The dog met it at the gate, knew by instinct that the coffin contained his dead master, lay under it in the parlor until the funeral, when he joined the procession to the grave.

A small Manchester terrier, belonging to a lady now living in an eastern suburb, died of grief and exhaustion a few years ago. His mistress married, and left her old home to reside some four miles away. The terrier was in deep trouble at once. He loved his mistress, and he loved the old home where he had been born, and had lived all his life.

He was a weakly little fellow; but nevertheless he commenced visiting his mistress almost every other day, coming and returning alone in the evening to his old quarters.

He could not keep this up for many months, however. Soon his visits became less frequent. Then he began to arrive very late in the day.

One afternoon a faint scratching was heard at the front door, and the little fellow walked in very exhausted, and died at his mistress' feet within half an hour. His steady devotion had killed him.

### Vain Self-Sacrifice.

A mastiff died of grief under tragic circumstances just outside Montreal, Canada, a short time ago.

He was seen by the engine-driver of a train leaping up and down on the track, and barking furiously. The whistle was sounded as loudly as possible, but with no effect. He would not quit the line; and just before the train came upon him he gave a loud, piteous moan, and crouched right in the permanent way.

The train was stopped, and the officials examined the case. The dog was found dead, and under his body a little child, dead also. It was the child of the dog's master. The little fellow had been playing on the track, and had afterwards lain there to sleep.

The dog had done his utmost to stop the train. His last loud howl of grief was when he found his efforts unavailing, and stretched himself over the little one's sleeping form to die.

Many other instances might be given of the dog's faithfulness unto death, but these will suffice to remind those who have never had personal experience of canine devotion in this degree, and, perhaps, are accustomed to value dog life cheaply.

How can one best immortalize such noble qualities as those of that Scarborough terrier? Could those devoted animals who have died of grief themselves say, it seems as though they would have us be faithful to all their kith and kin, as they themselves were faithful to us.

One more steadfast friend is dead. No costly sculpture with gilt inscription is expedient to perpetuate his memory. Rather let the money go to some good dogs' shelter and let us all remember the supreme affection of this Scarborough terrier by exercising a more thoughtful regard for all the canine race.

### WHEN NIAGARA RAN DRY.

On the 29th of March, 1848, Niagara ran dry as a result of a great ice jam at the entrance to the river near Buffalo. At that time the ice swept down the lake in such quantities that a jam of unusual proportions was created at the entrance to the river. So effective was the ice jam that no water passed around it. After the falls had drained the river channel the spectacle of the falls running dry was developed. There were many remarkable sights, and residents of the locality ventured to places that they had never expected to reach. Horses were driven far out in the river bed, and the most distant points in midstream knew the sound of footsteps. Millers, when called in the morning, were amazed at the information that there was no water in the river. People left Table Rock, on the Canadian side, and walked along the brink of the Horseshoe Fall one-third of the way over to Goat Island. On March 22, 1903, a similar condition existed.—[Orrin E. Dunlap, in December Book-lovers Magazine.]



## Keneu—The Eagle.

HOW HE CAME TO THE LAND OF  
THE MESQUITE.

By a Special Contributor.

**D**AWN lay on the Montezuma hills; dawn amethystine on the slopes, dull opalescent, pearl gray in the cañons, and yet fairly black in the gorges. Where the river foamed, and tumbled at the base of the granite cliff which ends Grayback on the north, a thousand tinted fountain of spray lost itself amid the jagged boulders which here obtrude themselves upon the otherwise placid surface of the stream. Along the little ledges and where the shade of the new-leaved sycamores did not deny the sun, a myriad-bued carpet of flowers was spread for the feet of the wanderer. Back farther in the hills the little golden violets made an aureate patchwork of the mountain side, while the air was full of pollen from willow and sycamore and beech. Drowsy bees began to hum in the still morning air, a lone trout leaped and played in the rapids, as the newly awakened flies, roused from their sleep in leaf and blossom, roamed aimlessly over the rippling water. Above the stream, in the stunted pine which grows from midway up the cliff's steep face, two ravens quarreled raucously over their respective perches on the bare limb well up to the top.

A hundred yards up stream from the rock, a slender doe, velvet-hoofed and with watchful ear and eye, drank from the little pool which here forms behind a sandy bar. Scarce another hundred yards back on the mountain side a great cat, almost as heavy as the deer, watched her, with lazy eyes from his place on a shelving ledge of rock. It mattered not to the lion how many deer drank at the river's brink if only his stomach could be as full as it now was forever. Even the little blue bush rabbits did not know that the great-voiced wanderer of the hills lay above them, but he knew of their presence, and marked them as a suitable future meal.

Dawn dozed along into mid-day; the great cat slept, his head on his paws, the deer dreamed uneasily in the thicket, and the little rabbits still played, a few feet back from the river's brink. But suddenly, out of the south and east, from over the long waste of sand and alkali and greasewood, came something big and black and with ponderous wings—something new to the Mesquite. It the lion saw not because of the limitations of his eyes; but the rabbits, with their bulging pupils, and the deer, with her great brown irides, they saw, and the rabbits started for home. Slowly, with long, powerful wing beats, came the huge, white-headed stranger; on, on, until for an instant he hovered over the little fleeing, blue forms in the brush. Not a moment did he hesitate, no second paused, but fell like a black plummet straight for the earth beneath. Wings close to his body, feet back under the tail, head drawn down into the shoulders, until he presented a cone-shaped front—so he fell. Almost he struck the earth, so powerful his impetus; but, turning just over the trembling back of his little prey—all too frightened to flee farther—the great, cruel talons opened, and when they closed again, he bore into the upper air the well-nigh lifeless body of one of the happy family that erstwhile played unharmed beneath the lion. Leisurely and with many wing flappings the new terror flew to the topmost limb of the lone pine, and there, having brushed the ravens away with one sweep of his enormous wings, sat him down to eat his breakfast.

So came Keneu to the Valley of the Mesquite. Whence and whither no man may say, nor yet why alone, when, at the changing of the moon of wildflowers, all the birds take their mates. Of these things I know not; only that he was a lordly bird, and cunning, beyond the ken of the bronzed ones with whom he later had to deal. Mate he had none or ever had, but lived his life alone, a chief without retainers, a warrior whose castle was but the stunted pine.

But the ravens would not for long leave him in peace, and they soon commenced to play with him as they had been wont to do with the hawks of the sycamore flats below. First they tried their best to drive him from his perch, for, regarding him as a huge hawk, they knew that once in mid-air he was at their mercy. But the newcomer paid little note to their doings, but ate until naught but the bones and a few tufts of fur remained of the little blue burrower. To Mahng, across on the ledge, the scene was a common one—the ever-noisy ravens, the doomed hawk, the dreamy afternoon, the full stomach—all were usual; but what happened to the ravens in mid-air over the granite peak was new to the great cat, and not less new to the sinewy hunter of another breed whose bronzed muscles tightened on the bow string as he saw the lordly white head drop slowly from his perch and then rise a sheer thousand feet, until its possessor became a mere speck in the great blue petal the heavens unrolled that day over the Mesquite. Bravely the ravens tried to follow, but the speed was too terrific, the height too great; and they gave it up, returning to their perches on the pine-tree top, chattering to themselves with short, one-worded ridicule of him whom they had dislodged so easily. But they knew not Keneu or his race; they, like the bronzed one beyond the stream, had something to learn, yet it would cost the ravens far more than the human hunter.

Slowly Keneu circled about the granite peak one side of which is the cliff. Each circle grew less, ever the spiral tapered toward the pine, until the ravens could stand the challenge no longer, and left the tree to dash at their easily-vanquished prey. But the character of the stranger was soon apparent. Motionless he hung in mid-air until the foremost raven was just beneath him. Then he fell, but not as he fell upon the frightened brush rabbit. This time he came down with wings spread wide so that he could turn at the instant; his en-

emy turned. Like a meteor, scarcely less black in the morning sun than the raven, he swept down, and away, away, headlong for the old pine and safety, fled the lesser bird; but no power of his could excel the speed with which the great talons, the wide-open mouth, backed by those awful, angered eyes, followed him. Almost to the pine he had attained, almost to the haven that had saved him from many a hawk; but too late. The wing beats came closer, the black body passed above him, and the talons buried themselves in his back. Then came from the white-head a sound new to the Valley of the Mesquite. Not unlike the midnight cry of Mahng, the screamer, it was, only weaker and of less volume. At it the great cat raised his head, and the brown hunter over on the trail half drew his bow, so keen, so full of life and the struggle was that cry. But never an instant paused the avenger; turning upward and away from the pine he rose, tearing the living raven into shreds until again he became a mere black dot against the blue of the morning sky. Then the terrible croaks of the dying raven ceased, and its mate, heavy with the fear of death, flapped slowly over the ridge, to appear no more in the valleys of Grayback—no nor any of the cañons of the Montezuma Hills.

Evening is the opposite of morning in the Montezuma hills; nothing more, save when the mighty thunderstorms that sometimes thrash about old Grayback's head permit the edge of their outer garments to trail through the balmy sunshine of the lower vales. So on this day, memorable alike to all the dwellers of the Mesquite, came the evening. Long, tapering fingers of shadow reached out to grasp the lowland and draw it to the heights. Spread on the western slope a cloth of gold yet lay, but on the eastern side the pearl gray of late morning had returned and was already shading into the darker half-lights of ebbing day. Far up and down the stream played the many bands of ducks; the lion lapped at the river's shore, while a lone fishhawk, heavy laden, winged his homeward trail through the amber eventide. Then slowly home from his towering flight came Keneu, and at the same time into the heart of the human across the stream came the old longing for possession, the old desire to take that life that no man may give. The simple longing to be cruel because he had the power was foreign to this child of the sun; he needed the big bird of the pine, and here he resolved to have him—if not alive, then dead; but better alive. Straight and strong, slant of eye and high of cheek bone, not less tawny than Mahng, who slept below, was this one, but he was human, and his heart no more cruel than half of ours, so he made no attempt to kill, only to lie unseen and watch the shifting panorama of his world—the happiest and best world he or any other man will ever know—the world of the outside.

That night at home in the lodge he planned, keeping his secret to himself and bearing the stigma of returning empty-handed from the hunt, without smile or frown. Next day, though the lion slept a score of miles down the river, and the deer drank from a spring back among the pines, yet there was the same hunter hid by the same trail, to watch his noble game. Much he longed to be Wah-beck, a killer of eagles, for he was but young and his hunting small as yet. He could not reach the tree either from below or above, and the rope to help him get to it must needs be woven from thongs of the hide of the deer. Many deer would be required, more than he had or could kill with his weapons, especially at that season, when even the wild children let the forest kin alone that there may be more of them for next year's killing. All that day Keneu hunted, relieving the fishhawk of a fine, fat trout and thus bringing terror to another dweller on the Mesquite. But all his warfare on the lesser life was not to be compared to the war against him which began that night. Far and near, he of the brown skin gleaned the fuzzy young of a certain butterfly, far and near he gathered buds of the great white poppy. These went together into a huge pot, there to boil for hours until should be added great chunks of meat, which the new hunter scattered up and down the river bank. He did not put them directly opposite the cliff. The old bird was too wise for all that; but he put them down on the bar and on the rock where the screamer had lain two nights before. To escape leaving a scent, he waded up the river to the bar and threw the meat ashore, while from above he dropped it on the ledge.

But in the morning he of the sable plume and lidless eyes deigned to pay little attention to the bait, so artfully offered. At least, the hunter, hid on the trail had thought he would eat the poppy-laden potion and so fall an easy prey. In this, though, the eagle tribe lacks not in senses of protection; so, having alighted on the bar, Keneu turned the meat over with hooked beak and, smelling the heavy scent, flew at once down stream, where a stranded duck, dead for some days, furnished his morning meal. Wicker traps succeeded nooses made from the hide of the lion and the deer, but to no avail. Woven from the osiers of the river's course, the traps yet bore the odor of the man animal, even though bathed in the oil of the wild anise that fringes the valley of the Mesquite from east to west, and the rawhide nooses so carefully laid too closely resembled certain long, sinuous things that Keneu had early learned to know and avoid. The great, white-headed bird never saw him who set the snares, but he began to hunt wider and wider, and the rabbits and quail and ducks, and even the fishhawk, close around home, had a rest for many days. Yet the man never rested in his hunting, save for such pursuit of the other wild kindred as would supply him with food. For the present he sought but one thing, and that the white-headed, sable-winged wanderer of the upper air.

Sunlight gave place to darkness, and day to day—nay more, week to week, until the moon of the blinded snakes hovered over the Montezuma country. Still Keneu stayed, still he hunted, always with success, among the farther hills, until the man came to believe him supernatural, almost possessed of more than his

share of cunning. Had he known aught of those who once ruled Olympus, he must have believed that deity the messenger of mighty Zeus scoured the heavens, an avenger incarnate. Once more he tried his meaty senses of his winged foe, but all to no avail. So at last the afternoon saw him of the bronzed skin crouched in the brush close by the bar whereon Keneu was wont to drink when at dusk he returned from his hunting grounds in the far east. Beside him lay his bow, doubtfully wrought from seasoned oak for this occasion, and barbed his arrows raised their feathered shafts from their skin quiver, yet his prey came not. Patiently he had in large stock—patience of the kind that, rightly directed, has conquered worlds. So he waited until the red sun tipped over the western hills, kissing their summits into flame. A little lizard ran over his mossy foot, a deer crashed through the thicket, a few feet back, but the hunter's eyes never left the eastern sky whence was to come that which, dead, if not alive, would release him from the taunts of his companions. He was no dreamer, this red-skinned primate, but he had worn a sort of robe of mysticism around the bird whose life he was about to take.

Then, out of the east at dusk, just as once before he had come at dawn, came the great black-coated wanderer. Straight as a die he came this time, on and on over the pine, until he paused over the bar to drop down to the remains of a duck left there from the morning's meal. Just as he settled himself, he raised his long wings until they almost met above his feathered head. There was a movement in the brush, a brown arm stretched, a low moaning sound came from the shaded shaft as the arrow escaped from a bow drawn to the double. The bird heard it too late. Vainly he endeavored to lift himself from the ground to escape the sliding shaft coming down the western rays of light. The arrow was too quick for him, the bowstring too strong, and when Keneu's wings beat the air up, up, in vain endeavor to reach the old pine, he bore through his powerful body the barbed dart of one he had never known. One after one, by painful wing flaps, he rose to the pine at last he gained it, clutched at the topmost limb for a despairing moment, and then plunged headlong down into the thick, protecting body of the lordly pine. A fitting place for the burial of a king—a gathering of her breast by Nature of those who are of her and are to be disturbed.

Today the raven croaks in the gaunt pine, the fishhawk still plunders the stream, and Mahng still lies on the hillside; but never since has come one of Keneu's kin to the lovely Valley of the Mesquite.

HARRY H. DUNN.

## REVOLVING HOUSES.

AN ARCHITECT'S DEVICE TO SECURE ALL THE  
SUNSHINE THAT COMES.

[London Mail:] When we hear of a house being constructed which turns round upon an axis so that it always faces the sun, we are inclined, after the most liberal experiences of the past year, to ridicule the idea. There ever being any sun for the house to face, granted ever so slight a hope that at some distant time we may be favored once more with a renewal of winters, the erection of such a domicile presents many advantages.

The fact that sunshine is of all things the best consumption shows at once the principal object of the invention, although its inventor, M. Petit, looks far ahead, and dreams of the time when all and sundry will be able to command shade or sun as they wish.

The arrangement by which the house is made simplicity itself. It is built upon a plate of steel, which can be revolved by means of a motor or a crank by hand, two men being sufficient to do all that is required. With its face pointing to the east in the morning, a turn of the crank at stated intervals turns the whole structure round, so that in whatever position the sun is, the front of the house is always turned toward him. Through the middle of the steel plate is a circular shaft, and here is the means of exit for the drain pipes, so on; while water pipes and electric-lighting wires are introduced through the same channel.

The said pipes and drains are jointed into a main shaft, which, in turn, revolves with the building, and in manner the internal arrangements are never disturbed. In addition to the capability of always facing the sun, each of the rooms is furnished with a double set of shutters. These consist of sliding shutters, no glass, if the person in any room requires all sunlight or shade, he rolls the shutters across the aperture, or faces sideways, and lets the front window alone open.

If, on the other hand, he requires shade, all he has to do is to open the shutters facing to the side and those facing the sun. It will be seen, therefore, that this ingenious house is made to suit all requirements. One can easily picture a seaside town composed of these sunshine houses, where eternal sunshine would literally "reign" supreme!

The suggestion for these sunshine houses came from Dr. Pellegrin, who studied under Mr. Flourens, inventor of the light cure, by the way. For a long time he thought over the subject, without any definite idea of its achievement being possible, till one day he said casually to M. Petit that he wished such a house could be built. M. Petit was surprised, not at the idea, but at the fact that any one should conceive there should be any difficulty in carrying it out, and he immediately set to work and made the plans, which resulted eventually in the sunshine house.

Brown: A man's nerve sometimes makes a difference of him.

Green: How's that?

Brown: Well, when he sees a dentist's sign, he stands.—[Cincinnati Enquirer,



sugar and oil? Sit down here a moment and rest, while we munch the candy known as rahat-ll-koum, or lumps of delight. Here, too, are the Turkish women in their rich silks of violet and canary color, eating yards and yards of candy, and drinking raspberry and currant sherbet, that the faithful may imbibe without intoxication. All the time outside in the crowded street the camels pass laden with their wares, and the donkeys with balloon-like women, who sit cross-legged on the very summit of the saddle, held on by donkey boys. "Allah! 'I Allah!" call the muezzins from the tall minarets, and above the warning call of the camel driver, the jingle of the donkey's bells, and the din of the street, we hear the quaint cry of the water seller, "Water, sweet as honey! Water from the spring. Drink, O faithful! The wind is hot and the way is long!"

But the lentils, and indeed all the real marketing, will be found at the gates of the city, so we will only halt for a moment at the bazaar of the shoemakers, where you may, if you desire, buy a pair of lemon-colored slippers of soft leather, pointed at the toe; and at the marquetrie bazaar, where you may watch them at work with choice woods and mother-of-pearl. Note here the large chests to hold the bride's trousseau, and the clogs to use in courtyards.

You will wonder as we pass what is being served in those odd little restaurants, where one or two of the tables are of ordinary height, with chairs, for the use of Europeans, and the others are low ones, around which the natives squat. Possibly they are serving leben, a dish made of goat's milk, soured with yeast. Then you may safely conjecture that they have some sort of salad, and perhaps a dish of tripe, with bread or cakes, lentils, and, inevitably, coffee. The latter is very strong and oily, and is taken from cups much less in size than our after-dinner coffee cups, but the flavor is something to be remembered for its richness.

But we will go on and buy our own dinner, for here are the city gates, and we know the market is near, by the noise and hubbub, which is something awful, and oriental. The kids and goats are bleating, the calves are bawling, and every sort of animal is here except swine. The shouting and screaming of the hucksters and the groaning of the camels help to swell the general uproar. Your vegetables you will find loaded in panniers on the back of a donkey, that stands dozing. Your fruit is here at this little stand against the wall, with a scant curtain stretched above it. It will be well if you know how to choose for yourself from the delicious almonds and figs, the grapes, pomegranates, apples and dates, for you may be sure that hook nose can smell a bargain.

"Melons with hearts of fire! Melons to bathe your beard!" Do you hear the cry down by that odd bit of stone ruin? If you were to stay here long that cry, both in the market place and in the streets would become as familiar as the "Rags and old iron" at home, for they often go about the streets with a basket that may be carried on the back. Pick your way alongside this kneeling camel; you must have melons with hearts of fire. The yellow, baggy trousers of the vendor will attract your attention. These garments are much in vogue, and are all cut after the same pattern, which is only a huge circle of cotton, sewed up a little way at the leg and tied around the waist with a cord. This accounts for the peculiar set of the garment.

But we are spending too much of our time in the oriental bazaars and markets, as I knew we would. That boy in the nightgown and fez squatting at the date booth has been my donkey boy often. Bright? He is as sharp as a needle, and since I have succeeded in convincing him that he cannot overreach or cheat me, he is perfectly trustworthy. We will give him our purchases to deliver for us, I will tell him where to go. Here is the tray, there are the silk robe and slippers, and I have the vegetables and fruit. He can buy the lentils cheaper than you can. Now while we are outside the gate, let us go summon Aladdin, and his wonderful lamp, and take a flying trip to a few other markets.

You must stop first and see this Algerian woman grinding corn. How would you like to make all your flour in that slow manner? The other woman sitting on the piece of matting near her is spinning after a very primitive method. Look at that dear little baby against the wall. We must not stay here, so off we go again. We will take a few moments to watch some of the world's toilers who are planting or harvesting the crops for food. Distance counts for nothing, you know, in this method of transportation. You like cocoanut cake and candy? Well, here is a man in the Cannibal Islands picking the nuts from a cocoanut palm. I do not mean to say that all of them grow in this locality, far from it, but this will show you how the tree looks. Sometimes we confuse the drink, cocoa, with the nut, but the former is made from the seeds of the pod or fruit of the cacao tree, but that is such a hard word for our tongues to say that it is usually known as the cocoa tree. You may have seen cocoanut cake and candy from this nut, but not cocoa, chocolate or chocolate creams.

Speaking of cocoa reminds me that you may enjoy seeing how tea grows. Presto, change! This time we are in Japan. Beyond us are the rice fields, rising in terraces up the mountain side, and the houses that we see are like top houses, with oiled paper for walls, and thick white matting on the floors. How clean these little maids look as they deftly pick the leaves from the plants and put them into the baskets to be carried away to dry. Each one has on a kimono, and a clean white cloth folded over the head, and I'll venture to say if you were to hear their names you would feel that they lent a flavor to the tea. Ear-of-Young-Rice, Chrysanthemum, Cherry Blossom; they are all pretty to hear.

It is a far cry from Japan to Venice, but I want you to see this vegetable boat that is coming up to the palace back door. Very odd sort of a kitchen this seems to an American housekeeper; the ceiling is as high as a church, the walls are of stone; the floor is marble, and the copper cooking utensils make a splendid glow of color in that dark corner. The vegetable man's name is Pietro, and his face is beautiful in outline, Tuscan brown in coloring. With what grace he lays a bunch of flowers, roses or jessamine on the pile of cabbages. Seen against

the hazy blue of the lagoons, the red of the tomatoes, the purple of the figs and grapes, and the green of the lettuce make a riot of color. Now we must go to the Rialto. No one who is interested in markets will fail to go there for sightseeing. Look out over the dozens of boats laden to the water's edge with fish, fruit and vegetables. Like great tired birds they settle on the surface of the water, and float slowly in. Up to the landing they swarm, and pile the baskets on the broad stone quay, from which they are taken to the markets. There are "Hollands of cabbages, and Spains of onions," and it looks as if all the pictures out of all the churches were buying and selling. Those painted sails, orange and scarlet and blue, are on the fishing boats. If the sails are gorgeous, the fish are more so, for they are in all the colors of the rainbow; mullet, rich in reds; silver fish, gold fish, and all sorts of queer little things that you may taste once, but will never taste again.

Bastien Lepage, the artist, used to say that there was a prevailing color in every place. In Paris it was blue, the blouse, the coat, the flower seller's apron, the blinds. In London the red predominates; you could not look down a street but you would see a strong bit of red somewhere, the wheels of a cart, a postbox, the letters on a shop, the uniform of a soldier. In Holland, it must be green, for there are miles of green fences, and houses of every shade, from pea green to bottle green, to say nothing of the cabbages. Here in Venice it must be pale blue, with all the lagoons, but just now, with the fire of the sunset against the western sky, it is deep orange and flame color. We must go back to the lentils and melons, the donkey boy and the silk robe and slippers.

The afternoon has waned, and the crowd is more dense as we take leave of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and go out again into the narrow street. A vendor of cress is crying, "Tender cresses from the spring of El-Du-l-yeh. If an old woman eats them she will be young again next morning." A boy with roasted peas calls, "Mother of two fires," meaning that they are well roasted; and a flower vendor says, "Appease your mother-in-law," that is, by offering her a bouquet.

And now it is time for us to separate. From one minaret to another we can hear the call to prayer, "Allah! 'I Allah!" Out over the dark roofs of the city, now full and clear, now faint, as the muezzin walks around to the other side of the minaret to send his call out in that direction; sonorous and sweet, filling all the air with a chant that seems above the earth, then fading away to a dream call. Already the Syrian desert is in darkness, and the western sun, sinking behind the Anti-Lebanon range, gleams on the white turbans and glittering camel trappings, making high lights on the darkening picture of the street; and as you bid me good-night, I will answer you after the manner of the country, "Peace be to you and yours."

## SOMETHING ABOUT SPONGES.

A DISCUSSION AS TO WHETHER THEY ARE ANIMALS OR NOT.

By a Special Contributor.

"Mergy, children, what's all this discussion about?" said mother, coming into the nursery. She was just in time to interrupt an argument between May and Jack, that was fast becoming a quarrel.

"It's about my new sponge," cried May, holding it up in her hand. "Jack said it was an animal, and I said it wasn't. Now, mother, you tell us who's right."

"I think Jack is, dear," said mother, quietly. "But you needn't feel so badly about it, because it's hard to decide either way. Now you both sit down and I'll tell you a little about sponges, so you won't have to quarrel over it a second time."

"To begin with, naturalists have decided to place sponges in the animal kingdom, although they have many characteristics of plant life. For instance, in spite of the fact that they are undoubtedly alive, yet, like plants, they show us no feeling, and seem to have no power of moving by themselves."

"Some kinds of sponges are found on almost all shores, but the majority are in deep water, where they have to be dived or dredged for. You know what a sponge looks like when we get it from the druggist? Suppose now, we were able to look at it carefully before it was taken from the water. We would find that on the outside it was filled with any number of openings, some large and some small. The big ones are called vents, and the little ones pores. Then if we could cut into the sponge we would see that it consisted of a network of fine threads, crossing each other in such a way as to make channels of various shapes and sizes. The large channels end in the vents on the outside. This inside network is lined with a jelly-like substance that looks like the white of an egg, but this all disappears as soon as the sponge is taken from the water. The small openings, or pores, are continually sucking in water, which just as constantly goes out again through the large openings or vents. This you see makes a steady current, which lasts as long as the sponge is in the water."

"Most sponges are found fastened to rocks, but there is one very interesting kind found in the waters near Great Britain, which attaches itself to oysters."

"Now I have a suggestion to make to you. When you begin to feel like quarreling, stop for a second and consider whether the encyclopedia might not decide the question more satisfactorily than quarreling. If it is something you can't find in the encyclopedia, ask me."

"You're lots better than an encyclopedia," said Jack, as mother started to go downstairs.

"And you're much nicer to hug," declared May, suiting her action to her words.

## SOMETHING ABOUT STAMPS.

We take so many things for granted that at times when we learn of the amount of trouble a simple-appearing thing has cost, we are amazed. For instance, how many, when they glibly stick a postage stamp on a letter, think of the amount of trouble that has been taken

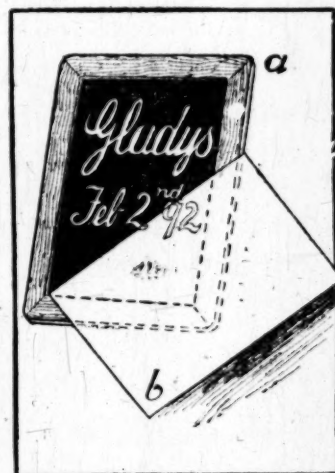
to put just the right amount of mucilage on the stamp? And yet the labor and care expended on the backs of stamps are considerable. It is a most delicate operation.

After the printing, great sheets of stamps are passed under a roller, from which they receive a thin coating of gum; then they are gradually dried over steam pipes. Of course, care is taken to make the coating even. Tests are hourly made to see that the heat and humidity are exactly right. Then for each season of the year allowance must be made. A harder gum for summer, a thinner one for winter. In winter the gum is apt to crack, and care must be taken to prevent that. A third grade for spring, and fall gum is known as "intermediate." So you see even so small a matter as a postage stamp is an item of interest in the country's workshop.

## A TRICK WITH A SLATE.

An ordinary slate, such as children write on, is shown to the audience; to prove that nothing is written upon it, both sides are rubbed with a wet sponge. A chair is brought to the foreground, the seat of which is covered with a black cloth. Then the performer asks any girl in the audience to be kind enough to give her first name, and offers to let the audience guess the date of her birth. After the name is given, the performer places the slate on the chair, and lays a piece of chalk upon it. After making a few motions over the slate to indicate that the writing is going on, the performer lifts the slate, and behold, one side of the slate shows the correct name and date of birth.

This seems to be a very hard trick to explain, but



nevertheless it is a very simple one. Take a plain slate, on one side of which the name and the date are previously written. A friend of the performer is instructed to call the name so quickly that no one else can get ahead of him. All that is left to do is to secrete the name and date on the slate until it is time for it to appear. To do this you will have to get a piece of cardboard fitting exactly over the black part of the slate, both sides of which are covered smoothly with black slate paper. Sheet b is laid over the side of the slate with the writing on it (a). Place the slate with the sheet over it face down on the chair. When you are going to show the secret writing to the audience, lift the slate in such a way that the sheet of paper stays upon the black cloth, where it (being black, too) cannot be discerned.

## SOAP BUBBLE PARTIES.

These are most interesting for all sizes and ages. Good clay pipes and castile soap, and bowls enough to go round, are the needful things; also a room which will not be hurt by a sprinkling of soapsuds; and one thing more, the smaller the child, the bigger the apron to cover him.

A little glycerine in the lukewarm soapsuds will make the bubbles brighter and more durable, and if a thick shawl is spread on the floor, they will bounce upon it like transparent balls.

A bubble tournament is great fun. Arrange sides, with leaders, of course. Let one side step forward in a line, with pipes and bowls; then the leader starts and sees how many bubbles he can make with one dip of his pipe. Each of his followers does likewise, while some one not in the game keeps the score. Then the other side takes its turn, and the side which blows the greatest number is the prize winner.

There are many different ways of enjoying this pretty pastime, and science has discovered several methods of heightening the colors in the bubbles, increasing the size, and making them last for several minutes before bursting.

## NEVERMORE.

Once more I stand beside the silvery sea,

And listen to the murmur of the waves upon the sand; My heart is lonely, for no longer, as in vanished years, I see thy much-loved face, nor clasp thy hand.

Never, oh, nevermore to meet again,

For us unblest the weary days and years glide slowly on;

Until in some bright clime far, far beyond the shining stars,

Our souls unite, and a new joy is born.

FLORENCE LUCILE LEAMING.

## A PLAIN BABY.

"Johnnie," said teacher, "I understand you have a new baby up at your house. Which is it, a boy or a girl?"

"Neither," said Johnnie promptly, "It's just a plain baby."



# Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

## FIELD NOTES.

J. W. Jeffey, Agricultural Editor.

### The Brownlow Bill.

IN another column I present something of interest upon the "good roads" question, being a study of the Brownlow bill. Many who have voted to endorse this measure at road conventions, farmers' clubs and the highway commissioners' meetings of Los Angeles have not had the privilege of examining the main provisions of the bill that is to come up for discussion at the next session of Congress. That opportunity is here given.

### Pernicious Grasses.

AN unusual number of inquiries are coming to this department of The Times regarding the law upon certain grasses and weeds which the State Legislature and the county authorities have tabooed by statute and ordinance. In one case I prevented an El Monte rancher from investing in a large lot of seed of the Johnson grass by advising him of the law passed by the last legislature forbidding the growth of this pernicious plant. This despised grass should not be allowed to harbor in the remotest places, much less to be introduced in a section of damp lands, where it could never be eradicated. I fear the enactment came too late to be effective, unless a vigorous, general campaign be inaugurated for its extermination upon a systematic basis and in the hands of thorough officials. The Johnson grass is a very popular forage crop in sections where cultivation of field or orchard crops are not the order. But its introduction to localities where crops requiring tillage are grown would be a great misfortune. As to the Bermuda grass, there is a great diversity of opinion, but there should be but one policy here—the policy of extermination. To all inquirers I will say that the farmers are awakening to the danger of Johnson grass, and the law should be enforced.

### The Latest Opinion.

THE TIMES last week published a brief press dispatch that has a far-reaching interest to walnut growers and perhaps other fruit growers including raisers of pears and olives. The dispatch contained the opinion of the Attorney-General of the State that the State and county horticultural laws do not authorize the officials respectively to destroy trees infected with disease. How the officials are to prevent the more general spread of walnut bacteriosis, pear blight and olive bacilli under this interpretation of the law is a poser. It is known that a majority of the walnut nurseries of the South are affected with the walnut disease and I have warned planters of this fact again and again. There is no doubt the law of 1897 intended to include tree diseases as well as insect pests, but the clause was so worded that the Attorney-General has evidently felt justified in giving his late opinion. The law of 1903, establishing a State Horticultural Commission has overcome this difficulty in its quarantine clauses, but they relate only to the introduction of disease from points outside the State. The diseases sought to be controlled are, unfortunately, already well established, and their control will be far more difficult than under a different interpretation. Buy only healthy, clean trees.

### From the Peat Lands.

I HAVE visited the peat lands and made inquiry diligently as to the coming celery crop, both as it affects the lesser trade of the coast and as it relates to the great Eastern shipments. The conditions as a whole were never more favorable, the small damage from insects being noticed in another note. The celery men promise an output of 2000 carloads, four or five hundred more than last season's output, at least. Few growers are inclined to place any qualifications upon the outlook for the present crop. The acreage is 25 per cent. heavier than that of last year and the crop is maturing with but few weather vicissitudes. A former official of the celery growers' organization says the system of distribution has been much improved during the last year, and the celery men have less fear of bad results from glutting certain markets. Some competition will be felt from the eastern celery crop, but that will soon disappear, leaving the market in a wholesome, receptive condition. This is the situation as sized up at present. The demand for California celery is exceedingly steady, and the months of December, January and February will clean out the crop.

### Exporting Apples.

THE Earl Fruit Company has sent out 30 carloads of Newtown pippins this season, to the markets of England and other firms have no doubt supplemented these large shipments to points in Great Britain. So important has grown this trade that the Earl company has built a packing-house at Watsonville for the better preparation of the fruit for exportation. It is not an experiment, this catering to the high-class English apple trade, and will in the future assume larger proportions. Popular interest in California apples will be greatly augmented by the fine exhibit now going into cold storage at St. Louis for the Exposition. It is not generally known that the California Commissioners have purchased nearly a carload of extra quality apples from the orchardists of Los Angeles county for the coming exposition. I speak conservatively when I say these apples will not be excelled in quality and appearance by any display at St. Louis. Commissioner Wiggins, it is hinted, had to pay dearly for some of this gift-edged fruit, but his office informs me that they are willing to

meet all comers with this display. Southern California will make a reputation on apples at the great fair, and the question of increased importations will depend alone upon the varieties grown, the Newtown Pippin being easily the favorite with the British trade.

### A Question of Law.

I PICKED up an item of unusual interest to the fruit farmer last week. It has been known for some time that a parasite of the purple scale and another of the codling moth are in existence in a remote portion of the earth. Continued correspondence between the State Horticultural Commissioner and the West Australian government has been held for months upon this matter of locating and securing colonies of these beneficial insects, in which the arrangement had been made for each of the interested parties to share in approximate equality in the expense of the search. State Commissioner Cooper has plenty of money to pay California's part, but the question of the legality of using a part of the appropriation has arisen and the whole plan of securing these parasites has for the time been blocked.

In behalf of the fruit interests of the State The Times hopes Commissioner Cooper may be advised that a mere technicality need not deter him from using a portion of the appropriation for this purpose. No one questions the intent of the enactment of 1903. Section 13 of the act entitled "An act to create a State Commissioner of Horticulture," reads: "The sum of \$4000 is hereby appropriated for the use and support and to pay the expenses of the State Commissioner of Horticulture for the years 1903 and 1904 commencing July 1, 1903, under this act." No better "use" could be made of this money than that of searching the world for beneficial insects. Since the introduction of the scutellista a new impetus has been given the introduction of parasites, but it is a reflection upon the entomologists of the world that this African fly was allowed to remain unknown when it might have had 30 years of usefulness upon the black scale of California. But it must be remembered that our entomologists have had to fight for every cent they secured for parasite hunting, and even now a technicality may further hinder the good work.

### Protecting Beneficial Birds.

A LARGE number of farmers, ornithologists and other citizens engaged in the work of protecting the native birds of Los Angeles county met with the Supervisors last Monday morning to present a petition designed to foster the feathered tribe which is more or less beneficial to our agricultural industries. At a consultation held in the office of the Horticultural Commission the preceding Saturday the original list of birds for which protection was to be asked was modified by excluding the intermediate sparrow, western tanager and cedar waxwing. When the petition came before the Board of Supervisors the California woodpecker was also left out of the protected list. Heretofore the mocking bird, oriole, meadow lark, robin and road-runner have been protected by State law, these being the only birds exempt from slaughter except the game birds during the closed season. After the hearing Monday the Supervisors ordered the District Attorney to prepare an ordinance in accordance with the request of the petitioners.

In the discussion that followed the presentation of the petition several of those attending asked that the new ordinance be drawn with regard to the protection of those who were compelled to destroy the linnets with poison or otherwise, and in so doing should incidentally kill birds named in the protective ordinance. The Supervisors directed that the ordinance include a provision exempting from prosecution those who killed other birds in going after the linnets. Another feature of the proposed ordinance provides that birds included in the protected list cannot be taken for scientific study without permission from the Horticultural Commission. This clause was made at the suggestion of the Supervisors and readily approved by all.

### First Butter Making.

ON the seventh day of this month the Imperial creamery turned out its first lot of butter. I mention this fact as the beginning of probably the largest production of dairy products of any locality in the State. In fact, the possibilities of the Imperial section in this line cannot well be over-estimated, the predictions running along the line of development which seemed the most reasonable when I went over this field in October. With an abundance of water, a climate that will produce at almost every season of the year feed in unlimited quantities, thus obviating the necessity of silos and other storage arrangements and soils that are adapted to the raising of dairy forage, there seems nothing in the way of this section becoming one of the greatest producers of butter and cheese in the United States. For a while operations will have to be maintained from one center. The farms are large and will be given to other agricultural industries as well, making the delivery of cream instead of milk necessary. This will require the use of the hand separator, unless electricity can be used cheaply. With this method of dairying, test symptoms will have to be established throughout the district in order to promote the keeping of the commandments whether the creamery be run upon the cooperative plan or conducted by a company. In a country where irrigation is cheaper than rain and all other qualities of a first-class dairy region are present there is no setting of bounds upon the development of this industry. Neither is it stating it too highly to say that the Imperial country may soon solve the question of cheaper but-

ter and cheese on which to feed the tourist and resident of Southern California.

### Notice to Dealers and Shippers.

THE Health Office of Los Angeles has just issued notice of great interest to growers of fruits and vegetables. The notice is as follows: "It is unlawful to sell or keep for sale in the city of Los Angeles any fruit or vegetables that are infected with scale or other pests, whether larvae or pupae, or that are in any manner affected so as to be unwholesome or unfit for food. All fruit and vegetables kept or stored in this city are subject to inspection at all times by the sanitary inspectors of the Board of Health, who are authorized and required to arrest any person selling, keeping or offering for sale any fruit or vegetables infected or affected in the manner above described." Scarcely a week passes in which several lots of fruit are not found in condition to scatter insect pests or prove detrimental to the health of the consumer. The Health Office now promises to make a vigorous campaign against this class of offenses, and we may look for cases in the courts as the result of the efforts of the officials to cleanse the markets of the city.

### Celery Infected With Worms.

AS the aftermath of last spring's invasion of cut worms I find the celery in several localities badly damaged by this insect. While out in the San Gabriel Valley a few days ago I examined a lot of celery prepared for the market containing large numbers of the common cut worm. In another case a lot of fine samples were sent to the city to be forwarded to the East on which large orders depended. Fortunately the condition of the bunches was discovered in time to prevent their shipping, and therefore the damaging of the reputation of one of our largest centers for the production of the popular vegetable. It is the first example of damage of this kind that I have seen, and while it is not extensive it is so prevalent that considerable uneasiness is felt among the growers of this great commodity. Readers of The Times will remember that I called attention to the almost universal parasitization of the cut worms as "Painted Lady" butterflies last spring, so we need not fear a general invasion of the cut worm next season where this has occurred. The celery growers were advised to set traps and otherwise guard against another invasion of their fields next season, but time will be required to work out an effective line of attack if cut worms are to continue their depredations. If it is not practical in this way it may be necessary to the introduction of tachina flies or other species of parasites that are known to prey upon the caterpillars and periodically infest our crops.

### Farmers' Institute.

A FARMERS' Club Institute will be held under the auspices of the University of California in San Diego December 2-4, conducted by Prof. A. J. Cook, Claremont, University Conductor of Farmers' Institutes in Southern California.

Wednesday, Dec. 2, 2 p. m.—Music, invocation, address of welcome, R. C. Allen, Bonita; response and report the year, A. J. Cook, Claremont; "The Olive," Dr. W. Sherman, Fresno; discussion opened by R. C. Allen, Bonita; "Modern Methods of Handling Lemons from Orchard to Market," F. A. Little, Riverside; discussion opened by C. C. Teague, Santa Paula; "Strawberry Culture," Dwight Griswold, Tropic; music.

Evening Session, 8 o'clock.—Music, question box, J. Cook; discussion opened by Prof. H. Culbertson, Cajon; "Raisin Grapes and Raisins," Mrs. Minnie Sherman, Fresno; "The Horticultural Commission," C. Allen, Bonita; discussion opened by Dr. E. W. Hoamson; "Silk Culture in California," music.

Thursday Morning, 10 o'clock.—Music, invocation, question box, A. J. Cook; "Parcel Post," M. V. Harlan, Los Angeles; "New Departures in Citrus Culture," James Mills, Riverside; discussion opened by C. Chapman, Fullerton; "Valuable Work of the Rhinoceros," Heman Copeland, Chula Vista; music.

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock.—Music, question box, J. Cook; "Loquats," C. P. Taft, Villa Park; "Spotting Fruit," Commissioner S. A. Pease, San Bernardino; "Fighting Scale Pest," C. A. Day, Pasadena; discussion opened by S. A. Pease, San Bernardino; music.

Evening Session, 8 o'clock.—Music, question box, J. Cook; "Direct Legislation," George H. Dunlop, Hollywood; "Street Ornamentation," Ernest Brautson, Glendale; "Grapes for the Market," Mrs. Minnie E. Sherman, Fresno; music.

Friday Morning, 10 o'clock.—Music, invocation, question box, A. J. Cook; "Parasites on Scale," Commissioner F. Austin, Escondido; report from the Experiment Station, J. W. Mills, Ontario; "Green Manuring," John E. Man, Cucamonga; music; discussion opened by J. W. Mills, Ontario.

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock.—Music, question box, J. Cook; "Direct Primaries," Hon. Edward M. C. Los Angeles; "Keeping the Boys on the Farm," George A. Gates, Claremont; reports and resolutions; music.

Evening—Boat-ride and banquet.

### THE ORCHARD.

#### Condition of a Famous Orange Grove.

YOURS of the 8th at hand. In regard to the groves, so far as I know, the grafted trees you are doing very well, and all the fruit they have since the 1895 freeze has been on those trees that grafted in the old stump.

Other people here, taking pattern after Mr. A.



did this, and have since done a good deal of grafting in the old stump. I have done a good deal of it myself; and while I cannot say positively about all the Adams trees, as I seldom go through their groves, I can tell you what my own have done, grafted in the same way:

In May, 1895, I grafted a small grove of about 150 trees which were cut off after the freeze from four to six feet high, supposed to be alive. They finally died to the ground, and were grafted in May, as I said above, and some of them bore fruit the second year. I do not know that a graft put in that way will bear any quicker than a bud put in at the same time; but, we gained a year, because we did not have to wait for sprouts to grow to bud into.

Of course, the grafts did not bear very much. They were not large enough to carry very many fruits.

Now, in regard to their present condition. Once in a while a hard wind will break one over, as they are not as solid yet as a budded sprout perhaps. I have lost perhaps a dozen all told out of a thousand trees. Not all my grafts were put in on top of old stumps, but a large majority of them were. Many of those grafts put in in 1895 froze out in 1899 (I think our last freeze was,) where not banked, and were regrafted after that freeze, and are now bearing to some extent. So far as anyone can see, there is no difference between grafts and buds, so far as stability is concerned.

The graft does not unite with the old stump; the new wood simply grows over and they may as they come to bear heavy crops now and then one go down. I believe it will be so, but so far, I see no trouble of that kind.

Trusting that I have given you the information you were after, and if there is anything else that you wish to know, write me.—(E. W. Chamberlain, Tangerine, Fla., in Times-Union.

### THE FARM.

#### The Brownlow Bill.

ONE objection that has been urged against the appropriation of money by the government to aid in road building is that the members of Congress would engage in such turmoil and unseemly strifes as are now witnessed in securing appropriations for rivers and harbors. This could not be the case under the Brownlow Bill, for it provides that no State shall receive in aid of road construction out of any money appropriated for that purpose a greater proportion of the total amount appropriated than its population bears to the total population of the United States. To illustrate: If \$20,000,000 should be appropriated, Massachusetts would receive, approximately, \$735,000; Alabama, \$497,000; Tennessee, \$524,000; Michigan, \$534,000, and Maryland, \$311,000.

However much work may be done by either of these States, it could not receive more than its proportion of the amount appropriated. Nor could any community in the several States complain of another for trying to secure the premium offered by the government in taking prompt and effective action in raising local funds to meet the requirements of the government. It would be a contest not between States, but between different counties of the same State, or between different subdivisions or townships, but the bill makes it impossible that there could be contests between the States themselves.

This bill is well guarded, also, as to the expenditure of the money appropriated by the government. Application must first be made by the officers having jurisdiction of the public roads in any State or county or district to the director of the bureau of public roads for cooperation in the construction of a public highway. After the application is made with the required resolution the director of the Bureau of Public Roads must have the route investigated to determine whether such a proposed road would be of sufficient importance to receive national aid. If it should be approved by the director upon investigation, then maps are to be prepared, plans and specifications made, the width of the road determined, together with an estimate of its cost.

A second application, with resolution, is then made by the local authorities and filed with the director, in which assurance is given that such road or a section thereof shall be constructed according to the provisions of the act. The director then advertises for bids for the construction of the road, and the contract is awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, or it may be awarded to the State or county or subdivision. The director may then issue his warrant on the Treasurer of the United States, but his warrant shall not be in excess of 80 per cent. of the work performed, and in all cases the government shall hold back 20 per cent. until the entire work has been finished.

To anyone who will study closely the provisions of the Brownlow bill it will be apparent that the interests of the government have been well protected in every particular. The value of the bill is the beneficent influence it will exert upon local action. Experience has shown that something is necessary to stimulate local effort in the matter of road building. The history of the construction of roads in all European countries shows that no good permanent free roads have ever been built by local assessments or taxation.—[Tribune-Farmer.

#### Saving of Seed Corn.

THERE is nothing of more importance to the farmers throughout the corn belt of the United States than the quality of seed corn. The Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture states that in the northern part of this area special precautions are always necessary in saving seed on account of the short season and the consequent difficulty in getting seed which is fully matured. In a season like the present these conditions hold good over a larger area than usual.

Most of the corn is in the field at the present time, and, if not immature, it at least contains a large percentage of moisture. If this moist corn is left in its present condition until after cold weather the freezing will kill a large part of the seed and the planting of this poor seed will mean a thin stand next year.

Where the seed corn has not already been obtained, it should be selected at once. Pick out only thoroughly matured ears, or, if none can be found that are thoroughly

matured, take the ripest to be had. Husk and put in a dry, well-ventilated place kept at a temperature of from 75 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and let them remain there until the seed is thoroughly dried and cured. After it has been dried it should be stored where it will remain reasonably dry and cool. It is only when the seed contain a large percentage of moisture that the germination is injured by freezing. If a little trouble is taken now in selecting and caring for next year's seed, the stand and the consequent yield will be greatly increased.

In all cases seed should be tested for germination a short time before planting, and only such seed planted as is found to be in the best condition. Seed tests can be made easily and often more conveniently at home, but the seed laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture, so far as its working force will allow, is prepared to make tests for corn growers without charge.

Important Points to Be Observed.—1. Select fully matured seed, or, at least, the ripest that can be obtained. 2. Bring the corn from the field before freezing weather and keep it in a warm, dry place, with ample ventilation, until thoroughly dried. 3. Store in a dry, cool place. 4. Test for germination before planting.—[Florida Agriculturist.

### THE DAIRY.

#### Prevention of Mould of Butter.

FOLLOWING is a copy of some suggestions made by the Montreal Produce Merchants Association as to points to be covered in a circular to be issued by Prof. J. W. Robertson, the dairy commissioner, to butter-makers and patrons with a view to the prevention of mould on butter:

The factories should be thoroughly cleaned by liberal whitewashing with lime and the use of any other germicide that experience can suggest.

As damp wood is a hotbed for breeding and disseminating spores of various kinds, care should be taken to have the woodwork of factories always thoroughly sound and dry, carefully removing all damp and decaying pieces, particularly from the floors and gutters. Drainage should be carried away from the factory beyond smelling distance by water-tight, vented and trapped drains.

Factory refrigerators should be kept as dry as possible, and nothing but sound wood allowed to remain in their structures.

Particular care should be taken that butter boxes are made only of thoroughly seasoned wood carefully and properly paraffined.

Only the best and purest parchment paper should be used for lining the boxes. This paper while awaiting use should be kept in a thoroughly dry, clean place; before used on the butter it should be carefully soaked in a solution of brine and formalin. It should never be applied in a dry state; and particularly it should never be used after being wet with pure water.

Great care should be taken in conveying butter from the factory to the railway station. It should be exposed as little as possible and for as short a time as possible.

#### Causes of Bad Milk.

THE following are some of the causes of tainted milk: Allowing the cows to drink impure water from dirty watering troughs, stagnant ponds, soakage from barnyards. Feeding rye, rape, turnip tops, leeks or decayed apples. Not wiping cow's flanks, udders and teats before milking. Milking with dirty hands. Using wooden pails for milk. Not straining the milk immediately after milking. Stirring or aerating (exposing to the air) close to a swill barrel, hog pen, hog trough, hogs, barnyard or milking yard. A rusty old milk can. Milking the cow, dumping the milk into the milk can and leaving it over night without either straining, aerating or cooling.

Milk should always be strained and aerated (exposed to pure air) by running through an aerator, dipping and stirring, immediately after milking. In warm weather the milk should be cooled by setting the pails or can in cold water while it is being aerated. Cool to 65 degrees. Saturday night's and Sunday morning's milk should be cooled to 60 degrees, set in a cool cellar and covered with a clean robe or blanket, and let alone till Monday morning.

Milk cans and pails should be washed with a brush and lukewarm water in which a little sal soda is dissolved, then scald and place on their sides in the sun. Cans and pails should be scoured with salt occasionally. A rusty can should never be used to send milk in to the factory. Successful dairying can be summed up in two words.—[American Cultivator.

### UNKNOWN REPUBLICS.

#### ORGANIZED GOVERNMENTS OF WHICH LITTLE IS EVER HEARD.

[Tit-Bits:] To many people the fact that there are a number of flourishing, independent republics in existence at the present time, which are practically unknown to the outside world, will doubtless seem almost incredible. There are, however, tiny states in various parts of Europe so completely isolated from the rest of the world that it is very few maps on which any trace of them can be found. But in spite of this they are very important communities in themselves, and can boast of a prosperous existence which would be a credit to any State.

One of the most interesting of these Tom Thumb republics is Andorra, an almost inaccessible state of about 6800 inhabitants, situated in the eastern Pyrenees. Andorra was declared a free state as long ago as the ninth century by Charlemagne, and at the present time holds a kind of semi-independent position between France and Spain. The republic, however, is governed by its own representatives, who constitute a sovereign council of twenty-four members, which council elects a president every four years.

The chief occupations of the Andorranos are agriculture, cattle-breeding, trade in wood, charcoal, and wool, and especially smuggling. At the same time they are good-natured, hard-working, hospitable people, and

needless to say, are devoted to liberty, which they are prepared to defend with a standing army of 1100 men.

About 150 miles from Andorra, in the Bases Pyrenees, is to be found another miniature republic, which, so far as area is concerned, has the distinction of being the smallest self-governed state in the world. It is called St. Goust, and is hardly a square mile in area. The population numbers about 130 souls, who rule themselves, mainly owing to the fact that the little state is so hard to get at that no one will take the trouble to alter its constitution.

St. Goust is situated on a rocky mountain top, which is so steep that when anybody dies it is quite impossible to have an ordinary funeral. A coffin could not be carried down the mountainside, and consequently the inhabitants have cut a groove into the face of the rock, and the coffin is made fast to a rope and allowed to slide down to the cemetery in Ossan Valley below, where all baptisms and marriages are performed. The president of St. Goust, who by the bye, is also tax collector, assessor, and judge, is elected by a council of twelve, who are chosen for five years by the people, the little republic having been ruled for more than two thousand years through a "council of elders."

The smallest republican state in regard to population is Tavolara, a little-known island about five miles long with an average width of half a mile, situated off the north coast of Sardinia. Many maps and geography books totally ignore the existence of this state. Yet it is a free and independent republic of about seventy inhabitants, who are their own rulers.

The people of Tavolara declared their independence as recently as 1886, the island having previously been made over in 1836 by King Charles Albert of Sardinia to the Bartoloni family. None of the great powers objected when the island threw off the yoke of monarchy, and during the last seventeen years the inhabitants have lived at peace with the world. They elect a president every six years, and a council of six members, all of whom serve the state without payment.

Jealousy between Belgium and Prussia has enabled the inhabitants of a tiny territory, called Moresnet, near Aix-la-Chapelle, to enjoy the rights of republican citizenship for the past two centuries. The two countries mentioned could not agree as to who should own Moresnet, and consequently they decided to make it neutral country. There are about 3000 people in Moresnet, who elect their own president and council of five, in whom the government of the republic is vested.

It is also owing to a disagreement between Austria and Servia that the folk who have taken up their residence on a certain little island in the Danube pay no taxes and acknowledge allegiance to nobody. The island, which has very appropriately been called Nobody's Island, was formed many years ago by the accumulation of mud and sand carried down by the great river during a flood. Since then Austria and Servia have been quarrelling about its possession.

At low water the island is almost connected with the Servian shore by a narrow tongue of sand, while at high water it lies nearer the Austrian island of Ostrovaer. Consequently, no one can decide to whom it really belongs; and, as the island is not worth enough to make it advisable for the Servian or the Austrian government to fight over its possession, the inhabitants are left entirely to themselves.

San Marino, a queer little Italian republic situated among the eastern spurs of the Apennines, is somewhat larger than any of the aforementioned states. This republic has an area of thirty-three square miles and a population of nearly 8000 people. San Marino is governed by a grand council of sixty life members, self-elected, of whom one-third are nobles. From this number are selected the council of twelve, who superintend agriculture and, with the assistance of two foreign lawyers, form the supreme court of the state. A standing army of 150 men is maintained, whose chief employment, however, is that of acting as policemen.

"Something bothering you, Miss Weaver?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Ragmore. It's only a trifle, of course, but our lives are made up of trifles, you know. Mamma and Aunt Miriam have been giving me such a lot of nice linen lately, and I was just wondering how I would have it marked."

"Why not with your name?"

"Yes, of course. But if I wanted to change it?"

"But you don't want to change it, do you?"

"Oh, Mr. Ragmore, this is so sudden!"—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.



### WE GUARANTEE TO PROVE

to your entire satisfaction that the Benecia Hancock Disc Plow is the best on earth, and will refund your money, if, after a fair trial, you are not convinced that it fulfills every one of the broad claims made for it.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

Wholesale, Retail, 130-136 N. LOS ANGELES ST.

### CALIFORNIA 25 CENTS A YEAR.

A great big "Ladies' Home Journal" size monthly magazine, brim full of resources and romance, facts and figures, pictures and stories of California and the Golden West, a monthly message from the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers—just the thing to send back home.

WESTERN EMPIRE, 31 Times Block, Los Angeles.



# Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

## PRACTICAL HYGIENE

By a Staff Writer.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers.]

### Value of Oil.

HERE is an interesting article, furnished The Times by Dr. E. M. L., on the oil cure, or the rationale of the oil treatment for the prevention and cure of diseases.

"The laws of nature are unchangeable. We are not living in a world of chance. Every effect is true to its cause. Health is a word derived from the old Saxon word, 'wealthe,' and it implies wholeness of every faculty and function of both mind and body. It is the normal condition of the human system. Every excessive or deficient action has a tendency to produce disease, or 'not ease,' as the name implies, one of the first intimations of which is found in the unequal circulation of the blood. This vital fluid accumulates about the brain and internal organs, while too small a portion flows through the arterial capillaries and venous radicals, which are closely connected with the cuticle or external skin. This outside covering, as well as every other organ of the body, is interwoven with a network of minute microscopic tubes, through which fluids are continually passing. This is true even of the bones and the hairs of the head.

One system of these ducts or pipes is employed in transmitting new material to all parts of the body, to be used in replacing and building up the worn-out and broken-down tissue, while another set of tubes act as do the sewers of a city, to carry away all effete matter, which if not removed will quickly develop some form of disease. From the food we eat, from the air we breathe and from the water that we drink we uniformly build up daily a pound or more in weight of new cell structure. Through the skin there are millions of little holes, called pores, the combined length of which in a full-grown man is said to be not less than twenty-seven miles. These pipes or pores act as safety tubes or sewers of the body, through which not less than a pound of impurity is daily passed out of the system in the form of insensible perspiration.

"Closing these pores causes disease and death. This was the result once on a time when a king had his son coated with gold foil glued to his body. He only survived for a few moments. Colds and catarrh come from some exposure which causes the pores to collapse. The external discharge of morbid matter having thus been arrested, the mucous membrane performs a vicarious or double duty. If this mucous matter—which at first is thin and watery—is carried to the brain, it may cause a fit of sneezing, which we call 'taking cold in the head.' If the discharge is made through the lungs, bowels or the genital organs, catarrh of the respective parts will surely supervene, and if not arrested it will end soon or late in pulmonary consumption, Bright's disease, or in some most obnoxious form of nervous or sexual disorder. Therefore the pores of the skin must be kept open.

"When these minute perforations through the cuticle become clogged up or partly obstructed, they fail to perform their purifying function, the liver becomes torpid, the complexion sallow, the breath foul, and constipation, the foster father of many forms of disease, will quickly follow. Nature has wisely provided a complete system, composed of numerous oil glands, with small bags, or cysts, called sebaceous follicles, for the express purpose of secreting and for dispensing a lubricating oil, for the two-fold function of keeping the pores of the skin open and smooth, and in a smooth, pliable and healthy condition.

The oils are all electric, and clothing worn loosely on the body, by its rubbing on the oily skin, constantly aids in the development of magnetic or nerve force. Silk or silk and woolen garments are more highly electric than cotton, and they should be worn night and day, next to the surface. They are less liable to retain the perspiration, and its dampness prevents the friction from evolving electricity, an agent which is now recognized as the great source of life, if not life itself.

The ancients, who were guided far more by natural instinct than ourselves, took great care to frequently oil the surface of their bodies, and they also used oils internally, both as a food and as a medicine. As a result we find they had comparatively few of our modern ailments, and were almost free from catarrh and consumption, which are our most common and fatal maladies. Then a bald head was seldom seen, dentistry as an art was unknown, and many of our mental and nervous maladies had not as yet begun to exist. But the people of that early period had far less need of a lubricating oil for their bodies than those of more modern times. With our early ancestors soap was an undiscovered compound, but with us it is an article of daily use. With it we cut or dissolve the oily substance elaborately prepared by the millions of oil glands, and purposely intended by nature to aid in evolving the vital forces required to conserve, and keep both mind and body in the best possible condition for securing health and happiness. Since we deprive the skin of its normal supply of oil, it stands to reason that a substitute must be provided, otherwise the nerves will become impaired,

and being thus deprived of vitalized electric energy, for lack of recuperative power, soon a long list of neurotic diseases will develop and cause life to become a burden too heavy to be borne.

Not only is the natural man of the forest guided by instinct to oil his body, but we find that it has been wisely planned by the Great Author of life that the fowls of the air should be furnished with sacks or reservoirs, from which they can draw a supply of oil for any emergency, and they teach man a lesson, by the way they uniformly oil themselves before the approach of a storm, or sudden change in the weather, and by so doing they are prevented from contracting colds and catarrh, to which birds, as well as animals, are susceptible. Laboring men who are employed in oil mills, whose clothing is at all times more or less saturated with grease, find themselves uniformly exempt from colds, coughs and catarrh. The same is true respecting the men that work in the oil regions. In our medical journals some remarkable cases are on record, reported by physicians, where men who were supposed to be far gone with consumption and other diseases have been restored to perfect health by engaging in work in oil factories.

"Not only does the exterior of the body need oiling, but the same is true of the internal organism. Cod liver oil has long been and still is in great demand as a remedy in pulmonary consumption, but it is a foul, nauseating drug, not to be compared with pure olive oil, which is now successfully prescribed by many most eminent physicians for the same purpose, and in combination with other oils it is vastly more beneficial.

"The Bible, in both the Old and the New Testaments, frequently refers to the uses of oil, not only as a remedial agent, but likewise as an article of food. It seems to have been employed to promote spiritual growth as well as physical health. We read of 'the oil of gladness.' Samuel was divinely inspired and instructed whom to anoint, and Moses was directed to use pure olive oil in the tabernacle. The Prophet Micah writes about 'rivers of oil,' and the wise virgins 'had oil in their vessels.' As an article of food it was next to bread 'the staff of life,' for we read of no other food being provided by Elijah for the widow and her son during the great famine.

"Oil was the only materia medica employed by St. James, who like all the apostles was commissioned to heal the sick, but he prescribed no other remedy than oil, and St. Luke, the physician, tells of the Good Samaritan using oil for the wounded man, 'who fell among thieves.' The Wise Men presented precious oils to the Virgin Mary at the birth of Jesus, and the profusion of costly ointment from the alabaster box, so freely applied by the loving hand of Mary only a short time before the betrayal of Christ, may have been instrumental in arousing the demon of jealousy in the heart of Judas, which instigated the arrest and led to the fearful tragedy of Calvary.

"The examples furnished from profane history are no less remarkable and instructive than those of the sacred scriptures, and they show conclusively the high estimation in which oil was held by the ancients as a curative agency. The oil of Cajeput was regarded by the people of India as a most wonderful panacea, with properties that were sufficiently powerful to cure diseases of every kind, also to prevent the spread of the most malignant plague or pestilence, if only a sufficient quantity could be obtained.

"The great variety of oils and ointments placed on the market, and the vast fortunes that have been realized from their ready sales, plainly show that the common people of the present day believe no less than those of past ages in the efficacy of oil in the treatment of a great variety of diseased conditions.

### Raw Diet.

G. N. writes as follows from Redlands:

"I have been interested in your articles in the Sunday Times, and have followed up your hints, but do not seem to be benefited. Have been troubled with weak stomach and bad liver for some time, and am run down, and my blood is very thin. I have tried to eat nourishing foods, but such as milk, eggs, butter and any fatty substances do not agree with my liver. Even olive oil seems too greasy. Now, I would like to try a raw diet for a while, and would like to have you suggest what would be suitable for breakfast, dinner and supper. I have tried two meals a day, but get so weak without eating a little in the morning that I can not eat when noon comes."

If the correspondent has really followed out carefully the suggestions given from time to time in this department, he should certainly have noted an improvement in his condition, as everybody must do who follows the laws of health. It is probable that he has 'slipped a cog' in some direction. Milk, eggs and butter are all more or less hard upon the liver. Any one who suffers from a tendency to liver troubles would do well to cut these articles out of his dietary. Olive oil, on the contrary, is good for the liver—that is, if it is pure oil. Perhaps the correspondent has been using cottonseed oil, disguised as 'pure olive oil,' or 'salad oil.'

If he will sip a little hot water, slowly, in the forenoon, he will find that the feeling of weakness will disappear. It is not caused by a demand for nourishment on part of the digestive organs, but from a contraction of the walls of the stomach, which has lost its tone, through abuse.

For a raw diet nothing better can be suggested than nuts and fruits, in the great variety found in this favored

(CONTINUED ON 29TH PAGE.)

## TOOTH TALK

### PERFECT CROWNS.

My special method of adapting the crown to the root insures a perfect fit. I make so many styles of crowns that I can fit any kind of a root, and save a great many roots that other dentists would have to extract. By prophylactic methods I maintain a healthy condition of the root, and make the new tooth almost as good as a perfect natural one.

### MY BRIDGE WORK.

To make a perfect bridge is one of the crowning feats of dentistry. I take justifiable pride in excelling in this branch. Good bridging replaces lost teeth without clasps, plates or any mechanical contrivance that interferes with the tongue or articulation. High grade materials must be used to insure strength and durability, and the dentist must possess more than ordinary artistic taste in the selection of teeth, to avoid that glaring artificial look. I will gladly make an examination and an estimate of cost without charge.

WALTER T. COVINGTON, D. D. S.

220 1/2 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 2055. Home 5196.

First Entrance N. of Christopher's. Open Sundays—10 to 12.

## CURSE OF DRINK

CURED TO STAY CURED BY WHITE RIBBON REMEDY. Any woman can cure her husband, son or brother, or any one of liquor drinking, by secretly placing White Ribbon Remedy in his food, tea or food without his knowledge. This has been done in thousands of cases, and the cures have been permanent. White Ribbon Remedy is entirely odorless and tasteless. Any good and faithful woman can wipe out this fearful drink devil, and permanently stop his craving for liquor. By degrees the patient gets a distaste for alcoholic and finally leaves off altogether.

RECOMMENDED BY MEMBERS OF WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

White Ribbon Remedy cures and destroys the diseased appetite for all alcoholic drinks, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, 'tippler,' social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

### CURES GUARANTEED.

Sold in every drug store. \$1 per box. Trial package free by writing or calling on Mrs. T. C. Moore, Supt. Press, W. C. T. U., 301 S. Bunker Hill Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Special Agents in Los Angeles, Cal. OWL DRUG CO., 320 South Spring Street.

## OPEN AIR CURE OF BRONCHITIS AND PULMONARY TUBERCULOSIS AT ESPERANZA SANATORIUM.

Ideally located at the foot of Mt. Lowe, overlooking Pasadena and Los Angeles. Winter and Summer climate near perfection. Altitude 1800 feet. Cottage plan. Modern conveniences. Thoroughly equipped with X-Ray apparatus and latest scientific appliances for successful treatment of Pulmonary diseases.

For particulars and terms, address

DR. F. C. MELTON,

Tel. Suburban 55. Altadena, Cal.

## CATARRH OR INDIGESTION

If suffering from either, Yerba Lip-Tus Remedies Cure You. Here is positive proof from home people: "For 15 years I suffered untold agony with indigestion and catarrh of stomach. Yerba Lip-Tus cured me." Mrs. W. Sues, 565 South Grand Ave. "I had nasal catarrh for 22 years, and lost sense of smell. Yerba Lip-Tus cured me and restored sense of smell."—John Jacky, 10 Diamond Street.

THE HILL YERBA LIP-TUS CO.,

786 SAN PEDRO STREET.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR MOLE AND BIRTH MARKS

Removed by the latest known scientific methods. No return, no satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Yes, no chances. City references. Call or address Marion Lewis, S. Grand Ave. Office hours 2 to 4 p. m. Mornings and Sundays by appointment.

## SWEDISH INSTITUTE

Established in this city 1897.

522 SOUTH HILL, OPPOSITE CENTRAL PARK.

MEDICAL GYMNASIUM, SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE, HYDROPATHY, Good for sickness or health. Great remedies for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Female Trouble (Prof. Thure Brandt's system with knife), Stomach Troubles, Nervousness.

DR. J. V. WALDEN, P. OLSON, M. G.

## DISTILLED WATER

A Water that leaves the water pure, sweet and delicious—not stale and flat, because it is the only Still on the market that produces aerated water. WHY? Send for booklet. It is free.

THE ROSE STANDARD STILL CO.

MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.

## R. F. PHILIPS, LUXODONTIST

Makes LOOSE TEETH firm, comfortable and serviceable.

326 SOUTH BROADWAY.

518 Johnson Building

Home Phone 6481

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



# Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE.)

section, where one may have on one's table a different kind of fruit at every meal, for a week, all the year round. Then, among other nuts, there are walnuts, hazel nuts, Brazil nuts, pignons and others. It is well to remove the skins, which may usually be done by pouring boiling water over them. The peanut is not a true nut, and should be rejected. The chestnut contains too much starch. Ripe olives and salads, with olive oil, and sliced tomatoes, should be added to the bill of fare, to which, if there is no objection to dairy products, may be added a little fresh cream cheese.

If the correspondent cares to experiment with a sort of manufactured raw food, he might try the coconut bread used by David Ammann and his family of Hollywood, to which reference has been made in this department. He crushes shredded coconut and oatmeal together, under great pressure, for a considerable time. The bread has to be eaten fresh. Of late he has substituted gluten for oatmeal. Mr. Ammann would doubtless be willing to give the correspondent on request further particulars in regard to this food.

## Worms.

MR. L. H. of Los Angeles writes as follows:

"For the benefit of Mrs. M. S. of Alameda county I will say that she has all the symptoms of stomach and liver worms. For a year and a half I have suffered as she describes. I lost forty-four pounds, and was supposed by many to have consumption. Just two weeks ago I was sent to a worm specialist, who removed thousands of worms in twenty-four hours. I now feel like a new woman. I have a good appetite, sleep well and am now able to keep warm at night. I would advise her to consult a worm doctor at once, and if he removes the worms it will cost her \$15. If he fails, it will cost nothing.

"I have followed your suggestions for many months, and find them very helpful."

Caution should be exercised in patronizing a "worm doctor." There are many frauds among them. Not long ago two brothers operated in Los Angeles as "worm doctors," doing a large business. They quarreled over money matters, and it was shown in court that they had a trick of causing worms—or something like worms—to appear in the stool, after a patient had been operated on. In this way it is an easy thing for any "specialist" to agree to charge nothing unless he effects a "cure."

There is no need to go to a so-called "worm doctor" to remove the worms, any more than to cure you of constipation. Various kinds of worms infest the human body. Children are particularly liable to them. For the small worms which are found in the rectum, perfect cleanliness, regularity of the bowels, daily enemas of salt water, and anointing the anus with sweet oil, are the best remedies. Indigestion and constipation are the chief causes.

Tapeworm and the large round worm require more energetic measures of treatment. For the first the best remedy known is the seed of the common pumpkin. Take two ounces of fresh seeds, remove the shells, and beat them into a paste with an equal quantity of finely pulverized white sugar. Add a little milk or water, and take at one dose after fasting twenty-four hours. After three hours take a tablespoonful of castor oil. If this does not dislodge the worm, there probably is none. Many people imagine they have tapeworm when they have not. For a child, the dose should be about one-half that for an adult. The fluid extract of the seeds can be obtained at the drug stores, the dose of which is half a fluid ounce.

For the round worms, wormseed, chenopodium, is one of the best remedies. To a child two or three years old give half a drachm of the seed in syrup or honey, night and morning, for three or four days in succession. After the last dose, give a teaspoonful of castor oil. Five or ten drops of the oil may be given with sugar in place of the seed.

Yet another remedy recommended for worms in adults is to take, after a fast of twenty-four hours, ten drops of turpentine on a lump of sugar, and then, a few hours later, a dose of castor oil.

After relieving yourself of the worms, take care that you keep your stomach and bowels in a clean, healthy condition, so that there may be no good breeding ground for these parasites.

## Female Troubles.

R. N. H. sends the following:

"For several years my wife has been troubled more or less with female disease, and three or four doctors have at various times attempted to diagnose her case, each coming to a different determination, although some of them pronounced it very serious. Recently, on the recommendation of a friend, she began using some suppositories, the result being that several times after their use there have been expelled tough, liver-like clotted pieces, some of them larger than a silver dollar. Her menstruations have been more regular since taking this medicine, and she has experienced less pain, and her general health has been, we think, a little better. I am very much worried over her condition, however, and although a poor man, want to get the best medical advice obtainable. I am not acquainted with many of the physicians here, and am mortally afraid of falling into the hands of some practitioner whose first thought would be the knife, and his second the extraction of a large fee; although the Lord knows I am willing to impoverish myself in order to secure in any degree some benefit to my wife's health. I have seen too often the results of surgical treatment, and am afraid of it.

"My wife is not yet 30; we have had but one child, born nine years ago. My wife has a good appetite, sleeps well, and is physically quite strong, with the exception

of occasional pain and languor from the complaint referred to.

"After the different diagnoses of her case made by the various doctors referred to, to none of them would I care to trust it. I am in hopes that local treatment and careful dieting, and outdoor exercise may bring her around all right. From all I can learn it seems that nearly every woman is afflicted more or less, and I presume it is to be expected. This matter of expelling these clotted pieces, is, we find, not unusual with other women, but I am anxious to secure the best advice possible; and would be much obliged if you would state whether you would recommend dieting, exercise and local treatment for a while, or whether we should attempt to find some practitioner who is able to cope with the case, and will treat us with fairness and honesty. Of course we do not expect you to suggest the name of any physician. We have been here but a few months, and know but few doctors here. She improves wonderfully after a few weeks' sojourn at the beach, and is practically free from any trouble, is able to bathe regularly in the surf, and remain in the water for two or three hours at a time without being weakened."

These widely advertised suppositories—usually named after some flower, with which they have not the remotest connection—all act in the way described, and therefore must be more or less injurious. They probably condense and solidify the secretions, but they do not, of course, affect the cause of the disease. The correspondent is wise in being afraid of the surgeon's knife, which is used altogether too freely nowadays. Let his wife also avoid local treatments, which usually do more harm than good, except where there is some misplacement, and even then much good may be done by attention to general hygiene. The only local treatment should be regular injections, to keep the parts clean.

Let the woman avoid coffee. That is a very bad thing to use in such cases as this. Let her adopt the no-breakfast plan, eat moderately of easily-digested food, take moderate exercise, and breathe fresh air night and day. In this way she will soon note an improvement in her health. However, if she particularly wishes to take some kind of a treatment, she might try osteopathy, which has proved efficacious in similar cases, being sure to select a conscientious and experienced practitioner.

Two or three hours is altogether too long a period to remain in the ocean. Twenty minutes would be ample, but that may be supplemented by a sun bath of an hour, followed by a final dip. Let the woman go to the beach from time to time—and leave her husband at home. It is quite possible that this will do her more good than anything else.

## Give Your Names.

TWO correspondents send inquiries without giving names or addresses, merely signing themselves "Subscriber." The communications are consequently placed in the waste basket. If correspondents will not take the trouble to comply with the simple rules made for the conduct of this department, they must not expect favors or attention.

Furthermore, as stated plainly at the head of this column, week after week, "The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases." This is supposed to be a paper devoted to the discussion of general hygiene, not a free consultation parlor.

In regard to the method of taking a sweat bath—which is the legitimate inquiry of a correspondent at Anaheim—there are several ways. There is the hot-air or Turkish bath, the steam or Russian bath, the electric light bath, and the wet pack. Perspiration may also be induced by the pepper bath, as heretofore described in this department. The hot-air baths should be used with great caution by those who are inclined to weakness of the heart. One of the best means of sweating is the electric light bath, which produces a profuse perspiration more easily, and in less time than the other baths. However, the correspondent would probably not be able to obtain either this or a Turkish or Russian bath at Anaheim. There are now on the market little vapor bath cabinets for sale at most of the drug stores, at a very moderate price. These can be used at home, taking care to sponge off thoroughly with cold salt water before dressing.

The wet pack is another good means of extracting morbid matter from the body, and is especially adapted to those who are bedridden, or very weak. Place a blanket on the bed, wring a sheet out of tepid water, lay the patient on the sheet and quickly cover him tightly from neck to feet with the wet sheet, making it as tight as possible, with the arms close to the sides. Then cover with all the blankets and quilts you can get together. Keep a wet cloth over the forehead, and give the patient all the soft water he can be got to drink, sipping it slowly. Leave him in the pack from an hour to two hours. He will likely fall into a peaceful slumber. Then have a tub of tepid water ready—if you have not a bathtub near the bed—and on uncovering him rapidly sponge off and dry him, putting on fresh clothes. You will be astonished to notice what a large amount of "matter out of place" comes out of the body in this way, even if the patient has been taking ordinary baths right along.

## The Jews and Butter.

IN a recent article in this department it was stated that butter is among the articles which Moses forbids the Jews to use. A Jewish reader of this department calls attention to the fact that the only rule laid down on the subject in the Old Testament is where Moses is quoted as saying: "Thou shalt not seethe the lamb in its mother's milk." This is understood to mean that meat and milk should not be taken at the same meal. It is, as The Times has stated, for physiological reasons an excellent hygienic rule. Butter being made from milk, the orthodox Jews include it in the proscription,



## ANITA CREAM

Testimonials from thousands of women whose complexions have been made clear and beautiful by using this greatest of all preparations for removing Tan, Freckles, Sunburn, and other skin discolorations, convinces us that you will become one of our customers after using a trial box of Anita Cream which we send for six cents in stamps.

If your druggist doesn't keep Anita Cream you can order full size 50c jar from us direct.

ANITA CREAM & TOILET CO.  
(Dept. D.) LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## GUARANTEED TRUSSES

I give a positive guarantee with every truss that I make, and my guarantee is good. If at any time during the wearing of one of my trusses you feel that it is not everything that a truss should be, come back and I will make whatever changes are necessary. In other words, my guarantee is not only for the day of purchase, but it is a perpetual insurance against truss troubles.

Compare this kind of a guarantee with the worthless promises that most truss sellers make, and see if your business judgment will allow you to buy a hand-me-down truss.

Perhaps you would like the testimony of someone you know as to whether I do what I say or not—in that case write me or call.

Lack of room forced me to give up the quarters at 421 S. Broadway.

## W. W. SWEENEY

MANAGER SWEENEY SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO.

212-214 S. HILL ST.

LADY ATTENDANT.



## LONGINGS...

For good Coffee are satisfied with our blend of Mocha and Java.

Uniformly blended especially for fine trade. Highest degree of Coffee Perfection.



AMERICAN BLEND COFFEE

Order from your grocer or from us

American Coffee Co. (Inc.) Los Angeles, Cal. Home Phone 2519

## NATUROPATHIC INSTITUTE.

417 W. FIFTH STREET. Between the California Club and Hazard's Pavilion. Main 2901; Home 7345.

We cure all diseases without knife or drugs. By our methods we assist nature with parts taken from nature, such as water, air, light, clay, etc., besides electricity, scientific massage, osteopathy, electric light, vapor, herbs and other baths. Diet, physical culture, magnetism, etc. Strictly hygienic and vegetarian board. Patients treated at their home if wished. DR. CARL SCHULTZ, Nat. Phys. D. O. 417 West Fifth Street.



Newman's Hair Health is food for the hair and a true cure for all scalp diseases. This Hair Grower is guaranteed to cure the worst case of dandruff, dry tetter, eczema, etc. Stops the itching. Stops the hair from falling out and starts it to growing. This preparation is a life study of two generations; endorsed by physicians and trained nurses. Has been sold here on the coast fourteen years. References cheerfully given. Manufactured by L. A. Newman, East Hollywood, Cal. 37 S. Broadway, Los Angeles; 37 Raymond Ave. Pasadena. Tel. Suburban 33.



## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 27TH PAGE.)

and consequently do not use either butter or milk at a meal where meat is served. They will, however, use both with cereal, vegetable or other non-flesh foods.

### Words of Wisdom from Riverside.

HERE is an interesting communication containing some good thoughts, from a valued Riverside correspondent, J. W. B.:

"I have scribbled another contribution to your department. I appreciate it more and more, and I can hardly wait when my paper comes before scanning the 'Care of the Body.' And I am not alone. Here in Riverside the heaven is working, slowly, it is true, but I frequently hear of one that has adopted the no-breakfast plan, and all that persist have but one testimony. It is true in the physical as well as intellectual and spiritual life, that there are those that run well for a season, and others that are so dominated by their appetite that they would prefer to take something by way of the mouth in the shape of drugs or patent medicines than to 'cease to do evil and learn to do well.' I could enumerate many cases of benefit did space permit.

"In your issue of October 25 you speak of missionary work needed and speak of the average breakfast of hot cakes, fried beefsteak, fried potatoes, salted biscuits and muddy coffee, and this the keynote for three heavy meals. When you consider that the meal is poorly cooked and rich gravy and sweets added and relishes in the shape of sauces and pie, with rich crust, often cold and sodden, is it any wonder that people take to patent medicines with a large percentage of alcohol to tone up and relieve the clogged system, and eventually finish with the drug doctor? One of these doctors said to me confidentially that patent medicines were the greatest aid to his practice. Well, what can we do about it? There is nothing we can do but to 'add line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,' impressing upon all the truth. 'Whatsoever you sow that shall ye also reap,' and we must remember that it is not to the stomach alone we must look as the source of all our ills. Disease is sown in our bodies and the prenatal period is weighty in determining not only our mental and moral status, but our physical as well.

"In your issue of October 18 you touched on a vital truth too little emphasized. At its close you added: 'Thus endeth the first lesson,' and in the last number of date November 8 you throw out another broad hint, to which too few will give heed, quoting from Health Culture, in which the little lady guessed the meaning of 'Jumbo'—elephant—in the person of an overgrown husband. A certain health physician (Dr. James C. Jackson) said years ago: 'I can never look upon the bride at the altar but I tremble for her future. I myself used to wonder in my younger days why the mother so often shed tears when a loved daughter was given away in the keeping of another, and she left the parental home. I do so no longer. Household cares, improper food, imperfectly prepared, does not explain it all.' Hear what Dr. Helen Goodall Smith says on this very topic: 'When there is one code of morals for the husband and submission for the wife, when the majority of the race can say with the psalmist, 'In sin did my mother conceive me,' we have born into existence every year unwelcome charges, many of whom are so handicapped from birth that our prisons and asylums are filled. Not until our fathers reverence women and respect the individuality of the mother; not until she demands purity for purity, and both feel the sacredness and holiness of the creative power, can we expect the highest and best.' Failing this, all talk of our President about 'race suicide' will be but a meaningless phrase. When the child is well born, then let the diet question and breath culture, exercise, and other hygienic truths be inculcated.

"We call this the 'humane era.' Statistics tell us there are two million Christian Endeavorers, a million Epworth Leaguers, which added to the King's Daughters, the Y.M.C.A.'s and W.C.T.U.'s, or White Ribboners, make a mighty force for the moral uplift of humanity. But when we think of the nervous wrecks, and those that die in their prime from violation of the primal law of their being, well may we pause and reflect whether with all our boasted civilization, our common schools, colleges and church spires pointing heavenward, there are not many things to be taught, not in the average college curriculum, nor voiced from the rostrum and the pulpit. Our average physicians, through their boards of health, may preach sanitation and cleanliness and ventilation, but I am afraid many of them are sadly derelict on personal hygiene, and fail to instruct their patients, even if they live up to the laws of health in their own bodies.

"There has been a great advance in the matter of bathing, and I personally think with Dr. Dewey we have swung to the other extreme. I rather coincide with the author of 'Perfect Health' that instead of a twenty minutes' bath and two minutes' rub it would be better reversed, and a dry rub with a crash towel or brush would often suffice, with an occasional oil inunction."

### Watermelons for Kidney Troubles.

A CORRESPONDENT sends The Times the following, which he declares to be an invaluable cure for kidney troubles. Whatever benefit may be derived from this method of treatment is doubtless due to the quantity of soft water taken into the system in the juice of the melon, not to any particular medical quality in the fruit. One person will tell you that watermelons are a specific for certain sicknesses, others say oranges, others strawberries, and so forth. The fact is that all acid fruits are valuable as food, not only on account of acid, and the valuable salts they contain, but also because of the fact that in this way absolutely pure soft water may be secured that has been filtered through the roots and

stems of the plants. Fruit should, however, never be eaten at the end of a meal, when the stomach is already full. A person with a normal appetite may make a delicious meal of a little fruit, with whole-meal, unfermented bread, thoroughly masticated together. To this should be added a few olives, or a little olive oil, for the sake of the fat that is lacking in the fruit, and to a great extent in the grain:

"There is nothing more distressing and weakening than disease of the kidneys. It weakens the back, and in many cases causes severe and burning pains in passing urine. I had been taking for some time thermal baths from a Philadelphia at his place, and I appearing healthy and well, he asked me what I was taking these baths for. I told him. He laughed and said I need not come to him for these baths (he was a Philadelphia Christian and believed it to be his duty to tell me how to cure myself.) He said, 'Take home with you a good ripe watermelon, and eat of it freely.' I told him I would have to hire a doctor to go home with me, and that he was injuring his own business. He said, 'Never mind that, do as I tell you, and you will get rid of your trouble.' I did so, and got healed. Every season have used them, except the last two years."

On the other hand, a hygienic student, who is also a close reader of The Times, and has made a thorough study of this question, declares that watermelons will not permanently cure rheumatism—that they merely force the uric acid from the blood into the muscles and sinews. Why this should be so is not clear, and the hygienist referred to cannot explain it, except on the theory that watermelon, being so easily subject to fermentation—as may be seen from the effects of leaving a piece of melon in the sun—may readily, if not at once digested, set up a dangerous fermentation in the stomach, which would cause acidity, and so increase the formation of uric acid, which is the main cause of rheumatism.

### Cured of Boils.

A CORONA correspondent recently wrote to The Times stating that he was afflicted with boils, and asked whether he should drop butter, etc. He was given some advice, and now he writes as follows:

"Your kind letter and instructions in regard to my boils duly received. Many thanks. I have stopped eating butter for five days, very little bread, no cake, pies or any other pastry, and, behold! my boils are all gone, and my arm is full of old scales of healed-up boils. I suppose that in order to keep well I have to keep on starving myself, but shall at least, once a week eat like a white man and not like a heathen."

The flesh pots of Egypt!

### Remedies for the Drinking Habit.

AT the recent national convention of the W. C. T. U. that organization very properly issued the following statement:

"We caution the public against accepting any medicines advertised as 'white ribbon remedies,' as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union does not manufacture, sell, or endorse any medicine."

One possible way for a person to quit the habit of indulging too largely in alcoholic beverages, if he is willing, is for him to cease eating food that impels him to the use of alcohol, including meat. As The Times has frequently stated, meat and alcohol are complementary. Meat is not only highly stimulating, but it contains an excess of nitrogenous material, calling for a balance wheel, in the shape of a concentrated carbon, which is found in alcoholic liquors. Of course, one could find the same kind of a balance in vegetables and fruits, but most people don't.

For the person who really wishes sincerely to endeavor to wean himself of the drink habit, let him follow this prescription. Take first an absolute fast, then adopt a strictly vegetarian diet, living mainly on fruits, nuts and watery vegetables, with a little pulse—peas, beans and lentils—and whole-meal bread, to furnish the necessary protein.

Any person knows that with a meal of vegetables and fruits there is little desire for alcohol, but take a big dinner, with all kinds of meats, and sauces, and spices, and anybody who is accustomed to it feels a craving for some kind of a drink. Also, eat freely of oranges in season. This is an excellent antidote to alcohol.

In addition to the above, take twice a week a thorough sweat—either a Turkish bath, or an electric bath, or a wet pack, or something of that kind—so as to remove from the system the last traces of the alcohol that lurk there. Let the W.C.T.U. take this matter up.

### Letters from Lompoc.

THERE is an individual at Lompoc who appears to be a rather well-educated kind of a fellow, but awfully bigoted on the subject of the drug superstition. He has got into the habit of sending a long letter, semi-occasionally, to the editor of this department, in which he indulges in what he would perhaps refer to as "korstic language." He also propounds some conundrums. For instance, he opens a recent communication as follows:

"If man could obtain sufficient nutriment from nuts and fruits why does he not fall back on this dietary instead of ruining his system by coarser and more unsuitable diet in the shape of fish, cheese, meat, etc?"

That is an easy one. It is for the same reason that the Israelites, through their weary wanderings through the desert, began to long for the flesh pots of Egypt, which brought down upon them the wrath of Moses and the punishment of God. There is not the slightest doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced person who has carefully investigated the subject that fruit and nuts form an ideal dietary—the dietary of the apes, from which man is probably descended. They furnish all the nourishment needed for mind and body, in a pure state. There is not the slightest question that the reversion by mankind to such a dietary would remove nine-tenths of the ills from which poor humanity suffers and greatly lengthen the life of the human race.

It is, however, exceedingly difficult to induce people

who have been accustomed all their lives to stimulating foods and drinks to revert to so simple a diet. It is hard enough to get them to use plain food and to avoid such stimulants as alcohol, and tea, and coffee, and spices. There are, however, a growing number of people who are learning to adopt the better way. Perhaps, in course of time, the Lompoc man may be added to the list, if he continues to study diligently the "Care of the Body" department, as he has evidently been doing for some time past.

**STOCK** IN THE MERCHANTS TRUST CO. OF THIS CITY IS AN INVESTMENT THAT IS CONSERVATIVE TO THE POINT OF ABSOLUTE SAFETY. WITH A DIVIDEND-EARNING POWER SUCH AS IS POSSIBLE ONLY TO A TRUST COMPANY. THE MOST HIGHLY DEVELOPED AND SUCCESSFUL FORM OF FINANCIAL INSTITUTION YET DEvised. STOCK AT PAR. **\$100**

AFTER PROVIDING FOR ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES THE MOST IMPORTANT PROBLEM IS--HOW TO INVEST MONEY TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

FOR SAFETY, FOR PROFIT, FOR INCOME OUR STOCK AT PAR--\$100 PER SHARE--CANNOT BE EXCELLED TODAY IN THE MARKET AS AN INVESTMENT FOR SO SMALL A SUM.

Call and see us, or send your name and address for our book giving full information.

## MERCHANTS TRUST COMPANY

(CAPITAL STOCK \$500,000.)

Permanent offices will be in our new seven-story Modern Office Building (Old Y.M.C.A.) on Broadway near Second.



### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

BYRON ERKENBRECHER, President  
CALVIN W. BROWN, Vice-President  
WILLIAM GEORGE BLEWETT, Secretary  
CLARENCE A. MILLER, Treasurer  
J. M. ELLIOTT, Comptroller  
W. F. BOTSFORD, JOHN W. A. OFF,  
MARK G. JONES, WILLIAM N. HAMAKER, LLOYD L. ELLIOTT, Manager  
Temporary Offices of the Company,  
203 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## CALIFORNIA CREAM of LEMON RUBBED IN

Feeds and stimulates the skin and removes all blemishes. Wash the face thoroughly in lukewarm water, using Cream of Lemon instead of soap; dry lightly with a soft towel and then rub in a few drops of Cream of Lemon, using the tips of the fingers, with massage movements. In the morning wash off with warm water. Continue during the trying winter months and your skin will keep fresh and attractive. 4 oz. tube 25c at all druggists or by mail. Sample 2c. California Cream of Lemon Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

"Let us forget."

## INSPECTION INVITED

In connection with the large assortment of

### HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS

we keep on exhibition, we have designs and specifications to meet the requirements of those who wish special work done to their order. A book for the asking.

### PACIFIC MARBLE AND GRANITE CO.

931-33 East First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

### A PERFECT REGULATOR.

By keeping the bowels in a healthy, active condition, many of the more serious difficulties of the stomach and digestive organs can be avoided.

The regular run of Hill's Pure California Olive Oil will accomplish this without the harmful reactive effects of drugs and medicines.

Use a tablespoonful after each meal, as a regular tonic for the stomach and bowels, and increase the dose if necessary in cases of chronic constipation.

We shall be pleased to send you our booklet on Olives and Olive Oil. It is free.

JAS. HILL & SONS, Los Angeles, Cal.



## The Work of the Turk.

A PICTURE OF LIFE IN EASTERN EUROPE TODAY.

Correspondence London Mail.

PHILIPPOPOULIS, Oct. 18.—It is impossible for the most cold-blooded human being, a Turk excepted, to visit the unhappy vilayet of Adrianople now and remain calm. Somewhat hardened as I am by the horrors of Monastir, my blood is still boiling from the accounts of Turkish cruelty in Adrianople.

I managed to reach Kirk Kilisse, which is sixty-five kilometers from Adrianople, and spent a day and a half in that pretty town, to the great annoyance of the authorities. Longer I could not stay; even as it was an attempt was made to force me to leave at once, but a sick horse proved an insurmountable obstacle. Originally I intended to go to Tirnovo, through the heart of the devastated country, but in the face of such opposition it was impossible. The evening before I left I was arrested by soldiers while strolling on the fringe of the town, and kept an hour standing in the road, threatened by a soldier with his rifle whenever I moved. But it is not of these things that I wish to write.

Before commencing my list of atrocities, however, I wish to state emphatically that as in every case my informants were Greeks or Turks of a more humane character, there can be no question of biased stories, and that "the balance of criminality" no more exists in this unhappy vilayet than it did at Monastir. Even the rabid Bulgarchophiles could quote no instance of wanton cruelty on the part of the Comitajis, nor the name of a single village, Turkish not excepted, burnt by the bands. If I do not always quote my informant, which I could do in every case, it is for obvious reasons; but I hold the proofs in many cases in my possession.

### From a Turkish Prison.

To commence with, I will take a few extracts from a letter of a Comitaji now imprisoned at Adrianople. I read the original myself—a dirty scrap of paper, folded into the smallest possible shape, and smuggled in a plate of food remnants out of the prison. It is dated September 18, old style (29th new style:)

"The military tribunal has been abolished and a new one has been instituted in its place. It passes sentences in secret, and there are no witnesses. So far it has condemned thirty-six persons, sixteen of them to fifteen years' deportation, and the remaining twenty to death, or to 101 years' hard labor. No good can be expected from a thoroughly fanatical tribunal whose motto is 'Ghlaoura izat etmek selahper' ('It is a good work to oppress the unbeliever.')

"After sentence the prisoners are shut up in dark cells, without windows, into which they are packed like sardines. From these holes they are taken for ten minutes in the fresh air once in twenty-four hours. Many are already prostrated from tortures undergone, and from the filth and misery, and are left without medical assistance. The writer of these lines was ill and taken before the doctor, Sacrot Effendi.

"What is your nationality?"

"Bulgarian."

"Poison, poison for you, the Sultan's enemy. Osko!" ("Get out!" in Greek.)

"Such was the medical help I obtained. It is a pitiful sight. If you could see the poor skeletons of peasants, starving, naked, sitting the whole day with eyes fixed and heads bowed on their breasts; how quietly their lives are passing away! The long, weary day passes, only to be succeeded by the twice worse night. It is worse than the Turkish torture. . . . O God, why dost not Thou look down upon the 'raya' [Turkish name for Christian subject and sheep alike] to see to what a condition he has been reduced? But let them torture us. Brutal Turkey may kill us, but the oppressed slave will not be annihilated by the killing of a few hundreds. We are soon to be deported to a distant land, living tombs, such as St. Jean d'Acre, Podroum and Diarbekir. But we do not fear; from the day we consecrated our lives to the holy cause, from the day on which we kissed the holy revolver and the twice holy dagger [the ceremony on joining the insurrection party,] we have ever been ready to die for the cause."

Then follows the list of the thirty-six condemned men, with details.

### Cartloads of Victims.

Some weeks ago I wrote of the horrors of the Turkish prison at Monastir, as told me by a victim, where Hilmi Pasha assured me that the prisoners "were very comfortable."

There was a certain Christian policeman, a Greek, and also one of the victims of the reforms which force a certain percentage of unhappy Christians to serve with brutal Mohammedan comrades, told off to watch me.

Poor fellow, he broke down utterly while talking to me. I will select one of his stories.

On duty one day he saw several cartloads of prisoners being brought in by soldiers. The men were cruelly bound by ropes, and continually beaten by the soldiers. One victim had sunk to the bottom of the cart, and a soldier was grinding and stamping his booted heel on the poor wretch's manacled hands. The man was dying, and the policeman recognized in him a Greek whom he knew. "Let the man alone; don't you see he is dying, and can't get up?"

"What art thou a Gilaour, too?" retorted the soldier. "Wait till I am finished and then thy turn will come."

The policeman assured me that he was firmly convinced of his impending journey "into the other world."

On my way to Yenidze I met many women carrying bundles of clothing and food. Their abjectly wretched condition attracted my attention, and I called to them. Most of them ran away, but one more courageous than the rest stopped and gave answer.

"We are carrying food and clothes to our husbands,"

she said. "Since May they have been in prison, and once a week we are allowed to see them."

"What have they done?" I asked.

"We are Bulgarians," she answered. A world of misery was in that answer.

"In the village of Yenidze I was looking at the desecrated and looted church, accompanied by the old priest, who showed me the various evidences of wanton and brutal crime, the tears streaming meanwhile down his furrowed cheeks. All the men of the village were in prison, and five women lay dying from the effects of their treatment by the Albanians. "It were far better that we were dead than lead such lives," was his remark.

An engineer of the Oriental Railway, a German, told me how two harmless Bulgarian peasants were caught outside the station where he was living, suspected of being the men who had thrown bombs. They were brutally bound to trees, kept thus for a day and night, and beaten continually by the soldiers with the butts of rifles "till we could bear it no longer, and ran away." Next day it was proved that the men had had nothing whatever to do with the outrage, and they were allowed to crawl away.

### Too Bad for Words.

As for crimes which cannot be described, I was given proofs by the score. The morality of the Turkish soldier is literally too awful for words.

Certainly no nation in the history of the world has sunk deeper in the mire of abomination than the men to whom humane Europe has entrusted the lives and honor of thousands of Christians whose only crime is their religion and nationality. It is not as if the insurgents proper were caught and put to death in some greswome fashion, but the vast bulk of the victims are as innocent of any participation in the rising as a peasant of England.

When visiting the konak of Kirk Kilisse I saw a pile of guns and pistols being carefully counted and stored away. There were some rather interesting old match-lock guns and pistols among this old and rusty collection, which did not comprise a single modern rifle, and certainly it would require more courage to fire one of these guns than to stand in front of it.

"May I choose an old gun or pistol?" I asked the officer in charge. "I am a collector of old weapons."

I am quite sure that the officer thought that I meant to insult him, which I certainly did not, for he walked indignantly away. Then I learned that these were the arms of the Bulgarian villagers, which figure in Turkish official reports as "captured rifles." Any of the humor, however, is lost when it is remembered that the discovery of one such old firearm in a village is sufficient excuse to burn the place and massacre the inhabitants.

### THE GOOD OF GIVING.

Selfishness is self-destruction. The man who never helps anybody, who tightly shuts his purse when there is a request to give, who says that all he can do is to attend to his own affairs, who never gives a thought to his neighbor, who hugs all his resources to himself, who wants to get all and give nothing, is the man who shrivels and dries up like the rosebud, who becomes small and mean and contemptible.

We all know those poor dwarfed souls who never give, who close the petals of their helpfulness, withhold the fragrance of their love and sympathy, and in the end lose all they tried to hoard for themselves. They are cold, lifeless, apathetic; all their sympathies have dried up; they cannot enter into the joys and sorrows, the higher and nobler emotions of human life. Their souls have been frozen by selfishness and greed. They have become so narrow and stingy that they fear to give even a kind word or smile lest they may rob themselves of something. They have rendered themselves incapable of radiating sunshine or happiness, and, by the working of an immutable law, they receive none.

A strong man, watching one who was delicate, and undeveloped exercising in a gymnasium, said to him: "My dear man, how foolish you are to waste your energy on those parallel bars and dumb-bells. You are weak, physically, and ought to save what strength you have for your day's work. You cannot afford to squander your vitality that way."

"Oh, but, my good sir," replied the other, "you don't see the philosophy underlying this exercise. The only way I can increase my power is by first giving out what I have. I give my strength to this apparatus, but it returns what I give it with compound interest. My muscles grow by giving it out in effort, in exercise."—[O. S. Marden, in Success.

### IRELAND'S LOST POPULATION.

Ireland is a country which still loses thousands of its natural increase of population by emigration; in which more boys are born than girls, and the most fatal epidemic is influenza.

The population of Ireland in 1902, according to the Registrar-General's return, was 4,432,274. The marriages, numbering 22,949, and the births 101,863, show a slight increase on the average of ten years; the deaths, 77,676, were a trifle below the average. The excess of births over deaths being 24,187, and the loss by emigration amounting to 40,190, there was a decrease in the population during the year of 16,003, less whatever immigration there was, of which no record is kept.—[London Mail.

### A DEFINITION.

"Diplomacy, Lester," said the henpecked man, replying to the inquiry of his small son, during it may not be necessary to explain, the temporary absence of the majestic wife of the one and mother of the other, "diplomacy is what makes a man carve a turkey and unselfishly deal out to his family and the visitors their favorite helps, including the only portions which he himself really likes, and at the same time look like a putty saint."—[Smart Set.

## HEALTH AND CARE OF EYES.

WEAK OR INFLAMED EYES FREQUENTLY THE CAUSE OF HEADACHES.

BY DR. WALTER I. SEYMOUR.

Much has been said and written upon the hygiene of the body, of habitations, of the school, factory and dwelling, and we have many treatises on the care of the sick, on drainage, water supplies and filtrations, all of which is intended to add to the general knowledge of preventive medicine. And there can be no question of a wide diffusion of intelligence on these matters. It is obvious, however, that if the public mind had a more intelligent comprehension of the value of eyesight, the cause of many eye troubles and the best means by which they might be counteracted, it would aid in the real ground-work of our general health.

The eyes, sustaining as they do, such close relations with some of the most important organs of the body, not only by continuity of structure, but by intimate nerve communication, are frequently found to be the cause—either existing or predisposing—of some of the most trying and painful diseases known to pathology. Notwithstanding this fact, the practice of thousands of people reveals the want of appreciation of the important indications frequently furnished by diseased conditions of these organs.

Consider first the conditions often observed in the eyes of children; sore and inflamed—often termed "weak eyes"—squinting, squinting, looking side ways, wearing hats or bonnets closely drawn over the eyes to protect them from the light, and hundreds of little indications which the intelligent observer would know to be due to a weakness of this organ.

We all know that during early childhood the tissues and membranes are rather more vascular and sensitive and that the nervous system usually predominates. Hence it is that these conditions apparently improve with the development, and the parents unwittingly suggest that they are outgrowing their trouble when, as a matter of fact, they are simply learning to contend with these deformities which they naturally accept as a matter of course, never dreaming that the view they obtain of this world is contorted and unnatural.

The treatment here, as in all other troubles, is to first remove the cause of the irritation. In this instance it is accomplished by furnishing proper glasses, which not only improve the eyesight materially, but relieve inflammation and irritation, which, if allowed to continue, often terminates in chronic conditions that can never be wholly eradicated. There are many mothers and some physicians who object seriously to this course, simply as a matter of prejudice, and could the facts be properly presented to them, they would realize how much depends upon their overcoming this antipathy to glasses and would doubtless take a rational view of this subject.

Furthermore, after these steps have been taken a general improvement in the child's health is often very noticeable. The headaches are relieved, the appetite is better, and in fact its whole nervous system is improved by relieving the unnatural strain on its sight.

The devoted and conscientious oculist of today endeavors to use the means placed at his disposal in building up and preserving these delicate organs, knowing that his work will be fully appreciated as time demonstrates to the parent the value of his services. Every parent and teacher should make a careful study of the subject, and while it is seldom necessary to take active steps until the child has reached five years of age or more, the actual condition of each eye should be known to be perfect before a child is allowed to take up school work.

The advantages of proper glasses are manifold. First, in procuring the proper sight; second, in relieving nervous condition; third, relieving irritation, inflamed eyes, etc.; fourth, making up any differences which may exist in the two eyes, and in fact I might add various other reasons why this matter should be given careful consideration, the most important, I think, being the general improvement that is sure to result from giving these matters early attention and the fact that children, when properly assisted in early life, stand a much better chance of dispensing with glasses in future years.

When people gain a better understanding of the relations of the eye to the brain and nervous system there will be less pain and suffering and a more general use of properly fitted glasses and simple eye remedies prescribed.

We have spared neither pains nor expense in equipping ourselves for the scientific fitting of glasses and treatment of all eye and ear troubles, and for a time will give free consultation to those who wish to know the truth regarding any eye or ear trouble they may be suffering from. 420 W. Sixth Street. Hours 10 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.



### "SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES"

If you cannot get him to buy you a sewing machine, come see me. I will "show you" how to get one on easy terms and at the lowest price. Our cash prices on all standard makes quoted on application. Call, write or telephone.

**MACHINES \$5.00 TO \$45.00**  
ALL MAKES RENTED AND REPAIRED.

WHEELER & WILSON BRANCH, 507 S. SPRING

A. C. HERRICK . . . Manager

Phone—Main 2615 Home 2306

Pasadena Branch, 26 S. Raymond Ave. Tel. Red 1451.

## FLOORS PAINTING, GRADING, WAXING, STAINING, VARNISHING

We make a specialty treating floors—hardwood or softwood—new or old—in a satisfactory manner. We use the most durable materials, and apply them properly. We can make old floors look like new.

425 West Seventh St. **JOHN A. SMITH** Telephone Peter 613



"How much better it is to take the simple remedy, Oxytas, for dyspepsia and stomach troubles, than to weaken your system with profitless drugging."

Take one glassful of bottled Oxytas on rising, before meals, and on retiring. When thirsty at other times, drink Oxytas from the demijohn.

This is the sensible treatment for dyspepsia and indigestion. The profit—a cure—is all yours.

For bottled Oxytas—pints or quarts—ask your druggist.

For Oxytas in the demijohn, phone us direct, if you live in Los Angeles. Your local Puritas agents can supply you at other points.

Los Angeles  
Ice & Cold Storage Co.

'Phone, Exchange 6



## Newmark's Hawaiian Blend Coffee

The people who know good coffee when they taste it are drinking "Hawaiian Blend." The coffee with a rich, aromatic, delicious flavor. Sold in one-pound packages. Never in bulk.

IMPORTED, ROASTED AND PACKED BY  
NEWMARK BROS., LOS ANGELES

*The first cracker out of the box  
is a beautiful, crisp, dainty, nut-  
brown soda--when it's a*

**NUT BROWN PRINCESS BOX.**

*And the last cracker out is as  
good as the first.*

*A box full of satisfying good-  
ness--that's a box of BISHOP'S  
NUT BROWN PRINCESS Sodas.*

**BISHOP AND COMPANY**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE LARGEST LINE OF FOOD PRODUCTS MADE BY ANY ONE FIRM IN THE UNITED STATES.



















NOVEMBER 29, 1903.

THEY ARE BEST  
Stella..  
Music Boxes

WHY?

Because the music sheets  
are perfectly smooth—  
no little teeth to break  
the record. Prices away down.

SOLE AGENTS...  
Bartlett Music Co.  
233 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Men's Shoes

...This monogram is the  
hall-mark of ease and  
elegance in foot-  
wear for men.

There is nothing so trying—or  
necessary—as the constant  
use of ill-fitting shoes.  
Of all, we reason, a shoe  
must be comfortable; character,  
and quality are also essen-  
tial. The price must be fair.

We strive to please  
every purchaser  
there is lots of satisfac-  
tion in being satisfied.

Herby-Kayser  
Shoe Co.

233 Broadway, Los Angeles.  
E. Colorado St., Pasadena.

Optical  
Glasses  
Lorgnettes

The history of our  
store have displayed  
one of Opera Glasses  
better than this season.  
Known by us are THE  
STYLE and FINISH

TOP NOTCH  
FACTURERS OF  
Glasses and Lorgnettes.  
Invitation is extended to you  
to see goods before purchasing.  
\$5.00 to \$40.00

Optical Co.  
333 SPRING ST.

Working Tools  
ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

ing  
diamonds  
Right

re than buying them at a  
It means a careful selec-  
tion of goods, and still  
more in the selection of  
two purchase them from  
you will find the  
for making your selections  
as well as a magnifi-  
cent, fine, and our  
with every purchase.

AVAN & CO.  
AND SILVERSMITHS  
8 S. Spring St.

nderful Cures

You hear of the wonderful  
cure performed on the eye by  
the "Lancet" of London,  
Paris and Vienna. We are  
the only oculists and opticians  
on the ground floor with Eu-  
ropean experience. Drs. Logan and  
L. A. Optical Co., 319 S. Spring

THE  
BEST  
TRADE  
READ  
OUR  
AD ON  
PAGE 5  
PART I

gomery  
JEWELERS &  
SILVERSMITHS  
OLAN BUILDING  
AND THIRD STS.

The Field of Sports.  
FAR AND NEAR.

XXIIP YEAR.

## SPECIAL

For the Holiday season we are making up our import-  
ed Serge and Worsteds Suits at the special price of  
thirty-five dollars. The goods are our own importa-  
tions and are the best values ever offered. You will  
find nothing to equal them elsewhere for anything  
near the price.

This is the season you need a black suit.  
You must order this week to be in time for Christ-  
mas. The special price is made only for the next  
month.

**Shields & Orr**  
GOOD CLOTHES  
211 WEST SECOND STREET



Three Carloads of  
**1904**  
Model  
**Oldsmobile**  
Runabouts and Delivery Wagons  
JUST IN.

**The Oldsmobile Co.**  
215 W. SIXTH ST.  
Phones Main 2376, Home 5182



We will make  
you one of the  
swellest suits  
in town for

**\$25.00**

At our establishment you will be sure to find  
everything the latest known to the tailoring  
art. If you don't wish to spend \$25.00 we can  
show you a nice assortment of suits and  
overcoats at \$20.00. Money back if not  
satisfactory.

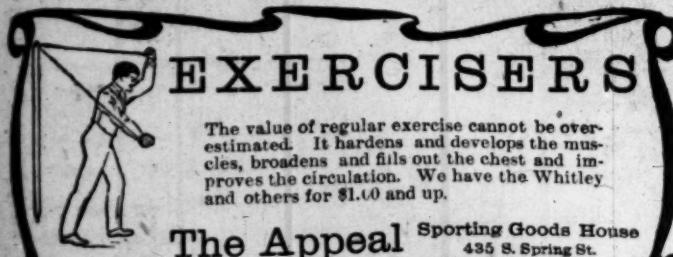
**Eisner & Co. Star Tailors**  
120 and 122 South Spring St.

## I WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

I prepare trade-capturing newspaper ads. for any line of business, suggest  
display, build dummy sheets, construct catchy designs, advise as to modern  
methods, and start business whirling for my clients. My ads are as oil to the  
wheels of business, inject life into dull times, keep the employees hopping and  
make the janitor swear, but they bring legitimate business and do it quick, too.  
Took me 25 years to learn how. Can I not serve you?

**E. W. HOAG, Ad.-Architect.**

PHONES—Sunset 4086; Home 2210. Room 306 Copp Building.



## EXERCISERS

The value of regular exercise cannot be over-  
estimated. It hardens and develops the mus-  
cles, broadens and fills out the chest and im-  
proves the circulation. We have the Whitney  
and others for \$1.00 and up.

**The Appeal** Sporting Goods House  
435 S. Spring St.

**Miller's Cloak & Suit Co.**  
506 South Broadway.  
\$1.00 per week installments. We will  
announce our Opening between now  
and December 1st.

**WATCH FOR IT.**

**Fine Buggies**  
Direct from our factory  
guaranteed quality—  
installments. Nothing  
better at any price.  
**Wood's Carriage Co.**  
720 S. Main St.

## SPORTING SECTION.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1903.

Part III.—4 Pages.

COMPLETE REPORTS.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## ARMY DEFEATS NAVY TEAM.

West Pointers too Heavy for  
Annapolis Cadets.

Middies Were Able to Kick But  
a Single Goal.

As Football the Game Was a  
Failure, Yet a Great  
Social Success.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28.—In one  
of the most tiresome and uninterest-  
ing football games ever witnessed on  
Franklin Field, the West Point eleven  
defeated Annapolis, 40 to 5. Two  
miserable fumbles in rapid succession,  
gave the navy their only score. As a  
football game, it was a dismal failure,  
but as a society function it was a gi-  
gantic success. Seated in boxes around  
the field were Secretary Root, Secre-  
tary Moody, Lieut.-Gen. Young, Maj.-  
Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee, Assistant Sec-  
retary of the Navy Darling, Maj.-Gen.  
Brooke, Gen. Miles, Maj.-Gen. Corbin  
and many other persons prominent in  
army and navy circles. The army oc-  
cupied the south stand and the navy  
the north stand. During the intermis-  
sion between the halves, Secretary  
Root and Gen. Chaffee crossed the  
field to the navy's side and were given  
a warm reception by the cadets in the  
center section. Every seat in the im-  
mense grand stand was occupied long  
before the play began, but the only  
persons who remained particularly in-  
terested in the game were the stu-  
dents from the two colleges. It grew  
so dark before the close of the game

## KAISER'S CUP WITHDRAWN.

William Won't Send Over  
Yacht Next Year.

Illness Compels Postponement of  
Emperor's Plans.

Proposed International Yacht  
Race Put off Till the  
Year 1905.

## RIVERSIDE BOYS BEAT POMONA HIGH SCHOOL.

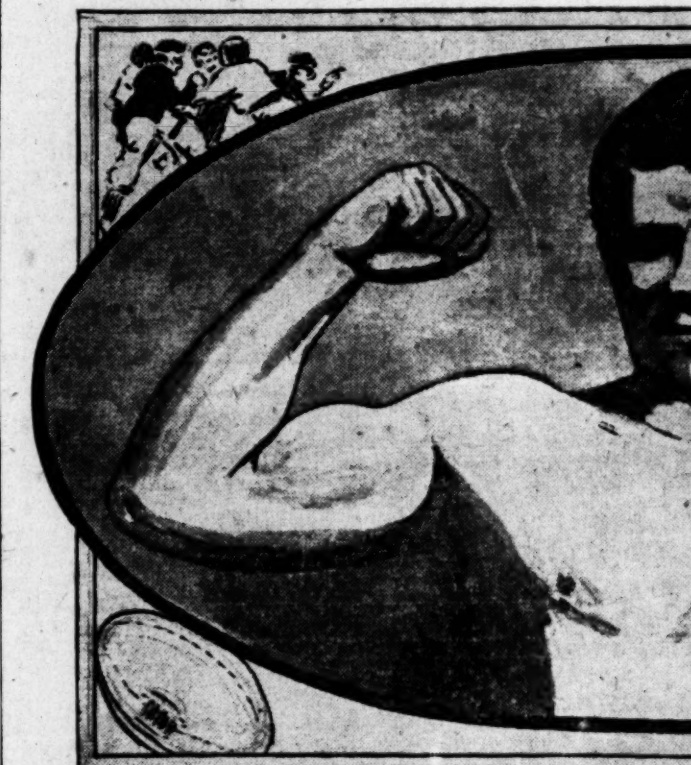
INTER-SCHOOL FOOTBALL LEAD  
STILL IN DOUBT.

Fierce Game Won by Orange Kickers  
by Just One Touchdown—Three-Year  
Championship Lost at Last of Season,  
When Victory Seemed Won.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
POMONA, Nov. 28.—[Exclusive Dis-  
patch.] The Inter-School Football  
League of Southern California the past  
two years and defeating every adver-  
sary up to date, the Pomona High  
School dipped its cardinal to the or-  
ange and green of the Riverside High  
School here this afternoon.  
It was the fiercest exhibition of foot-  
ball seen in Pomona this year. The

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
BERLIN, Nov. 28.—[By Atlantic Ca-  
ble.] Emperor William has withdrawn  
his offer of a cup for a trans-Atlantic  
yacht race in 1904, on account of his  
illness, and has substituted for it  
the offer of a cup to be raced for in  
1905.  
The Emperor, through his representa-  
tive, called his decision to the Amer-  
ican Yachtsman today, with his reas-  
ons for the change. These are that the  
prolonged period of the Emperor's re-  
covery, and the consequent accumu-  
lation of official business, have pre-  
vented him from receiving his advisers  
to arrange for the details for the trans-  
Atlantic race, until it was too late for  
the designers and builders to have new  
yachts ready for a contest in the  
spring of 1904.  
The Associated Press is informed that  
the Emperor greatly regrets that a  
delay of several weeks has been caused  
by his indisposition, and resulting in-  
ability to discuss the particulars of the  
race. He desires to renew his pro-  
posals in detailed form early in the fall  
of 1904, in time to build and try new  
boats. The Emperor hopes this sus-  
pension of his offer will have the ap-  
proval of the Atlantic Yacht Club and  
the New York Yacht Club. He was  
not unwilling that this information  
should be made public, his advisers es-  
pecially desiring that it be clearly un-  
derstood that the Emperor's illness  
and consequent restraint imposed by  
his physicians alone occasioned the  
postponement.

## HOGAN OF YALE, THE FIERCEST AND THE LUCKIEST OF FOOTBALL PLAYER.



HOGAN OF YALE, THE FIERCEST AND THE LUCKIEST OF FOOTBALL PLAYER.

that it was almost impossible to dis-  
tinguish the two teams.  
Both elevens were in good condition,  
but the general opinion seemed to be  
that the navy players had little  
chance of defeating their weighty West  
Point opponents. The conditions were  
good.

**THE LINE-UP.**  
West Point. Position. Annapolis.  
Hammond left end Howard  
left tackle Doberty  
Riley left guard Chambers  
Tipton center Rees  
Thompson right guard Piersall  
Graves right tackle Soule  
Rockwell right end Straesberg  
Hackett quarter-back  
Prince left half-back Decker  
Farnsworth right half-back Halsey  
Davis full-back

**FIRST HALF.**  
The Army kicked off at 2:10, and the  
Navy returned the kick. Army's ball on  
their 50-yard line. Chambers of the  
Navy kicked a goal from placement.  
Score: Navy, 5; West Point, 0.

On an exchange of kicks it was the  
Army's ball on the Navy's 50-yard  
line. On the first line-up the Army  
fumbled, and the Navy dropped on the  
ball on their own 47-yard line.  
On the exchange of kicks the Navy  
got the ball on their 30-yard line on  
the first line-up. They fumbled and  
the Army fell on it. By line plunges  
by Davis and Farnsworth, the ball  
was carried to the Navy's four-yard  
line, where an Army man was laid  
out. Hill scored a touchdown for the  
Army. Score: Army, 5; Navy, 5.  
Graves kicked a goal from a bad an-  
gle. Score: West Point, 6; Navy, 5.  
On an exchange of kicks it was West  
Point's ball on their 42-yard line. Prince  
kicked to the Navy's 5-yard line. Davis  
carried the ball for a touchdown for  
the Army. Score: Army, 11; Navy, 5.  
Thompson kicked a goal. Score:  
Army, 12; Navy, 5.  
On an exchange of kicks it was the  
Army's ball on the Navy's 50-yard line.  
Prince broke through the Navy's line  
and ran forty yards for a touchdown,  
and Doe kicked goal. At the end of  
the first half it was the Army's ball on  
the Navy's 32-yard line. Score: West Point,  
13; Navy, 5.

Howard kicked off for the Navy in  
the second half to the Army's 15-yard  
line. The Army attempted to kick, but  
the attempt was blocked and it was the  
Army's ball on their 12-yard line. The  
Navy failed to gain, and Chambers  
carried a goal from placement. The  
goal was blocked and the Army got the ball  
on their own 22-yard line. Prince  
kicked and the Navy was given 15  
yards for interference. It was the

score was 6 to 0 in favor of Riverside.  
Both sides played a furious, but clean  
game.  
At the first of the game the teams  
seemed to be exactly matched. There  
were no long, sensational runs, and  
time after time both teams held like a  
wall and captured the ball on downs.  
At one time Riverside's left tackle,  
the Indian, McKee, tore away from  
the scrimmage with the ball and made  
15 yards, but this was the longest run  
of the first half, which ended with the  
ball near the center of the field.  
The second half was more exciting.  
Riverside kicked off, sending the pig-  
skin to Pomona's 10-yard line. After  
a few minutes of play Pomona lost  
the ball on a fumble, and Riverside  
bucked the line for a touchdown, mak-  
ing the only score of the game. Shortly  
afterward Lechusa, the only other in-  
dian on the Riverside team, who acted  
as a substitute in the Stanford-Indian  
game, made the sensational run of the  
day, carrying the ball for 70 yards,  
while even the Pomonians cheered. The  
rest of the game was principally taken  
up with punting on both sides. Po-  
mona's full-back outclassing his rival  
almost every time.

Bemis Pierce, the Sherman Institute  
coach, came with the Riverside boys  
and acted as their official. Dr. George  
S. Sumner of Claremont was umpire  
for the Pomona boys. The game was  
witnessed by a good crowd. The Riv-  
erside delegation was hilarious over  
their victory. This defeat prevents  
Pomona High School from winning the  
championship of three successive seasons.  
Also it puts Pomona out of the race  
for the \$500 banner offered by the Hoe-  
gee Company. The championship of  
the league will have to be decided  
later. Pomona, Riverside and Red-  
lands have each lost one game.

## EXHIBITION GAMES.

**MICHIGANERS COMING WEST.**  
(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—It is learned  
here that the University of Michigan  
football team will take another trip  
to the Pacific Coast during the Christ-  
mas vacation. Coach Yost and Capt.  
Redden will return soon from the East  
and the team will be kept in condi-  
tion for the game to be played with the  
California and Stanford. The Michi-  
gan men do not regard these as exhi-  
bition games, but merely as practice  
games.

Illness has prevented Emperor William  
from meeting his yachting representa-  
tives, it would be too late to build  
boats in Europe and make the sug-  
gested 1904 race, so the Emperor de-  
cided to postpone offering his cup for  
a trans-Atlantic race, until 1905. Lord  
Lonsdale added that the Emperor, there-  
fore, would not take advantage of Sir  
Thomas Lipton's withdrawal. Sir  
Thomas replied, agreeing with Lord  
Lonsdale, that it was too late to make  
the proposed race a success, and  
indicating out that therefore it was  
quite useless for him to renew his offer,  
the withdrawal of which had al-  
ready been accepted.  
Sir Thomas Lipton has hopes to en-  
ter a boat in the race for the Em-  
peror's cup in 1905.

## ARIZONA KICKERS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
PHOENIX, Nov. 28.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch.] Football is by far the most  
important of the athletic sports in Ari-  
zona. For years the championship has  
been held by the Normal School of Ari-  
zona, which has just twice defeated the  
Indian school eleven by scores of 15 to 0  
and 15 to 6. The Indian school team  
between the games went to Bleebe and  
there defeated a heavy team of miners  
and college men by a score of 4 to 1.  
Though only about sixty young men  
are attendants of the Normal School,  
among many girls, the institution has  
for years been remarkable for the ex-  
cellence of its football. At the last  
game at Phoenix Park, Redden of the  
Normal team, made one of the sensa-  
tional plays of the year, kicking goal  
from the field at a distance of sixty  
yards. At Tempe in a previous game,  
at the kick-off, Redden kicked beyond  
the goal line, though he didn't make  
goal.

## WHITTIER FOOTBALL.

**STATE TEAM DEFEATED.**  
The Westlake football team of this  
city went to Whittier yesterday and  
defeated the State school eleven by a  
score of 5 to 0, the contest being a  
hard-fought one all the way through.  
The features of the game were long  
runs by Dexter and the bucking of  
S. Harlow and Wilson for the win-  
ners. Hoover, Albers and West  
played the best game for Whittier.

## TWIRLERS DO NOT LIKE IT.

Hanlon's Proposed Increase  
of Pitching Distance.

Consternation in the Ranks of the  
Ball Tossers.

Senators Defeat Portland Brown  
No Game at San Francisco.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch.] The announcement made  
by Manager Hanlon of the Brooklyn  
team, who also is a member of the Na-  
tional League Rules Committee, that  
he would make an effort at the annual  
meeting to have a rule passed increas-  
ing the pitching distance, has caused  
consternation among the twirlers in  
the profession. There is a feeling  
among this gentry that the pitcher has  
been sufficiently handicapped with  
rules and that the present code is  
sufficient for all purposes.  
Several twirlers have called upon  
President Herrmann of the Cincinnati  
Club in regard to the proposed new  
rule, in order to enlist his sympathy  
against its adoption. While Mr. Her-  
mann has not promised to oppose the  
measure, he has given his word that  
he will not vote for it until he has  
studied it carefully.  
"I do not know enough of the inside  
of the pitchers' work to be able to  
speak intelligently on Mr. Hanlon's  
proposed rule," said Mr. Herrmann, "I  
realize that there is no man in the Na-  
tional League family who is more  
capable of handling a question of this  
kind than Mr. Hanlon, and the fact  
that he suggests such a change in the  
rules in itself calls for the most care-  
ful consideration of the project.  
"However, the proposed new rule will  
not have my support until I have had  
a talk with some of our pitchers on the  
subject. I want to know how it will  
affect them and the game in general,  
from their point of view, before I in-  
dorse or oppose the measure. If I am  
convinced by men who are perfectly  
engaged in baseball and who will have  
to work under the new rules, that it is  
bad for the pitchers, I certainly shall  
do all in my power to defeat the enact-  
ment of the rule. I am perfectly  
willing to hear what all the pitchers in  
the country have to say on the subject,  
and will give any communication they  
may see fit to send, due consideration."

## HUGHES HAD LOOLOOS GUESSING VERY HARD.

FINE PITCHING BY CRACK MAN OF  
THE QUITTERS.

New Santa Ana Second Baseman Not  
Shining Success—But One Error of  
Five Counted—Season Ends Today  
With Double Header.

Seattle, 3, Los Angeles 1.  
The Seattle papers will probably in-  
sue a special edition this morning to  
announce to a weeping Northwest that  
the Quitters had finally won a game in  
this city.  
No mention will be made of the facts  
that Capt. Dillon of the locals tried out  
an amateur at second base; that Ross  
made a wild throw to third base, and  
that Raymond juggled a grounder.  
These things should go in the history  
of how the first game in six was lost  
and won, but as it matters so much to  
the Quitters cannot hope to do  
better their present position much  
if the Looleos go into a game deter-  
mined to win. They apparently did  
not care much yesterday, and the vic-  
tory was accordingly allowed to take  
their first and last game of the week,  
for no one expects them to win either  
of the two games today.  
The fight was light on both sides, and  
when no one can swipe the ball the  
game is a lot of their enthusiasm.  
Every one goes to a ball game to see  
the ball slugged, and when it isn't  
there is about as much interest in the  
game as there is in a church social with  
the kindling games. Some of the  
shocking some of the five errors one of  
Raymond was the only one to count  
in a run, and consequently the game  
might be put down as a very good one.  
The new Santa Ana boy, Head, who  
played second base for the locals, did  
not shine very brightly, but as it was  
his first appearance in that company,  
he was not expected to astonish any-  
one. He goes at the ball awkwardly in  
the field, and is afraid it will hit him  
when at bat, but as these are things  
that all amateurs do, his shortcomings  
should be looked over as the Dutch-  
man says. He will doubtless improve  
when he recovers from his stage fright,  
but he should play in the bushes until  
he does. He dove under Brasher's boulder  
in the first inning and allowed a hit on  
which Carlos Smith scored the second  
run, but aside from this he did fairly  
well for only a boy.

## POMONA-INDIANS IN PRAGER PARK SURE.

Bill Trager had counted on pulling  
off this game and feels that the Prager  
people gave him considerable help  
in the matter. He had no contract with  
any team by which he could claim any-  
thing at their hands.

The Prager Park management has  
taken the Pomona-Sherman Indian  
game upon itself, and that contest  
will be the football feature of next  
Saturday in this city.  
A special part of the agreement  
is that Benjie Pierce shall play the  
whole game through. It is desired to  
make the Indian team as strong as  
possible, since the Sheremans are to  
play the Carlisle Braves New Year's  
day, and not only cannot afford to be  
beaten by Pomona, but also require  
all the possible practice, so as to be-  
come accustomed to the playing of  
the giant.

Three of the Westlake players failed  
to appear and to fill out the places  
two spectators were enlisted and a sub-  
stitute player of the Whittier eleven.  
Westlake kicked off to Whittier and  
the ball was rushed back to the cen-  
ter of the field, where it was lost by  
Whittier on a fumble. Westlake gained  
30 yards by a fine end run of Dexter  
and S. Harlow gained 3 yards more by  
a buck. Wilson followed with a buck  
through the left back, forcing the  
ball to Whittier's 3-yard line. Wil-  
son then bucked around right tackle  
for a touchdown, but the goal was not  
kicked. Time was called at the end  
of the first half with the ball within  
6 yards of Whittier's goal line.  
No score was made in the second  
half although Westlake had the ball  
close to the Whittier goal several  
times. A field goal was tried from  
the 25-yard line, but it failed by a  
few inches. The game ended with the  
ball in Westlake's possession on Whit-  
tier's 10-yard line.

The line-up was as follows:

Westlake	left end	Whittier
F. Harlow	left tackle	Albers
Holland	left guard	Martinez
Cole	center	Purdie
Sheldon	right guard	Wingate
Poole	right tackle	Willey
Gibson	right end	Cookman
Sillsbury	quarter-back	Obiges
Shields	left half-back	Hoover
S. Harlow	right half-back	West
Dexter	right half-back	Holman
Wilson	full-back	

The Union-avenue eleven defeated  
the Hillside eleven yesterday by a score  
of 15 to 2 on the grounds of the former  
team. This is the first time the win-  
ners have been scored against in two  
years' play.

As a matter of fact, however, Los  
Angeles had no license to beat Jay  
Hughes yesterday, for he pitched a  
beautiful game. Only four hits were  
made off him, and not one game in a  
hundred is won on such a small dis-  
tinction of swats. Jay didn't do much  
in the strike-out line, but he just kept  
the locals from doing much. He was  
as a natural result they swung  
their heads off trying to connect. Hall  
was about as good, and if he had been  
given perfect support the teams might  
have been playing that game yet. He  
was found for only seven, and one of  
the three in the first inning was the  
thing that Head dove under and let the  
second run arrive.  
The Quitters commenced operations  
in the first inning by Lumley leading  
off for a single to left, and he made  
later he stole second base. Molier  
fouled out to the catcher, and then C.  
Smith drove a single into left, scoring  
Lumley. Ross made a wide throw to  
the plate of this, and while it was com-











OPEN SHOOTING THING OF PAST.

Five New Duck Clubs Being Now Organized.

Much Land and Large Amounts of Money for Marsh.

Vandalism Closes Nigger Slough to Resident Shooters.

New Grounds.

Those of the shooting public who think the gun clubs have already carried every bit of available duck territory within an hour's ride of Los Angeles will doubtless be surprised to learn that there are no less than five separate associations of duck hunters acquiring club marshes in prospective marsh within a field of operations extending from Oxnard, in Ventura, to the Bolsa section in Orange county, and at an expense amounting to many thousands of dollars as in many cases an attempt is being made to buy the land outright.

Owing to the conditions of water and climate in southern California the day of open duck shooting could never be a long one. With the phenomenal increase in population of the last ten years, and considering its attendant percentage of new sportsmen, the hunter who wishes to make a respectable string of wildfowl must now content himself with joining some club or taking as long a trip as would be necessary to reach any kind of sport worth the candle if he lived in any eastern city containing such a percentage of shotgun devotees.

The Santa Monica midweek squad also did well for their preserve. A number of feet were in the bag. Around Bixby a good shoot was scored. Limits as usual were bagged on the Green Wing. This club has the prettiest natural preserve in the country, being well wooded with low willows and heavily fringed with reeds. Men who have shot there declare the setting afforded a duck as he sails in enhances the pleasure of bowling him over very much; the birds look pretty falling through the trees.

A fair-sized flock of the big mallards, giving dinner on the Cerritos marshes. The shooting of this club usually falls on a little after the first of December, and limits are usually set at five birds. The frequency of the earlier days of the season.

In Los Angeles county, except in its northern part, have been generally carried into the limit is not easily reached. Several shooters are enjoying local sportsmen around San Juan in the flats of Catalina Canon, and in that vicinity. Several shooters are enjoying local sportsmen around San Juan in the flats of Catalina Canon, and in that vicinity.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

A FOOL BIRD THE WIDGEON.

Queer Traits of a Common November Duck.

How Pretty Fools are Hunted to Greatest Advantage.

They Decoy Well, and Answer a Call Readily—Sometimes Show Caution.

About the middle of November in every year, sometimes a little earlier, a heavy rain or two falls in the latter part of October, occasionally a week or so later, comes the big widgeon flight into Southern California.

The first day of the shooting season, even when that is not the case, there are always more or less ducks of this variety in the southern country, they being for the greater part those that have drifted from the northern migration and bred in that part of the State. The rich fare set out by the gun clubs, their fresh water ponds, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

Although the widgeon are thus well enough represented from the first, sportsmen expect to get quite a number of them in the last part of the season, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

John Cline, who has the limit on the Centinela, I. E. Ingraham, Henry W. Keller and Willard Stinson quit early with the widgeon. Several shooters are enjoying local sportsmen around San Juan in the flats of Catalina Canon, and in that vicinity.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

THE WIDGEON.

Queer Traits of a Common November Duck.

How Pretty Fools are Hunted to Greatest Advantage.

They Decoy Well, and Answer a Call Readily—Sometimes Show Caution.

About the middle of November in every year, sometimes a little earlier, a heavy rain or two falls in the latter part of October, occasionally a week or so later, comes the big widgeon flight into Southern California.

The first day of the shooting season, even when that is not the case, there are always more or less ducks of this variety in the southern country, they being for the greater part those that have drifted from the northern migration and bred in that part of the State. The rich fare set out by the gun clubs, their fresh water ponds, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

Although the widgeon are thus well enough represented from the first, sportsmen expect to get quite a number of them in the last part of the season, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

John Cline, who has the limit on the Centinela, I. E. Ingraham, Henry W. Keller and Willard Stinson quit early with the widgeon. Several shooters are enjoying local sportsmen around San Juan in the flats of Catalina Canon, and in that vicinity.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

THE WIDGEON.

Queer Traits of a Common November Duck.

How Pretty Fools are Hunted to Greatest Advantage.

They Decoy Well, and Answer a Call Readily—Sometimes Show Caution.

About the middle of November in every year, sometimes a little earlier, a heavy rain or two falls in the latter part of October, occasionally a week or so later, comes the big widgeon flight into Southern California.

The first day of the shooting season, even when that is not the case, there are always more or less ducks of this variety in the southern country, they being for the greater part those that have drifted from the northern migration and bred in that part of the State. The rich fare set out by the gun clubs, their fresh water ponds, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

Although the widgeon are thus well enough represented from the first, sportsmen expect to get quite a number of them in the last part of the season, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

John Cline, who has the limit on the Centinela, I. E. Ingraham, Henry W. Keller and Willard Stinson quit early with the widgeon. Several shooters are enjoying local sportsmen around San Juan in the flats of Catalina Canon, and in that vicinity.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

THE WIDGEON.

Queer Traits of a Common November Duck.

How Pretty Fools are Hunted to Greatest Advantage.

They Decoy Well, and Answer a Call Readily—Sometimes Show Caution.

About the middle of November in every year, sometimes a little earlier, a heavy rain or two falls in the latter part of October, occasionally a week or so later, comes the big widgeon flight into Southern California.

The first day of the shooting season, even when that is not the case, there are always more or less ducks of this variety in the southern country, they being for the greater part those that have drifted from the northern migration and bred in that part of the State. The rich fare set out by the gun clubs, their fresh water ponds, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

Although the widgeon are thus well enough represented from the first, sportsmen expect to get quite a number of them in the last part of the season, and the abundance of such surroundings as a duck loves are annually the means of keeping a representation of this kind of fowl here all summer.

John Cline, who has the limit on the Centinela, I. E. Ingraham, Henry W. Keller and Willard Stinson quit early with the widgeon. Several shooters are enjoying local sportsmen around San Juan in the flats of Catalina Canon, and in that vicinity.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.

Several local shooters left during the week for Elizabeth Lake, which is said to be well populated with canvasbacks, redheads and mallards at present. It is very cold during the night around Elizabeth Lake at this season.



THE BEST TERMS OFFERED ON ANY TRACT. GO OUT TODAY. TITLE GUARANTEED. The Title Guarantee and Trust Co. guarantees to us our titles, and unlimited certificate from them goes with your deed.

RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE BIG THINGS DOING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR. Growth every seven days in dwellings alone. Adding the above facts and figures to the larger structures, public school buildings, the immense electric railway barns and shops and the Ascat Amusement Park—all of which are now under way—we are assured that the growth of the Sixth ward for the year 1931 will equal if not exceed

THE TWO MILLION DOLLAR MARK. Many trees in Vernon Park are worth the price of the lot. We have three hundred choice lots ranging in price

FROM \$290 to \$600. Buy Now Before the Raise in Prices. This Is Your Opportunity. Los Angeles at anything like the prices of today.

Go Out Sunday... Office Open. Illustrated map, showing many fine homes in Vernon Park, can be had by sending or calling.

Grider & Hamilton. 225 W. SECOND ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL. Sunset Main 706; Home 1100

1904 Four Cylinder Peerless. 34 horsepower. Weight 2300 lbs. Everything in this Peerless Four Cylinder is a class by itself, when compared to its qualities with any other American built car.



Repairs, Accessories, Boarding, Livestock. Norman W. Church. 439-441 South Main. Phone—South 12. Home 1100



39-441 South Main  
Houses—South 142. Home 2518

[illegible]

Bill roll straight out of the morning. First and foremost, the cops get ready to ring for the patrol wagon as they see them in the office. But Bill is not a man of imagination and discernment. He is a commissioner as regards the best place to get drunk in.

So no one has been able to understand just what governs his choice and why at particular times, particular localities are to be most pleasing, but it is so.

When Bill leaves the jail for one of his excursions, it is always a source of exciting and fascinating speculation as to which town he will be visiting next.

After Pasadena comes up in charge of a Constable from Redondo and the next thing you know, in a most comfortable bed Downey with Bill in tow.

He has worked up a most interesting collection of notes in this manner and probably no man in the county is better qualified to give a just estimate of the various and practical workings of the constabulary.

**Look This Up.**

An opportunity of a Hirdine, F. E. Shaw & Co. of Long Beach have a beautiful 1896 lot of cars for sale. If you will purchase real estate from them between November 23 and December 1, they will give away a Christmas remembrance from F. E. Shaw & Co. This company is noted for selling the best cars in the country and see if you will get the fortunate one.

**All Work Reasonable and Guaranteed.**

Samples sent everywhere. Will paper and better for two-foot room. \$1 up. Walter, 1000 Broadway, New York.

**BURNS FOR  
GOOD SHOES  
CHEAP!**

240 South Spring Street.

---

**SHILETTO**  
CUTLERY  
EVERY BLADE WARRANTED

Oliver Visible Typewriter

Leads them all  
E. H. CHIPPEN, Agent,  
400-407 Laughlin Bldg.

---

**Black Diamond  
Supply Co.**  
(John E. Murray, E. Y. Murray)

**COAL**

Everything in Fuel and Feed

Sunset  
Home

800

Seven  
Phone

**Few Holiday Suggestions**

Lots of people are buying Christmas presents now, and they are wise—avoiding crowds and disappointment of broken assortments, etc.

Beautiful Triplicate Mirrors, \$2.00 to \$25.00.  
Glove and Tie Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Cigar Cases, Shaving Sets—all on display.

**TANNER DRUG CO., FORMERLY**

**Sale & Son,**

**E. T. OFF, Mgr.** **214 South Spring Street**

---

**NEW. MODERN.**

**WE ARE GETTING TO THE FRONT THROUGH OUR HIGH GRADE WORK AND PROMPT SERVICE.**

**PALACE LAUNDRY**  
(INC.)

**241-243-245 E. Fifth Street.**  
**Phone 1324.**

**WE GIVE YOUR LINEN A SOFT PLIABLE FINISH; STIFF, AND NO LIABILITY TO CRACK.**

**NEAT. CLEAN.**

# NEW MARKS

PURE MOMIKIRI

# JAPAN

# TEA



its satisfying qualities.

When you steep a cup of tea, put into the teapot "Momikiri" Japan Tea. "Momikiri" is the choicest and rarest of all Japan Tea. Buy from your grocer.



"Momikiri" is a tea to drink because of its flavor—because of

Full weight pound packages, 60c.  
Full weight half-pounds, 30c.

Brought to this country and packed by **NEWMARK BROS., Los Angeles.**

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the right side, there is a dark, textured binding edge. The main part of the image is a light-colored page with faint, illegible text. A vertical line of text is visible on the far left edge of the page area.







Popular Prices  
20.

Spring and  
Third Streets

chiefs

from one of the greatest  
the prices given below  
attention to embroidered  
press upon our readers  
the price quotations may

d Men

ndkerchiefs  
Men.

men's fine corded handkerchiefs at each, 60c  
men's corded and colored handkerchiefs, 60c  
men's all linen hemmed handkerchiefs 4 or 4-inch at each, 12c  
men's pure, fine line stitched handkerchiefs, one size, special values, 17c  
men's extra large, pure, fine line handkerchiefs, every hem; special values, 50c  
men's pure, fine line, stitched, initial handkerchiefs, at each, 25c  
men's pure linen, handkerchiefs, 6 in a box, \$2.00  
Silk handkerchiefs, plain fine, heavy quality, 50c, 60c, 75c and \$1.00  
Silk initial handkerchiefs, large size, pure at 60c each and \$1.00

ed Benjamin & Co.  
NEW YORK  
and Chicago for New

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

Do Your  
yes Ache?

CURRENT COMMENT.

Force Ready.  
Richard Harding Davis is sleeping on a sofa at a moment's notice.—(Denver Post.)

Be Gorman's boom is in the hands of his friends and they should be careful not to lay it down where the people can get at it.—(Chicago News.)

Is Head of Rest.  
Bryan declares that his trip to Europe is not in the nature of a vacation. Possibly not for him, but how about the rest of us?—(Washington Post.)

Everything Wide Open.  
It is predicted that in New York during the reign of Tammany everything, including Dr. Parkhurst's mouth, will run wide open.—(Topeka State Journal.)

Of One Mind.  
Senator Cannon is for "generous but extravagant appropriations," and the Congressman is certain that does not mean a little bit exactly.—(Brooklyn Citizen.)

Keep Her Working Overtime.  
Senator Cannon is for "generous but extravagant appropriations," and the Congressman is certain that does not mean a little bit exactly.—(Brooklyn Citizen.)

Divorces Are Not Needed.  
The natural history book says that the spider, when she gives birth to her mate's society, only does so because there is no divorce problem.—(Ohio State Journal.)

As Economic Proof.  
The man with the \$5000 ear illustrates the law of demand and supply quite clearly; he could not sell the other ear for such sum, simply because there is no market for it.—(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Make a Popular Chord.  
Senator Cannon is for "generous but extravagant appropriations," and the Congressman is certain that does not mean a little bit exactly.—(Brooklyn Citizen.)

Many for Him.  
They say that after seven rehearsals, Charlie Swinnerton actually stumbled through the wedding ceremony.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Is Much.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

Is More Chances.  
He was calling, and she pleasantly sang into a photograph to—(Washington Post.)

ARMY AND NAVY MEN

In a paper read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers last week, Naval Constructor J. H. Linnard, U.S.N., makes it clear that nothing but confusion would result from an attempt to introduce the metric system into this country.

A report has been received by the War Department showing that the best record made by the sea coast artillery in target practice, under the provisions of the new regulations, has been made by the Sixty-first Company of Coast Artillery, commanded by Capt. Cloke and stationed at San Francisco.

Brig-Gen. Charles F. Humphrey, Quartermaster-General, U.S.A., in his annual report makes a strong argument in favor of the army transport service. He shows that the cost of the army transport system for the past year was \$2,384,429 less than would have been paid for similar service if performed by private carrying companies.

Reports as to the bravery of Sgt. Brooks and several other marines during the recent explosion at Iloilo Island are now said to have been very much exaggerated, and gave undeserved praise to the men in question. In an official report of the explosion, Commander Henry Morrell refutes the first reports and says that Sgt. Brooks was not even present at all.

Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigbee, commandant of the League Island Navy Yard, has read a lecture to the slow-going business men of Philadelphia that they will be likely to remember. It came about in connection with orders directing that the U.S. Pacific be placed in readiness to proceed to sea on November 11, which vessel was finally compelled to coal at Hampton Roads.

Secretary Moody has under consideration the appointment of a detail of four under the Bureau of Navigation to succeed Commander Benjamin F. Nicholson, who will shortly go to sea as the first commander of the protected cruiser Tacoma, now nearing completion at San Francisco. The Secretary is not yet ready to announce Commander Nicholson's successor, but he is said to be favorably considering the name of Lieutenant-Commander Nathaniel R. Fisher, recently attached to the battleship Illinois.

The late José Castro, the wealthiest man in Yucatan, whose will has just been filed, left an estate of \$14,900,000. J. M. Barrie, English author and dramatist, has an income of \$40,000 a year from royalties on his plays, all of which have been successful.

Joseph W. Folk, well known for his efforts in sending boulders to the Missouri penitentiary, has been invited to deliver the commencement day address at Harvard.

Lieut.-Gov. Guild, an enthusiastic collector of curious weapons of all kinds, of Boston, has recently added to his collection a full set of Philippine daggers of quaint design.

Col. John Dunlap Adair, a member of Gen. Grant's staff during the Civil War, has just died in Chicago. Col. Adair was born in Carlisle, Pa., and was educated at Dickinson College.

Cyrus W. Field's country place, Ardley, overlooking the Hudson, has just been sold for \$3,500. At this house, some of the most distinguished men of the nation have been entertained at various times.

A rather queer literary coincidence is that of a day or two after the publication of Bliss Carman's new volume of poems, "The Pipes of Pan," Mrs. Craigie copyrighted her latest play, called "The Pipes of Pan."

The Duchess of Bedford is the proprietor of a skating rink in London which is one of the most fashionable haunts in the English metropolis. The Duchess herself is in daily attendance and is an enthusiastic skater.

Emperor William has four light brown dachshunds of which he is fond. These dogs live in a stone, ivy-covered house in the Park of Monbijou, and have their own cook and open fireplace before which they can doze.

President Schurman of Cornell University says the student's day ought to be divided as follows: Ten hours' study, two hours for meals, three hours for athletics, one hour for recreation, and the remaining eight hours for sleep.

It is stated that as soon as Prince Edward of Wales, who is now in his tenth year, is old enough he will be entered as a cadet at the new Royal Naval College, Osborne, which was opened by the King during last regatta week at Cowes.

Gen. W. R. Shafter and Rev. R. Fay Mills were guests of honor and speakers at a recent banquet of the Unitarian Club of San Jose.

Archie J. McLaren and wife of Riverdale, Alaska, they have been for the past six years.

Joseph Jastrow, professor of psychology in the University of Wisconsin, is lecturing on that subject this month in the University of California.

Editor Brainerd W. Rowley, of the California Fruit Grower, a San Francisco publication, who died last week, left an estate valued at about \$15,000.

Moses Hart, who went to Kern county about forty years ago as one of its earliest settlers, recently died at his home in Kern. He was 70 years of age.

Joseph P. Theobald and wife, deaf mutes of Sacramento, were recently divorced by Judge Shields of that city. It was one of a very few instances of that kind in this State.

Mayor Warren Olney of Oakland is at present in the north inspecting the water-supply system of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and other cities, a matter which is at present receiving special attention in Oakland.

Judge Alfred Rix, father of Julian Walbridge Rix, the great painter of California scenery, who recently died in New York, is at present a resident of San Francisco. A full brother and two half brothers of the great painter also reside there.

Joseph Voyle, a Berkeley engineer of wide reputation and standing, is quoted in a recent interview as saying that a canal site in Nicaragua is impossible. He says that the mud bank there is 400 feet deep, and being a volcanic country, nothing could be made substantial enough to hold the banks.

California Chinese contributed \$150,000 to the Chinese statesman, Leung Kai Chew, upon the occasion of his recent tour of the State in the interest of the independent cause of China. Leung Kai Chew recently sailed from San Francisco with the sum of his collections which will be used for building a free school at Canton. He enlisted over two-thirds of the residents of San Francisco Chinatown in his cause, and collected over \$30,000 there in a single night.

Five floors crowded with high-class furniture, floor coverings and draperies—the greatest stock we've ever shown.

Give Furniture

Nothing More Sure to Suit

- Morris Chairs
- Desk Chairs
- Rattan Rockers
- Reception Chairs
- Arm Chairs
- Office Chairs
- Sewing Rockers
- Leather Chairs
- Children's Rockers
- High Chairs
- Den Furniture
- Cellarettes
- Writing Desks
- Bookcases
- Sofa Cushions
- Couches
- Shaving Stands
- Men's Chiffoniers
- Parlor Tables

Giving the matter good serious thought, do you believe there is ANYTHING, at like cost, that would make a more serviceable gift than a piece of GOOD furniture?

We say GOOD furniture, because anything of the trashy order would surely prove embarrassing to both donor and recipient.

While this is by long odds the greatest gathering of really elegant furniture shown in Southern California, we also have dozens and dozens of articles at \$1 to \$5 that would make suitable gifts.

Whether in search of gifts for babies or grand-parents, whether you have one dollar or several hundreds to spend, you are certain of finding sure-to-be-appreciated presents here.

And the sooner you come, the broader varieties you'll find. Greater comfort, too, in buying before the Christmas rush begins. Purchases will be delivered wherever you say.

- Dining Tables
- Library Tables
- Card Tables
- Dressing Tables
- Sewing Tables
- Lamp Stands
- Piano Stools
- Music Cabinets
- Hall Clocks
- Hall Mirrors
- Hall Racks
- Cheval Mirrors
- Fancy Screens
- Plate Racks
- China Closets
- Brass Beds
- Baby Cribs
- Blackening Cases

Impossible to stroll through here without seeing suitable gifts for every member of the family. Look now, at any rate.

Los Angeles Furniture Co.

225-29 South Broadway

Opposite City Hall

Popular Prices and Exclusive Styles.

Our stock is now at its very best. One of the first things a woman notices in visiting our store is the great variety of handsome suits and coats at very convenient prices.

There's no need of paying an exorbitant price in order to get something stylish, exclusive and becoming.

Our garments are made by the leading men tailors. The materials are new and nobby. The designs are of the very latest and highest order. And such a host of pretty garments that are priced just right.

- Walking Suits, \$12.75 to \$30
- Dress Suits, \$15 to \$75
- Coats, \$6.50 to \$60
- Skirts, \$5 to \$25
- Waists, \$1.50 to \$10

NOTE—Still a splendid variety of sample coats at 1/2 off. And still a good variety of odd walking suits at \$12.75 (formerly \$15 to \$18) and at \$17.75 (formerly \$20 to \$25).

B. B. Henshey

Cor. Third and Broadway.



Featherweight Trunks

Whitney-Woodling Trunk Co. 345 S. Spring St.

Innes Shoe Co. F. W. MERRIMAN W. A. INNES 236 S. Broadway 231 W. Third

TAXES....

Are as sure as fate. Now that the bogie man has passed it is a good time to relax and give thanks for leaving something to pay tribute on, and when you have recovered we want to talk to you about Furniture.

We have just received a new lot that will interest any one that is a careful buyer and has good taste.

BROADWAY DRAPERY AND FURNITURE CO. 447 South Broadway.

Catarrh of Stomach and Bowels Cured

Stomach and Bowel Troubles, Tape Worms, Stomach, Intestinal, Thread Worms and all other parasites which infest the human body, which are the cause of so many Chronic Troubles, can be removed without inconvenience of fasting. Passing of Mucus is an important symptom. Are there times when you have a ravenous appetite, and other times when the thought of food is revolting? Do you get dizzy? Is your head dull? Is your memory poor? Do you easily tire? Do your limbs get numb? Do you have head-aches? Are you nervous? Do your temples throb? Do your hands tremble? Does your heart flutter? Are you easily irritated? Are you always anxious? Do your muscles twitch? Do you suffer from sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Does sleep not refresh you? Do you suffer from neuralgia? In the past six months we have cured over 500 cases of so-called stomach trouble, and have absolutely cured eight cases of epilepsy. We diagnose and tell you whether you have any of these parasites or not. All charges for treatment are moderate. No charge if you are not satisfied.

Consultation and Diagnosis Free. Hours 9 a. m. to 12; 1 to 4 p. m. Dr. Smith & Arnold, 202 1/2 S. Broadway, Rooms 220-21, Los Angeles.



"Name On Every Leaf." Barnes' Bread is made to sell and to satisfy. Some breads are made to sell alone. Which will you have? Ask Grocers for ... Barnes' Bread ... Retail Store 321 W. Fourth, Factory 651 S. Olive Tel. Home 5499



1900 Washers SAVE WOMEN'S LIVES. While other washers clean clothes to some extent, they do not wash all the parts. They leave the wristbands, collars and worst soiled places unfinished, but the 1900 forces the water through the clothes and rubs them at the same time. Sold only by Henry Guyot, 414 S. Spring St. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



**Hale's**  
GOOD GOODS  
107-109 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
GOOD GOODS  
107-109 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
GOOD GOODS  
107-109 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
GOOD GOODS  
107-109 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
GOOD GOODS  
107-109 North Spring Street



# Every Woman Will Find Tomorrow Good ...Fortune in Tailor-made Garments...

Who need be poorly dressed? Every woman who takes advantage of the offerings in our suit department will be stylishly, correctly, and becomingly dressed whether her means are large or small. Suits made by men tailors for the least little prices. And the richest of costumes at much less than any suit house could afford to ask. Knowing, as we do, the cost of materials, the expense of making, we cannot understand ourselves how these beautiful garments can be sold for such small prices. But that's neither our look-out nor yours. The facts are, the garments are here, and everyone who comes will express surprise. Coat or suit, skirt or waist—we can please you and help you economize. There is not one item below that you should not read over, and among them you are sure to find just what you seek.

- Handsome Suits \$27.50**  
These effects are something entirely new. Come in mixed zibelines, in blue and terra cotta, with a blouse jacket, silk taffeta lined, new styles in sleeves and shoulder capes, handsomely trimmed with cluny lace with long tabs. Seven gore flare skirt. Hale's price \$27.50.
- New Coats \$17.50**  
These are the handsome new long coats, 2 1/2 length. Come in black and tan, with shaped back, cape over shoulders, new bell sleeves. Made of all-wool jersey cloth, lined with satin. The very latest style. Hale's price \$17.50.
- Fancy Coats \$25.00**  
These come with full pleated back, three capes over the shoulder, finished with cords and ornaments. Lined with light gray satin. Made with new style sleeves. Colors tan and black. Hale's price \$25.00.
- Kersey Jackets \$12.50**  
New jackets in tan and black, made of all wool kersey cloth. Cape over shoulders with three straps fastening in front, trimmed with buttons. Regular \$3.00 skirts. Special at \$12.50.
- New Suits \$11.50**  
Made of black or buff canvas cheviot, with long skirted jacket, cape and tabs in front, finished with buttons. Made with large sleeves and turn over cuffs. Skirt is made with yoke and panel effect. Pleated sides. These are all wool. Come in all sizes, especially appropriate suits for misses. Hale's price \$11.50.
- Walking Suits \$12.00**  
Made of wool mixtures. The jacket is made in house style with skirt effect lined with Ro. maine silk to the waist. Capes over the shoulders, trimmed with large fancy buttons; extra large sleeves with turn back cuffs. The skirt is gored with lapped seams. Colors are light and dark gray, also brown. Hale's price \$12.00.

**Pretty Dressing Sacques \$1.00.**  
These are a much finer dressing sacque than we have ever before sold at \$1.00 and you'll want one. They come in wool eiderdown in red, pink, or gray, with large collars trimmed with braid, and fasten with frogs; all sizes in the lot. If these sell as rapidly as those we advertised last year at this time, there will not be one left at the end of the week. So you had best hurry.

**Another Sacque \$1.50**  
This dressing sacque is also made of eiderdown. Comes in all colors and is a little nicer quality than the one above. It is made with handsome collars applied in black with bound edges. We have seen many \$2.00 dressing sacques that weren't any better.

**Eiderdown Robes \$3.50**  
Now that cold weather is really here these big, snug eiderdown robes will be sought after by a great many women. They are made full, with cord around waist and large collar. Come in red and gray. The material is so soft and warm, and the garments so becoming and cozy looking that they are sure to be rapid sellers.

**Underskirt \$1.25**  
This skirt comes in black satin, made with wide flounce with narrow ruffle, tucked. A good quality, a very neat, serviceable skirt. Price \$1.25.

**Very Stylish Suit \$35.00**  
A new Zibeline suit. Comes in blue or black, blouse jacket with long skirt effect. Made in the collarless style. Trimmed with fitted bands of silk around neck and down front, very narrow sleeves. Skirt has seven gores with a pretty flare and stitched seams. Jacket has cape collar and wide cuffs. A suit that compares with the average \$45 suit in every respect.

## The Day of Carpets Has Passed IMMENSE SALE OF "ART SQUARES"

Tomorrow starts our first winter's sale of art squares. If you are thinking of buying a new carpet change your mind and buy one of those lovely big rugs at 2 for 1 the price of a carpet. They come in the most beautiful colors, lovely colorings and patterns that are suitable for library, parlor, dining room, or chamber. Among them are oriental, Persian, French, Turkish, and American patterns. They are warranted to be the finest and purest quality of wool, and full weight, three-ply.

**Art Square Prices For This Sale**

- At \$5.75, art squares, 7 1/2 by 9 ft., regular \$6.25.  
At \$6.70, art squares, 9 by 9 ft., regular \$7.50.  
At \$7.80, art squares, 9 by 10 1/2 ft., regular \$8.75.  
At \$8.95, art squares, 9 by 12 ft., regular \$9.75.

## 3,400 Small Rugs, Nearly All Kinds, at Special Prices this Week

- Big Cut Price Sale of Smyrna Rugs**  
At \$6c, size 17 by 35 inches, worth \$5c.  
At \$1.40, size 20 by 60 inches, worth \$1.75.  
At \$2.45, size 26 by 72 inches, worth \$3.00.
- \$1.75 Tapestry Rugs \$1.45**  
Handsome tapestry rugs, all wool quality, fringed, size 27 by 54 inches, large variety of patterns.
- 15c Towels 10c Each**  
A lot of 100 dozen, heavy towels, size 18 by 26 inches. A towel that sells regularly at 15c, special Monday 10c each.
- Crash Towels \$1.25 Dozen**  
Pure linen crash towels, with hemmed sides, red striped ends. Monday per dozen \$1.25.
- 12c Towels 10c**  
Pure back towels with hemmed ends, size 19 by 34 inches. 12c grade at 10c.
- Turkish Towels \$2.75 Dozen**  
Extra heavy Turkish towels, half bleached, size 25 by 54 inches. Special \$2.75 per dozen or 25c each.
- 10c Toweling 8c Yard**  
25 pieces of pure bleached toweling with striped borders. Regular 10c grade, special Monday 8c yard.
- Imperial Crash 8c Yard**  
500 pieces of Imperial absorbent crash. Special at 8c per yard.
- Bleached Crash 5c Yard**  
100 pieces of twill, bleached crash, good heavy quality. Special per yard 5c.
- 1000 Pillow Slips 15c Each**  
Special for Monday 1000 pillow slips, made of best grade of bed ticking. Come in regular size in various kinds of stripes. Regular prices 30c and 35c. Monday only at 15c.
- 20c German Velour 12c per Yd**  
A heavy winter fabric for wrappers, kimono, etc. Also may be used for undershirts. 97 different patterns to select from. Absolutely fast colors. Other stores ask 20c, at Hale's tomorrow, 12c yd.
- 12c Fine Gingham 8c**  
Exactly 2000 yards of this fine gingham will be closed out Monday only at 8c. It comes in assorted stripes, also in plain blue and pink. Sells regularly at 12c.
- \$7.00 in Infants' Goods**  
Now the time for every mother to buy the baby's winter wardrobe. Our infants' department is in receipt of almost a complete new stock selected in New York by one of our special representatives. It includes the latest styles in warmest and healthiest apparel for the wee folks.

## Extra Specials in TABLE LINENS

- 65c Dice Damask 50c Yd**  
Comes in all linen in four different sizes of checks. 64 inches wide. Regular 65c, special \$50c.
- \$1.25 Linen Napkins \$1.00**  
One Linen Napkin, size 19 by 14. Heavy quality. \$1.25 grade, special at \$1.00.
- 65c Table Linen 50c**  
Half bleached, pure linen in pretty floral designs, extra heavy. 65 inches wide. Special at 50c.
- Cotton Damask 25c Yd**  
Ten pieces, 60 in. cotton damask. Come in new designs. Per yard 25c.
- 85c and 90c Damask 60c Yd**  
Monday we shall close out five pieces of our 85c and 90c damask. Comes in all pure linen, bleached. Monday, one yard.

## The Newest Glove Styles

The glove trade of the city is drifting to Hale's. No, not drifting but being drawn here by the great values we are offering. It is a mistake to suppose that all stores sell the same sort of gloves. Wear Hale gloves and you will not be disappointed.

Three-clasp Maggioni gloves, the finest quality. Paris point stitching, all colors and sizes. \$2.00.

Maggioni gloves in three-clasp style, with Paris point stitching, equal to the best sold elsewhere. Price \$1.50.

The beautiful Angulus glove two-clasp style, one row of embroidery, all colors, fitted and guaranteed. Fully equal to any \$1.50 glove sold elsewhere. Hale's price \$1.25.

Leather belts in the new red patent leather, special at 25c.

Patent leather belts in black with pretty buckles. Special at 15c.

Expanded belt buckles in new shapes and designs. Special at 10c.

Belts with wide leather straps lined in pretty floral and oxidized effects. Special \$2c set.

Leather "fringe" hand supporters with belt, in fancy colors, made of extra rubber elastic. Special at 15c.

Extra large lot of assorted hair pins. \$1c.

Black combs in shell, pretty shapes. Special at 15c.

Wingtips in fancy light and striped effects, suitable for children. Special at 15c.

Shell size combs, in pretty shapes, extra finish. Special at 25c per set.

20 dozen ladies' embroidered and lace trimmed hdkfs. in the newest styles, the choicest assortment we ever offered, 50c and 60c values. Special 25c.

Men's large mufflers in pretty colors, black and cream. Special at 50c.

Our celebrated golf rines in the W. L. & Co. make. Come in plain and fancy bands, in a beautiful line of stone settings. Prices 25c and 50c.

## Big Values in Little Things

Wingtips in fancy light and striped effects, suitable for children. Special at 15c.

Shell size combs, in pretty shapes, extra finish. Special at 25c per set.

20 dozen ladies' embroidered and lace trimmed hdkfs. in the newest styles, the choicest assortment we ever offered, 50c and 60c values. Special 25c.

Men's large mufflers in pretty colors, black and cream. Special at 50c.

Our celebrated golf rines in the W. L. & Co. make. Come in plain and fancy bands, in a beautiful line of stone settings. Prices 25c and 50c.

## Free Demonstration

Madam Wilbur's celebrated toilet preparations—for the hair, skin, nails, etc. Consultation free. Preparations on sale.

## Manufacturer's Stock of Women's Fancy Neckwear

Ordinary Prices Secure Extraordinary Values

Another Hale buyer was lucky. This time he bought out a manufacturer's entire stock of women's fancy neckwear. The manufacturer had finished a very profitable year. The balance of his stock was small. It didn't mean much to him what became of it. So a Hale offer of spot cash was accepted, and we secured this neckwear for our patrons.

- Lot No. 1 Manufacturer's Stock of Women's Neckwear 25c**  
Worth 39c and 50c  
This lot includes women's fancy stock collars, made of beautiful combinations of silk, velvet, and silk open work, metal, pearls, and other effects. Some are trimmed with lace, some with silk, some with velvet, some with silk and velvet. All are of excellent quality. Some worth \$1.00. Your pick 25c.
- Lot No. 2 Manufacturer's Stock of Women's Neckwear 35c**  
Values up to 75c  
This lot includes women's fancy stock collars of all sorts, some of silk, some of velvet, some of silk and velvet, some of silk and lace, some of silk and pearls. All are of excellent quality. Some worth \$1.00. Your pick 35c.
- Lot No. 3 Manufacturer's Stock of Women's Neckwear 50c**  
Worth 75c and \$1.00  
In this lot the neckwear comes in fancy stock collars, some of silk, some of velvet, some of silk and velvet, some of silk and lace, some of silk and pearls. All are of excellent quality. Some worth \$1.00. Your pick 50c.
- Lot No. 4 Manufacturer's Stock of Women's Neckwear 75c**  
Worth \$1.50 and \$2.00  
This neckwear comprises expensive stock collars, some of silk, some of velvet, some of silk and velvet, some of silk and lace, some of silk and pearls. All are of excellent quality. Some worth \$2.00. Your pick 75c.

## \$1.25 and \$1.50 Leather Wrist Bags \$1.00

To increase interest in our department of leather goods we are going to reduce our \$1.25 and \$1.50 leather wrist bags to \$1.00. Some of the styles are truly beautiful, and all of them are of excellent quality. They are made in black, tan, and white, also in colored effects. They have a large inside pocket, and are made with steel or gilt frames and clasps. Some lined with leather, others with silk. Special at \$1.00.

## Stylish Small Bags 25c

A new lot just arrived of handsome small bags with chains of gilt or steel. Just the thing for the little folks. Come in red, blue, green and black; also in imitations of Morocco and seal.

## \$6.50 Arabian Curtains \$5.00

Everyone knows the popularity of Arabian curtains. Their beauty and dignity warrant such prices. We have a lot which come in especially rich effects. They measure 50 to 84 inches wide, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 yards long. Cut from \$6.50 to \$5.00.

## \$3.50 Cable Net Curtains \$2.75

Handsome cable net curtains, made of the same net as Arabian curtains, wide, in floral and oriental patterns. They are 2 1/2 yards long, 50 and 56 inches wide, in floral and oriental patterns.

## \$2.00 Nottingham lace curtains \$1.50

Delight Nottingham lace curtains, 2 1/2 yds. long, 50 in. wide, double lock-stitched, woven border. The very latest designs. Special at \$1.50.

## \$1.75 Nottingham Curtains \$1.25

You may have these in five different styles, all the patterns are new and attractive. The curtains measure 2 1/2 yards long, 50 to 84 inches wide, woven with a double thread. Regular \$1.75. Special \$1.25.

## \$1.25 Nottingham Curtains \$1.00

You will agree that these are the very prettiest 1 1/2 yd. curtains you ever saw. And the special price of \$1.00 will make them doubly quick. They are full sized, and come in the latest and prettiest patterns.

## \$3.00 Beautiful Portieres \$2.25

These come in such a rich quality and have such beauty that every woman who sees them will be captivated. They come in stripes and floral effects, 3 yards long, 45 to 50 inches wide. Special \$2.25.

## \$2.50 Couch Covers \$1.50

This lot comes in four different styles, 54 inches wide, 3 yards long, made with plush all around. While they last \$2.50.

## \$1.25 Broadcloth \$1.00

52 inch broadcloth, in black and all colors, very firm, finely finished cloth that washes and wears. Regular \$1.25 quality, worth \$1.00.

## \$1.50 Silk Eolian \$1.25

Silk Eolian, 42 inches wide, in black and all colors, half silk. Sells everywhere at \$1.50. Special at \$1.25.

## \$1.00 Wool Voile 75c Yd

42 inch wool voile, in navy and black, medium weight, worth \$1.00. Special at 75c.

## A Good Form and Good Health

Belong to Those Who Wear Her Ladyship Corsets

Need we say more? Yes, this. Tailors and dress makers who have studied their art sincerely and who know the importance of a correct corset recommend "Her Ladyship Corsets."

Remember this—An expert corsetier helps you select the style that properly belongs to your figure.

Unless you try a pair of these corsets you cannot in any way understand their many advantages. Sold only at Hale's.

## Banner Patterns 10c and 15c

When you have once tried these patterns you will see why they are so popular. Better results, better fit, better style. No mistakes, no puzzling, no disappointments. All the correct styles 10c and 15c.

## Scot's Invisible Bustle and Hip Form 50c

Not like the old fashioned bustle. Nothing like the regular hip form. Women who would never wear them are firm friends of the Scot's Invisible Bustle and Hip Form. They assure the proper figure and a perfectly fitting skirt. Different sizes and styles for different figures. Sold at Hale's.

## Linens

Telephone your advertisement, copy from any time of day, night, and the Times will give you the best results.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

## SPECIAL NOTICES

PERSONAL ATTRIBUTES. A woman's face is the most important part of her appearance. It is the key to her success in life. A woman's face should be the reflection of her inner beauty. It should be clean, clear, and healthy. It should be the focus of all her thoughts and feelings. It should be the source of all her joy and happiness. It should be the center of all her life.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.

Do not assume responsibility for loss of any kind occurring in telephone advertisements.



















Liners.

WANTED—

Help. Male.

WANTED—TALAM with BMAAL. CAP. to take charge of inside work while on his work in outside. 124 1/2 SPRING ST. ROOM 3 and 4. 29

WANTED—TWO EXPERIENCED BALERS. with good references. Single line with 1000 lbs. capacity. Address C. 100 1/2 SPRING ST. ROOM 3 and 4. 29

WANTED—UNKNOWING MAN AND WOMEN. city or country. Particulars on request. ROME MEDICINE CO. 125 Broadway, Chicago. 29

WANTED—TO BE 10 YEARS FOR. make as MR. FORTUNE at Mackinac Island. Mr. FORTUNE, 345 S. Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—DETECTIVE. EVERY LOCAL. with salary. experience unnecessary. INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—PERSONS EVERYWHERE. to distribute circulars. \$5.00 daily and all expenses. Manager. 125 GRAND ROUTE, FARGO, CHINA. 29

WANTED—BOYS UNDER 10. SEND 1000 names and addresses of boys and get a pocket list. WESTERN SUPPLY CO. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—NICE FURNISHING. and clothing salesman. Must be Spanish. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—CARPENTER FOR INSIDE FINISH. call today. first home on north side. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BALANCEMAN SOLICITOR. to collect or part with. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—MAN OR BOY TO CARE FOR. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—LAWYER AND PLASTERER. to work on 10-room. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—YOUNG MAN FOR OFFICE. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN WRITING. a good hand. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—INTELLIGENT BOY TO 10. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—HEALTHY BOY TO DO LIGHT. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED SHOES. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—AN ELDERLY MAN. USED TO farming. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—MAN FOR FEW DAYS. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—CASH BOYS. MUST BE OVER 10. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—HUSTLING YOUNG MAN TO. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—NOT OVER 10 FOR SHELL. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO TAKE CARE. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—CITY SALESMAN FOR. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN WITH CAPITAL. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—MAN TO MAKE AND HANG. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—CASH BOYS AND MEN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—A PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTER. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—IRON MOLDERS. ALSO. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—CANNY CAPPER. MAN EXPERIENCED. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—COOK AND BAKING. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY TO WORK IN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS BLACKSMITH. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN. LEARN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD CARPENTER FOR. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY WITH WHEEL. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—JOB PRINTERS. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—SOLICITORS OF. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—DRIVER FOR. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOYS FOR. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—EXPERIENCED. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—A GOOD BOY WITH. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY WITH. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—FIN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—BOY. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—

Help. Female.

WANTED—PORTER. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—WOMAN. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—

Help. Female.

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

WANTED—GOOD. 125 Broadway, New York. 29

</



## WANTED-

## WANTED-

## WANTED—

**WANTED—**

## WANTED--

**WANTED—**

WANTED—

[illegible]

dress LOFTHUS C

**WANTED—PARTNER**  
ware, bicycle busi-  
ness, immediate offer

WANTED-HOUSES-  
ALL THE TENNESSEE

on installments; we  
properties on above  
**BERG & SPITZER.**

Agents. Address B.  
VICE.

Los Angeles suburbs;  
responsible business

E. KURM, CARPENTER  
and builder; houses, cars, fences and all  
repairs work done on short notice. Good  
prices. Home Phone 794. Address  
20 N. WINTH ST.

WANTED-TO BUY: AM FURNISHING AN  
office. Standing desk, chairs, leather lamp,  
cabinet, safe, etc. Call on Mr. J. H. Mc  
address POSTOFFICE BOX 86, city. 2

WANTED-TELEPHONE YOUR WANT  
advertisements. The Times will give prompt  
and liberal consideration to all such ad-  
vertisements. Minimum charge \$3 per week.  
Address THE TIMES, CHICAGO, ILL.

WANTED-TO RENT A ROOM WITH  
one who is going East, and will ac-  
commodate one or two others. Chicago, re-  
sident, Mich. Correspondence desired.  
Box 3, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-WOULD LIKE TO RENT HIGH  
grade piano, for 6 months or more, will  
pay \$100.00 monthly. Write or call  
light boy Jack Adams, D. box 4, TIMES  
OFFICE.

WANTED-A FEW PATIENTS THAT HAVE  
been afflicted with tuberculosis, and want im-  
mediate relief. Address PHIL KANE, city, General Deliv-  
ery Office.

WANTED-THE ACQUAINTANCE OF LOST  
gentlemen of means willing to assist a  
struggling artist. Address B. box 67, TIMES  
OFFICE.

WANTED-SO MORE ACRES OF GRASS  
to cut also! I want express agent to  
sell preferred G. W. GRAY, 129 S. Dear-  
born St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED-BY VIOLINIST, PIANO ACCOM-  
panist, and singer, a few experienced  
in dances playing. Photo West  
Chicago, B. box 3, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-ONE OR TWO LITTLERED  
board and care for, in refined family;  
everything homelike, clean and new. Ad-  
dress A. box 1, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-ALL WORK REASONABLE AND  
guaranteed. Samples sent everywhere, wall  
paper, linoleum, etc. Room 811  
Rt. 627 S. Spring st.

WANTED-SECOND HAND WALL MAP OF  
the United States, showing cities, towns,  
"cruciger's". JAMES THOMPSON, 308 W. W.  
St. to 1st St. to 1st St.

WANTED-SECOND-HAND GOODS FOR  
cash at J. H. DEFEW'S, 126-128 E. Main  
St., Chicago, Ill. Phone 691.

WANTED-TO RENT A WHOLE-STORY  
dwelling-house, 25 to 40 rooms; must be  
clean. Address C. box 54, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-Pipe fitting, stove re-  
pairing, water backs put in and ranges con-  
nected. The Times Building, 2nd floor.

WANTED-ADVERTISEMENT WRITING CON-  
sidered. Expert. Address B. box 6, TIMES  
OFFICE.

WANTED-PRIVATE EVENING LESSON IN  
Photography. Address E. TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED-I MEN BOARDERS, GOOD  
places, cheap. Address 100 N. Dearborn











Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1932

Los Angeles Sunday Times. IV



\_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]



















# OFFER TO MEN!

### *Finds Los Angeles Taking the Initiative in Adapted Buildings.*

The fire was burning so fiercely when Chief Stream arrived that in order

The interior of the building was turned out, and one engine company worked on the ruins nearly all night. The building was formerly the Milligan ice plant, and is one of the oldest in that part of the city.

**Auction.**

1880

the Guide: This, ladies and  
 died.  
 an in the Party: I was here  
 across the hall.

The fire was burning so fiercely when Chief Strehm arrived that in order

The interior of the building was turned out, and one engine company worked on the ruins nearly all night. The building was formerly the Milligan ice plant, and is one of the oldest in the city.

Superintendent  
firmly anchored  
yesterday morn-  
ing.  
of Buffalo one-  
in Boston one-

Live Stock, Furniture, Merchandise, etc. Residence  
and Office 1101 S. Figueroa Street Home  
Phone 7245.

**Thos. B. Clark**  
321 SOUTH WABAY, Tel. Monroe 1361, Green 1374.

highest bidder. Six months to  
approved note. Lunch at noon.

**RHOADES & RHOADES**  
Auctioneers  
Office, 145 West  
**T. H. ABBOTT, Owner.**

**General Auctioneers**  
Of Merchandise, Live Stock and Real Estate  
**COMPTON, CALIFORNIA**

THE  
The Guide: This, ladies and  
Gied.

Guide: Well, this room w



# Auction

Real Estate

AT 10 A.M.

Wednesday, Dec. 1st

WE WILL SELL THE

ROOM HOUSE

AND LARGE LOT

West 21st Street

between Vermont and Bonding Ave.

House contains 8 easy and nice

Rooms, Oak Inland Polish

Dining Room, finished

and Oak, Siding and China

built in house, Porcelain Bath

and Buggy shed attached

with fruit trees for family use

needing comfortable house

roundings, only 1 block west

of 21st, 2 blocks from West

st. line. Terms, one-half or

balance one or two years.

Immediately after selling the prop-

erty will sell the complete fur-

nishing, including Antique Oak

bed, Golden and Weathered

Pieces, Large Library Table

and Hand-made Dining Set

and Oak, Buffet, Steel Range

Cooking Utensils, Wilton Rug

and, also Horse, Buggy and

other household goods.

REICHENBACH, Owner.

RHOADES & REED, Auctioneers.

Room 143 West Fifth Street.

AT 10 O'CLOCK A.M.

Wednesday, Dec. 2nd

WE WILL SELL THE

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

WEST 28th St.

House contains 8 easy and nice

Rooms, Oak Inland Polish

Dining Room, finished

and Oak, Siding and China

built in house, Porcelain Bath

and Buggy shed attached

with fruit trees for family use

needing comfortable house

roundings, only 1 block west

of 21st, 2 blocks from West

st. line. Terms, one-half or

balance one or two years.

Immediately after selling the prop-

erty will sell the complete fur-

nishing, including Antique Oak

bed, Golden and Weathered

Pieces, Large Library Table

and Hand-made Dining Set

and Oak, Buffet, Steel Range

Cooking Utensils, Wilton Rug

and, also Horse, Buggy and

other household goods.

REICHENBACH, Owner.

RHOADES & REED, Auctioneers.

Room 143 West Fifth Street.

AT 10 O'CLOCK A.M.

Wednesday, Dec. 2nd

WE WILL SELL THE

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

WEST 28th St.

House contains 8 easy and nice

Rooms, Oak Inland Polish

Dining Room, finished

and Oak, Siding and China

built in house, Porcelain Bath

and Buggy shed attached

with fruit trees for family use

needing comfortable house

roundings, only 1 block west

of 21st, 2 blocks from West

st. line. Terms, one-half or

balance one or two years.

Immediately after selling the prop-

erty will sell the complete fur-

nishing, including Antique Oak

bed, Golden and Weathered

Pieces, Large Library Table

and Hand-made Dining Set

and Oak, Buffet, Steel Range

Cooking Utensils, Wilton Rug

and, also Horse, Buggy and

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1903.

## THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

TALKS TO PARENTS.

MONTH TALK-THE NATURAL CHILD.

BY WM. J. CHESTER, A.M.

Most parents are anxious that

their children should be as happy

and perfect as possible. Yet how

often do they stop to consider what

a child should be. If they would do this,

they would discover good reasons

for finding fault as frequently as they

do. The trouble is, most parents wish

their children to be perfect adults,

but it is more sensible to expect a

healthy, well-fed child to remain in-

active, if such a child should be con-

sidered to be a child, and not a

man. It is not that the child should

be perfect, but that he should be

happy and contented. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

It is not that he should be a

perfect adult, but that he should

be a perfect child. It is not that

he should be a perfect adult, but

that he should be a perfect child.

They find much pleasure in small

things. They feel lively, for a time,

disappointed, for a time, and then

they are taught to be afraid of many

things.

MEANING OF A CHILD'S ACTIVITY.

The activity of a child is nothing

more than the reappearance of forces

produced by the food he has eaten.

For two nights the dances are kept

up after which the crowd shows signs

that he has become nearly pacified.

The last night of the ceremony ends in

a general festival, at which all the men,

women and children of the tribe are

invited. The candidate now appears

dressed for the first time in a button

blanket and a new headband and neck-

tie. He then pays the men for the

bites he has inflicted during initiation,

the price being a canoe for each bite.

—Chicago News.

Weak Point in Socialism.

Perhaps the word "Socialism" sums

up or includes more of the "isms" and

doctrines of Tom Johnson than could

be expressed by any other single word.

He believes in many other things—

single tax, anti-trust, free silver, etc.—

but most of these things are not new

under the flag of Socialism, which has

been established by the groups and fac-

tions that have been created by the

advocates of Socialism. It is a new

thing, with the hope that any blow

at established property and the exist-

ing order will be the first step toward

the establishment of Socialism. It is

the hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be

established in its place. It is the

in a squatting position, making

wild and violent gestures as he pro-

ceeds. He would not be redoubled

and is held by a large ring

around his neck, so that he will not

strut and strut about the people.

The female dancer again appears in

front of him, dancing in before de-

scribed. The candidate then returns to

his secret quarters and the people take

of their cedar ornaments and throw

them into the fire. This is called

smoking the wilderness out of the new

Ha-mata.

For two nights the dances are kept

up after which the crowd shows signs

that he has become nearly pacified.

The last night of the ceremony ends in

a general festival, at which all the men,

women and children of the tribe are

invited. The candidate now appears

dressed for the first time in a button

blanket and a new headband and neck-

tie. He then pays the men for the

bites he has inflicted during initiation,

the price being a canoe for each bite.

—Chicago News.

Weak Point in Socialism.

Perhaps the word "Socialism" sums

up or includes more of the "isms" and

doctrines of Tom Johnson than could

be expressed by any other single word.

He believes in many other things—

single tax, anti-trust, free silver, etc.—

but most of these things are not new

under the flag of Socialism, which has

been established by the groups and fac-

tions that have been created by the

advocates of Socialism. It is a new

thing, with the hope that any blow

at established property and the exist-

ing order will be the first step toward

the establishment of Socialism. It is

the hope of the Socialists that the

present society will be completely

abolished and a new one will be



# GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN—By WALT McDougall

## What Happened to a Very Bad Little Boy When the Wonderful Telltale Bug Came to His House

**P**ERHAPS had a Telltale Bug been in Oliver Mason's house there would have been no story about him and the awful Redhaired Hazarack. Few children, as far as I know, have ever seen a Telltale Bug, and none at all have ever set eyes upon a Hazarack. The bug, as every parent is well aware, rarely allows children to notice him about a house for the reason that if bad boys or girls knew he was there they would behave themselves.

The Telltale Bug, as his name shows, reports to parents all that he sees, whether good or bad, and is constantly on the watch where the children are playing in a house to see what they do. He has that peculiar property or power possessed by the chameleon and a few other creatures, of changing his color to the hue of the spot he is on, so that he is almost invisible unless great care is taken to seek for him. If he were on a blue spot in the carpet, for instance, one would have to lie down flat on the floor and look for him sideways in order to detect that he was there, for he will exactly match the blue shade. If he were upon any other colored stuff, such as a chair-cover or a curtain, then he would be just as plain as the material, and even on a white bedspread it would be just as difficult to see him.

He also has the habit, so common to water bugs or cockroaches, of hiding behind a chair-leg or other object when anyone is about. The cockroach is considered by naturalists as the very cleverest of insects just because of this peculiarity, as no other beetle has sense enough to hide in that manner, but simply runs away or gets under a stone and hides, while the water bug and smart roach slips behind something and waits until you have departed. One may see the tips of their feelers or antennae sticking out and wiggling up and down as if Mr. Bug was nervously wondering when on earth you are going. Then, as soon as your back is turned, out he pops and gets to work again.

The natural color of the Telltale Bug is a deep golden yellow, with crimson spots, nine in number, on his back. If you should happen upon such a beetle in the fields you will know that it is a Telltale Bug who has not yet got into a house where they have children, for he will enter no other.

Whether he grows old and dies when the children have become men and women, or goes away when they are too old to be watched, is a question over which the naturalists have long wrangled bitterly. I think he dies when his work is over, but Professor Thomas, of Princeton College, supposes that he retires to the woods and rears a family of young bugs.

At any rate, nobody has ever seen a Telltale Bug in a house inhabited only by old people or in a vacant dwelling. They are about as large as your thumb, when fully grown.

As to the Redhaired Hazarack, or Pincer-bill, nobody ever knew what it was like until its photograph was accidentally taken when it got Oliver Mason, although many persons have pretended to describe it in books, saying that it had horns, wings, eyes like the Podiceps or claws like the Urostrator, and bellowed like a bull, every bit of which was incorrect, as I shall shortly prove.

A glance at the picture of the part of the Hazarack will be of more use than many pages of careful description, but even I do not know how that part of the animal below the floor looks. He may have a tail or flukes like a whale, or even feathers, for all I know, but it is quite unlikely that he resembles most animals whose forepart is built in this manner. So I should imagine that he has perhaps two hairy hind legs and some sort of a funny tail, but I will not state positively.

Not that I particularly desire ever to see him, for in fact that's far from being my wish, although he doesn't get grown-up men. I think that even to look at him would give me a pain, yet in the interest of science I would study him at a safe distance.

Oliver Mason, who lived in a certain house with his sister Pauline, was what almost anybody would consider a bad boy, although he never would admit that he was worse than most boys around here. I will leave it entirely to you to say what he was when you have seen him, but I will tell you that he was a very bad boy. I'll have no more to say.

He was ten years old when this story begins, but since he was three he was the worst, most mischievous child ever seen in that village, which was a big one and had three hundred people in it. It was called St. Thomas, and was a very nice, quiet place, where the quail often came right into the gardens and whistled "Bob White" all day long.

Oliver was known all over St. Thomas as "the worst ever," which sufficiently explains his character. He was cross-eyed, red-headed, freckled and bow-legged, so after all when the thing got him I don't suppose his folks mourned very much. Not, at least, as much as they would have done had Pauline been taken.

The Mason house was the finest in the place, as his father was the richest man, being the banker and also owning many houses. It was the only house that had a lawn in front, as well as water and gas and an electric doorbell, which furnished much amusement to the children when it was first put in. The house was so large that Oliver had a room all of his own to play in, as had his sister, besides an immense garret that was a whole playground in itself, but with all this he was not content and went from garret to cellar daily trying to find some new vent for his mischief-making desires.

For many years he did the meanest things, and yet with consummate cleverness always managed to put the blame upon the cook or the upstairs girl, or even Pauline, occasionally, so that he was never suspected. This was easier, too, because his father never could fix it so that he could catch Oliver's eye, as he was so cross-eyed it made Mr. Mason dizzy to look at him.

If you can't catch and hold a boy's eye it is almost impossible to tell whether he is lying or not, and this was the reason Oliver always escaped. Cooks and other servants were discharged for the things that he had done, and he chuckled in secret gloom as he watched them leave, red-faced and angry at the injustice done them. His father never smote him when some innocent servant girl, who was saving her wages to marry and support some worthy man, was discharged in the middle of a hard winter and was compelled to take a job at fifteen or twenty dollars a month less or else live with her mother and do the family washing for nothing.

Oliver would turn on the water in the bath-tub and go away until it overflowed and spoiled the parlor wall-paper. Once he did catch it for that. His father always read the paper at the breakfast table, and neither of the children were allowed to speak to him or ask questions or otherwise interrupt him until he had finished reading.

Twice Oliver, feeling a slight remorse, for this was when he was very much younger, tried to speak, but his mother whispered to him to wait until he had read his paper. That day the paper happened to have two pages of news, as the village store hadn't sent in its advertisement in time for printing, and it took Mr. Mason some time. When at last he laid his paper down Mrs. Mason said:

"Now, Oliver, you may speak."

"I only wanted to say that when I came downstairs to breakfast," replied Oliver, slowly, "I saw the water running in the bath-tub."

Mr. Mason rose and dashed upstairs, followed by the rest of the family, and found a stream of water flowing over the bath-tub rim an inch deep. Then Oliver had a meeting, a short but



THE PICTURE TAKEN BY PAULINE'S CAMERA

busy session, with his pa, and he ate his breakfast standing at the table until two days had passed because the seam in his trousers hurt him so. Still the water was occasionally found running, but it was never fastened on him. He did hate a bath-tub, anyway.

From his baby days he invariably played with matches whenever he could get hold of them, and many a time came within an ace of setting the house on fire. When older he built bonfires in the yard secretly, and as the blaze flared up ran out crying "fire" and frightened everybody half to death.

It was always supposed that some vindictive person, envying Mr. Mason his wealth, for he belonged to the Standard Oil Company, had tried to burn his palatial residence, and sometimes he almost determined to leave his native village and buy a house on Riverside Drive, in New York, but the fact that taxes and fire insurance were cheaper in St. Thomas caused him to remain.

Oliver grew up, but only to widen his field of mischief. He found out so many ways of being bad that sometimes I think he was really a wonderful genius, and might perhaps have grown up to be an actor or a novelist had he lived to be a man. He used to wet the kindling wood to annoy the cook, eat jam and then leave marks all over the shelves with a dried mouse's foot which he kept for that purpose, so as to delude his mother into imagining that a mouse had done the damage. He often varied this sport by making holes in sugar bags and other receptacles containing provisions and it was always blamed upon an innocent mouse.

He bored a hole in the kindling wood, put powder in the cavity and plugged it up. When the cook had gotten the fire well started and had seated herself to read "Lady Violet's Curse," or the Twice-Doomed Baronet of Twiddleigh Crimpet-on-the-Hike," a stirring tale that came weekly in the "Grocer's" Bulletin, the gunpowder exploded with an awful report, the stove blew up and the kitchen rocked. All the windows were broken, the cook received a shock that sent her to bed for two days, and she was accused of trying to light the fire with kerosene oil.

When the new cook came Oliver was ready for her with new devices. He put salt in the sugar, put vinegar in the milk and soured it and gashed the back stairs with tallow the very first morning. Then he placed red pepper on her stove so that she was driven out into the yard and the dinner was completely spoiled. Mr. Mason told his wife to discharge the girl at once. When she went to bed she found a turtle crawling in her room, and as she was from the city she did not know what it was, but thought it was a big bug of some sort, so she yelled for help. Oliver came running up at once and hid the turtle in his blouse while the girl was trying to climb up the wall.

When Oliver's father came she could not find the turtle, so that Mr. Mason was certain that the girl was demented. On the other hand, she was determined not to sleep in any place where the bugs were as big as her hand, and out she went at once. Pauline suspected Oliver of having a hand in this matter, but nobody else did.

The next cook had other trials to endure. Oliver placed a pail of water over the kitchen door which upset upon her when she opened it. When she went into the cellar she stepped into another bucket of water placed at the foot of the stairs. This was blamed upon Gladys Keefe, the previous cook. The new one, Elsie Devere, went almost crazy before she left. Oliver would go into the cellar and blow into the gas burner there, which, as you perhaps know, will put out every light in the whole house as sure as shooting, and then while she was in the dark he would make awful noises below, scaring her into convulsions, for she believed in spooks. His father always blamed this upon the gas company and made complaints very often about it, which tickled Oliver nearly to death.

He put walnut shells on the cat's feet, and when she came clattering along the hall Elsie went into spasms. He stuck a splinter of wood into the side of the electric push-button on the front door, so that it rang and rang although no one was there, and she said the house was haunted. When she saw nobody at the door she threw her apron over her head and said things in Latin that he could not understand at all. But he saw that she was frightened and that pleased him. He stole mince-meat by lifting the lids of newly-made pies, and ate it, after which he substituted potato parings, and when his mother cut the pie the night the minister was there to dinner she was so mortified that she blushed to see him try to eat the potato parings. But Oliver only grinned.

The minister was too polite to show that he was not pleased with Mrs. Mason's pies, but he never came there to dinner again, which also pleased Oliver, as he didn't like the man. He soaped the front steps that night, but somehow the minister managed to walk down without an accident, and Oliver was bitterly disappointed, for he dearly wished to see him turn a somersault and find out what a minister says under the circumstances. Elsie left after his next performance, saying that the house was bewitched from top to bottom.

Oliver had dropped a handful of baking powder into the molasses jug a few minutes previous to Elsie's cooking hour, and had been waiting to hear from it. The poor girl needed some molasses to make the children a cake, so she opened the jug on the kitchen table. When she drew the cork, out came a mass of rich froth that boiled up furiously, overflowing upon the table, then upon the floor. It flowed and flowed, surging forth like a volcano, and it seemed never ending. While she stood transfixed at the sight, the jug kept on spouting forth like a geyser until half the kitchen was flooded, and then she ventured to taste the mixture.

That assured her that witches were at work, for she had never tasted such molasses. When she went upstairs to her room,

resolved to leave at once, she had a fit on finding a live mouse in the sleeve of her best Sunday shirt waist, pinned there by Oliver in the morning. Then she left.

This boy exhausted ingenuity as he exhausted my power of describing all of his tricks. He got a piece of aged and decrepit Limburger cheese, which is the noisiest and most fetching cheese as regards perfume in all the world, and he placed it carefully in his mother's work-basket, covering it with spoils and other material. Then it gave forth an aroma estimated by scientists at about sixty-five horse-power, filling the house with fragrance and penetrating closets and crannies most insidiously. When his mother came home she simply said "dead rats," and began house-cleaning. It was a week before he removed it, and he was never detected, for to this day they think it was a defunct rodent, although his father hinted that it was more like a deceased horse in power and aromatic pungency.

Then, just in time, came the Telltale Bug.

It took up its quarters in the playroom, and soon saw that it had long been needed in that house.

It saw him melt the nose of Pauline's best wax doll by laying it close to the gas stove. Then it watched him about his air-ship, out of the window and break seventeen panes of glass in the neighbors' windows and two in a lamp post, after which it did its duty. It promptly went to Mrs. Mason and told her what it had seen.

Of course, had Mrs. Mason received this information from any but a Telltale Bug she would never have given credence to it, but nobody who is a parent ever doubts one word uttered by one of these useful and necessary insects, let me assure you of that. She went a little, for she had always imagined Oliver to be a perfect boy in spite of all his pranks, but she believed, of course, what the bug told her. She went to her son and told him that she knew he had broken the windows, but he deliberately made up a lie, saying that the windows were broken by Johnny Meader, "the big, fat rascal," he called him.

Now I do not suppose that there is anything that will stir up a Telltale Bug like a lie, for that puts the burden upon the insect and makes it seem that he is a falsifier, although, of course, all parents know very well that such a thing is impossible.

This particular bug was no exception to the rule, and he was very angry at Oliver. And Oliver's mother knew that John Meader was far too fat to be going about breaking windows, but she said no more. She now knew that her boy, besides being cross-eyed and red-headed and bow-legged, was imperfect in other ways, and even then, I think, she began to get ready for the end, although she never suspected that the Hazarack would get him.

For a few days, warned by the fact that at last he was unmasked and known in his true light by his mother at least, Oliver was very careful about playing any pranks, but when a week had passed without any diversion he fell.

He began by buying ten cents' worth of St. Thomas whisky, which is very potent, and soaking corn in it for two or three hours, after which he fed it to Mr. Deatrice's chickens. They became awfully drunk and staggered about the streets until some kind ladies led them carefully home to Mr. Deatrice.

Oliver nearly laughed himself sick, but as for the chickens, they all refused to look at corn for many a day, which shows that poultry have far more sense than many men. This was so successful a trick that the boy forgot all about his mother's words of warning, and looked about for another opening for his mischief-making propensities. He did not look far before he thought of something.

Mr. Mason was very fond of a huge rocking chair which had belonged to his mother, who was a Stuyvesant or a Van Rensselaer or something very aristocratic like that, and every night he sat and read the stock reports in that chair, sometimes falling asleep in it, too. Oliver carefully sawed the rear legs until but a mere splinter of wood remained, and even put putty in the crack to hide the evidence of his wicked work. Then he just waited, looking very demure, but something told him that he had gone too far. Still, he felt no real remorse, for if he had he would have confessed before his father came home. Instead he went to William Harvey and told him of what he had done. William was delighted, and promised to be around to see how the trick worked, but alas for William he was never seen again.

Inside of an hour he disappeared forever while he was playing in his cellar all alone. Nobody knows what happened, but in the light of later events it is pretty certain that the Hazarack got him before he came after Oliver, for he was nearly as bad a boy, although not nearly so homey. His cup was found beside a barrel in which he had placed a couple of packs of firecrackers, intending, no doubt, to set them off and frighten his old aunt, with whom he lived. No other vestige of William Harvey was ever seen, and for many a day children mentioned his name with bated breath in St. Thomas, and, in fact, all over the country.

It was almost dark when William disappeared. Oliver was eating his dinner when he heard a faint cry that sounded somewhat like his friend's voice, but he merely thought that the boy's aunt had caught him and was punishing him. Oliver was taken himself before he ever learned what had occurred, but now perhaps he knows even more than we do about it, as we can not tell what the Hazarack does with the bad boys it takes away. It may keep them alive somewhere and make them continually play tricks upon one another, which I consider would be a sufficient punishment, or it may simply fatten them up and then devour them as dragons are said to devour the lovely maidens in the fairy stories. Until we learn more about this mysterious animal we can not say much concerning its habits or tastes.

Well, Oliver's plan succeeded, and when his father seated himself in the old rocker both of the legs broke at once and he was thrown over backward with great force. His head narrowly missed striking the porch railing, but as it was he experienced a

## The Worst Boy in the Village Had Suddenly Disappeared When the Redhaired Hazarack Got After Him

dreadful shock and was awfully strained, so that he sent for Doctor Kemper and then went to bed.

Did Oliver feel any pang of sorrow at what he had done? Not a pang! He chuckled in the dark while his father said things that could not be repeated in public, and yet he felt a shiver of fear for the coming of the daylight, when his injured and irate parent should discover the marks of the saw on his beloved piece of furniture.

That was all, merely a slight fear, but when his mother came with such a sad face and led him to his bedroom he began to wonder. She told him that she understood all. She proved very conclusively that she knew he had sawed the rocker's legs, although the wicked and incorrigible lad attempted to deny it. When at last he asked her how she knew, she told him about the Telltale Bug, and his eyes bulged out with amazement, for he had never heard of that splendid golden-hued insect.

Oliver gritted his teeth while his mother spoke, resolving to find that bug and smash it immediately, but he little knew how nearly impossible was that task. His mother left him after a time, and she was weeping, but he did not weep one little tear, for he was mad with clear thought. He went around searching for bugs and found some water-bugs, to be sure, but nothing that seemed to be as intelligent as the one his mother had told him about.

Little did he know that the Telltale Bug was right beside him all the time, watching every movement. But there it was skipping about briskly, almost under his feet, changing color all the time as it ran along from one tint to another on the carpet, now pink, now blue or brown or, the woodwork or floor, or pale green on the wall-paper. It knew very well what he was doing, for, but it was not the least bit troubled. He went into the kitchen and got the cockroach-trap, a device that catches even those exceedingly clever beetles, and placed it by a small hole in the wall. Finally he got a bottle of insect-powder and liberally sprinkled the floor and even the bed with it, filling the room with the pungent dust until he almost sneezed his head off. But the Telltale Bug is perhaps the only insect which is never bothered or even disturbed by insect-powder, and it laughed, for the cloud of yellow dust permitted it to assume its natural golden color, and that it most desired at all times.

There was one hole in the carpet made by Oliver with his knife, and right beneath it was a knot-hole in the floor used perhaps by an occasional mouse, and this hole seemed particularly likely to be the abode of the dreaded bug. Oliver poured much insect-powder into it, emptying the bottle there, in fact, but he was not satisfied, and when he went to bed he thought over plans to destroy the insect until far in the night. When at last he fell asleep he dreamed an awful dream. It was this:

He seemed to be in a great hall surrounded by boys who were all busy studying or carving wood or drawing, and he was on a platform doing some work that was being used as a model for all of them. He heard a teacher say that Oliver Mason was the best workman and the most careful student in the hall, and in stead of feeling glad he was, even in his dream, shaken with rage and regret. Then came another teacher and presented him with a gold goblet as a prize after making a long speech praising his portment and manners in school.

Then his hair was cut and all the little short hairs fell down his neck, as you know how they do, and turned to burning wire that wriggled all the way down his heels. His finger-nails were cleaned by a man, and he had to sit still while it was being done, seemingly held as by a vice, after which he was placed in a great bath-tub of silver and scrubbed and scrubbed until it seemed as if his very skin was coming off. In a little while a cold spray of water was turned on him that chilled his blood.

All this time he was praised and commended by a crowd of other children whose very faces he hated. He wished for a handful of stones to throw at them. After all he was dressed in white velvet and he had to walk seven miles, while all the others rode in carriages, to another vast hall where he was made to eat oatmeal and coffee without sugar, cream or milk.

All the rest ate hot crullers, pie, pickles, ice cream and lemon buns. And the worst of it was that he was utterly unable to say one word, but had to smile and seem pleased all the time.

Oh, it was a terrible nightmare! When he awoke he shuddered and then he thought of the Telltale Bug. He sprang out of bed and went to the kitchen, for a plan had come to him. He seized a tea-kettle from the pantry shelf and filled it with steaming hot water, and ran upstairs as fast as he could. He hastily poured the water into the hole in the floor, without considering the damage it might do to the ceiling below and he grinned as he said:

"There! That'll knock out that old Telltale Bug, I'll bet as apple!"

As he spoke the floor seemed to rock like a sea, and he could see that something was moving beneath the boards, but he thought that it was the dying throes of the bug and laughed. The next morning the boards cracked with a noise like thunder, the carpet ripped open for two yards and three or four boards rose up into the room, smashed into footpicks.

He saw something beneath, but a glance showed that it was no mere bug. It was something huge and hairy, red as a fox and bristling with rage, and its fiery eyes glared like a lion's. Two immense pincers formed a huge beak that pushed up through the floor as if of steel, snapping like some enormous pieces of machinery.

Finally out darted with incredible swiftness five long sticky tentacles that were like those of the giant octopus or cuttle-fish of the Pacific, but red and shining, which grappled the bad boy by the legs and held him vice-like.

Oliver tried to call to his mother, but his voice was gone and a feeble squeak was all that he could utter. Nor could he struggle, for now the awful tentacles had hold of his arms. The gigantic beak of pincers at last grabbed him by the middle, and in a twinkling he was dragged down into the hole and he vanished.

Something told Oliver's mother in her sleep, perhaps it was the Telltale Bug, that all was not well with her boy, and Pauline, too, was waked suddenly, but Mr. Mason snored on. Mrs. Mason hastened to his room only to be amazed and frightened by the great cavity in the floor. There was absolutely nothing to tell her what had happened or who her son had gone, and when at last the sorrowful bug had gently broken the sad news to her she refused to believe him.

But on the table stood Pauline's camera, which Oliver had sneakily stolen away because it was all ready to take a picture, and he wished to annoy her by using all her plates. On the shutter that snaps and takes the picture the Telltale Bug had stood all the time Oliver was struggling in the grasp of the Hazarack.

In his excitement the bug had jumped up and snapped the shutter open. A picture was then taken, and when a few days later Pauline developed some plates, she found a photograph showing her brother in the grip of the animal.

Only then was it certain what had happened to the missing boy. As nothing more was ever heard of Oliver Mason there was no more to tell. Neither was the Telltale Bug ever seen again by Oliver's mother, as Pauline was a good child and furnished no opportunity for the insect.

So that's all.

WALT McDougall

## The

## The Worst Boy in the Village Had Suddenly Disappeared When the Redhaired Hazarack Got After Him

## The Ter

## Out of town

## The 42-

These set cons ware, each pr tracing on the Dishes a price 60c down

Order No.....

GENTLEMEN: In consideration hereby subscribe to THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. for the delivery of the TIMES-MIRROR CO. until THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. of

Start Paper.....

Deliver Dishes.....

Solicitor or Agent.....

THE TIMES-MIRROR GENTLEMEN-1

Delivered by.....

Only

The Times will

AGREEABLE LI

BY ADELAIDE GORDON, EDITOR

Mistakes to Avoid—Habits to Acquire

Popular Esteem—A Series of Plain

SPECIALTY CONTINUED

Mrs. Gordon will answer inquiries addressed to her on topics relevant to the subjects discussed. Letters should enclose return postage and should always be addressed thus:

ADELAIDE GORDON,

No. 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE AGREEABLE GUEST.

One can cherish a more laudable desire than to qualify for the high office of agreeable guest. An admirable object in view, you will find your interests just in proportion to your show a never-failing thought-out your social career with a determination to win, not only by a sound knowledge of the laws of society, as set down by the best authorities, but by showing a conscientious regard for the rights of others and a perfectly evident disposition to please and be pleasing.

You find yourself left out in the cold distribution of agreeable invitations, don't blame society for excluding you. The mistake is yours, in rightly and pleasantly impressing your guests with the fact that you are a guest, and should be treated as such. The mistake is yours, in not making yourself in hand, and what is the result? You are a guest, and you must be more than a guest. You must be kind, must be willing to sacrifice your own private preferences occasionally. It is your open, zealous effort to serve them and to help them to serve their guests that lends your hostess a real lustre and couples your name everywhere with the word charm.

Don't entertain the false notion that to accept hospitality with a grace, to seek only your own pleasure therein. There is the guest who does not entertain himself unless he can entertain others. He is the guest who is the occasion of a display of the hostess's talents, to labor for the amusement. He is too often mere wood in the drawing-room, and usually he is dropped from invitations.

Prove yourself a competent member of society, keep it constantly in mind that it makes not a particle of difference whether you are asked in a cup of tea or a four-course dinner at a neighbor's house, or you owe it to your own self as much effort for one as for another.

Use if you can that your presence is only acceptable when it adds pleasure to others.

THE POLITENESS OF KING.

all your dealings with hostesses, actual. Tardiness is a common fault, and one for which you are eventually to be punished. You are very, very great, or witty, or foolish, to venture to bustle in to a formal entertainment with



# GALL

## Village Had

## When the

## Got After Him

ed, so that he sent for

at what he had done. He

but when his mother

le Bug was right beside

delivered by Oliver with his

little short hairs fell down

chickies, ice cream and

When he awoke he

and filled it with steam

and Teltale Bug, I'll bet

like a sea, and he could

glance showed that it was

her sleep, perhaps it was

camera, which Oliver had

WALT McDUGALL

# The Times Mirror Sets as Christmas Gifts

## Two Styles.

A Handsome Decorated Set of 42 Pieces for..... \$3.35  
A Plain White Set of 46 Pieces for..... \$3.10

The quality of the ware is the same, the only difference being in the decoration and the number of pieces.

## The Terms

Patrons may pay for these either cash in advance or at the rate of 25c per month according to contract printed below. Each set is guaranteed to be in perfect condition. Any broken or defective pieces will be replaced if notice is given immediately and the undesirable parts returned to the office or to an authorized agent.

Out of town patrons may secure these dishes through any regular agent.

## The 42-Piece Decorated Set

This set consists of 42 pieces of American high grade, vitreous, decorated porcelain ware, each piece being decorated with a delicate lavender flower pattern, with gold tracing on the handles, knobs and border of each piece.

Dishes are guaranteed against crazing and sell ordinarily at retail for \$8.75. Our price 60c down and 25c per month for eleven months; total \$3.35.

## The 45-Piece Plain White Set

This set consists of 46 pieces, including sugar bowl, creamer, gravy bowl and is precisely the same quality of ware as the decorated set. Our price to patrons on the subscription contract is 60c down and 25c per month for ten months, total \$3.10.

Order No. .... Town. .... 190...

**CONTRACT FOR DECORATED SET.**

GENTLEMEN: In consideration of your delivering to me as a premium one (42.75) 42-piece, handsomely decorated dinner set, I hereby subscribe to THE TIMES (daily and Sunday edition) for a period of eleven months and agree to pay for the same as follows: 60c on the delivery of the dishes to cover the express and delivery charges and \$1.00 a month, which includes subscription to THE TIMES, for the period of ELEVEN MONTHS covered by this contract. It is understood that these dishes will be delivered to me within thirty days after the approval of this order by you and that said dishes remain the property of THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. until this agreement has been fulfilled. It is made part of this agreement that I will at once notify THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. of any change in my address.

Start Paper..... Signed.....  
Deliver Dishes..... Street and No.....  
Solicitor or Agent..... Collect at.....

THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.  
GENTLEMEN—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of one 42-piece Dinner Set as per terms of this contract.

Delivered by..... Subscriber.....

Order No. .... Town. .... 190...

**CONTRACT FOR WHITE SET.**

GENTLEMEN: In consideration of your delivering to me as a premium one (36.00) 45-piece, plain white dinner set, I hereby subscribe to THE TIMES (daily and Sunday edition) for a period of ten months and agree to pay for the same as follows: 60c on the delivery of the dishes to cover express and delivery charges and \$1.00 a month, which includes subscription to THE TIMES, for the period of TEN MONTHS covered by this contract. It is understood that these dishes will be delivered to me within thirty days after the approval of this order by you and that said dishes remain the property of THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. until this agreement has been fulfilled. It is made part of this agreement that I will at once notify THE TIMES-MIRROR CO. of any change in my address.

Start Paper..... Signed.....  
Deliver Dishes..... Street and No.....  
Solicitor or Agent..... Collect at.....

THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.  
GENTLEMEN—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of one 45-piece Dinner Set as per terms of this contract.

Delivered by..... Subscriber.....

Only a Limited Number of Sets of Either Style Are to Be Had at This Price.

No contracts accepted after December 22. Dishes may be seen at the Subscription Department of the Times Office.

The Times will continue to be the best newspaper on the Pacific Coast.

## THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY,

Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## AGREEABLE LITTLE DINNERS.

BY ADELAIDE GORDON, EDITOR OF "COURTESY SOCIAL USAGE."

Popular Esteem—A Series of Plain Talks on the Art of Being Agreeable.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES

ADLAIDE GORDON,  
No. 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

### THE AGREEABLE GUEST.

One can cherish a more laudable desire than to qualify for the high office of welcome guest. With admirable object in view, you should always be addressed thus: "My dear guest."

Upon one occasion the royal equiptage broke down, and her Majesty, arriving at the cottage tea table after the quite unavoidable delay of ten minutes, offered as full and formal an explanation and apology to her lowly and flattered entertainer as if she had been a guest at a court banquet or a presentation of peeresses at Buckingham Palace.

Queen Victoria knew the duties of a guest, and she did not allow the fact of her own exalted position to alter their fulfillment one jot.

There is no more common and more reprehensible failing than to take for granted that the hostess does not appreciate all these small thoughts of and for her. She does. She needs them. They are the life of her life.

Bring a pleasant countenance and your best toilet into your friend's reception room. A hostess is never overpleased to have you treat her little function, simple though it may be, as a matter of no importance.

Do not entertain the false notion that you can accept hospitality with a carefree and private preference. You must exert yourself to be agreeable to the hostess, and to help her to serve them and to help them to serve themselves.

Do not entertain the false notion that you can accept hospitality with a carefree and private preference. You must exert yourself to be agreeable to the hostess, and to help her to serve them and to help them to serve themselves.

Do not entertain the false notion that you can accept hospitality with a carefree and private preference. You must exert yourself to be agreeable to the hostess, and to help her to serve them and to help them to serve themselves.

Do not entertain the false notion that you can accept hospitality with a carefree and private preference. You must exert yourself to be agreeable to the hostess, and to help her to serve them and to help them to serve themselves.

story teller. In fact you should not strive to be anything but your natural self. If you are a cheerful, unassuming, willing to talk your best to the dull as well as the charming companion, you will be the most agreeable guest.

### THE CIVILITY OF CAESAR.

I can prophesy unerringly the social fate of that not uncommon individual whom the hostess can never please; the person who is acutely wretched if there is a draught or a temperature above sixty-five, who can only drink aerated waters, who can eat nothing but rare beef, and hates ice cream.

Now, when you dine, or luncheon, or sup out, eat the food set before you with a relish if you can.

You need not do any special violence to your health in accepting the entertainment provided for you without doubts or questioning. If you are on a severe diet, say that the hostess is a doctor, and that you are a patient.

There is a story told of Julius Caesar, who, great man as he was, observed in detail as a guest the most scrupulous courtesy in his treatment of his host.

At a Roman dinner party, where Caesar was a guest, it happened that a cold butter was served by a mistake. The host, not aware of the condition, was covered with confusion when one of his guests refused it; another tasted the unfortunate butter and made a very wry face, while the third openly and loudly complained.

When, however, the dish was passed to Caesar, the conqueror of Gaul and Germany, Great Britain and Egypt, calmly helped himself and ate of it quite as though it had been honey from Hymettus Hill.

Tradition saith not, but my private conviction is that the host of that dinner party must have been ever after the fast friend and frank adviser of the man, who, unowned emperor, as he then was, could show such exquisite consideration for his host, and such prompt obedience to the very best and highest laws of etiquette.

### A GRACIOUS GIFT.

Happy is the social fate of that man or woman who can master a trying situation by dint of self-sacrificing calm or demeanor. It is a gracious gift in the guest who can and will smile in the face of trying circumstances.

If the clumsy servant spills soup on your pretty evening gown, if there is a cry of fire, or a serious accident, do not let it disturb you. You can earn the everlasting gratitude of your hostess and the pleasant envy of your fellow guests by maintaining a satisfactory and infectious composure.

If you are asked to sing or play for the entertainment of any company, give your song or sonata readily, and an encore, if that is insisted upon. Do not

wait to be begged for an exhibition of your talents. It is a species of beautiful unselfishness to be able to contribute to the pleasure of others, and to the man or woman who knows how to do things in a sweet and ready spirit belongs the rich spoils of many nice invitations and much attention that is complimentary.

For my own part, I like and enjoy the thoroughly superior and often stupidly selfish individual who calls "parlor tricks."

Whether the mother of a really nice, but rather beautiful, rich girl, who asked my advice in the social training of her daughter, I promptly replied: "Teach her some drawing-room accomplishments. If she is not musically inclined, let her learn how to recite verses of our minor poets, Austen, Dobson, Henley, Scottell, etc. Perfect her in the art of playing the best kind of a hand at any drawing-room game of cards, telling fortunes, delineating character, or reading aloud, even in a finished style."

"It does not make a great deal of difference who she is, but she should be able to do the thing well and in the right spirit, for it is the desire to be kind and to contribute something to the happiness of others that makes the irresistibly attractive guest."

### YOUR FELLOW GUESTS.

You may not like Mrs. Brown, perhaps, but she is unforgivably rude, and Miss Robinson appears to be a dowdy and doubtful-looking person; but if you find them assembled at the table of Mrs. Blank, treat them one and all with the most beautiful courtesy. You owe this to Mrs. Blank; she has given you a chance to show her fine china and glass.

More than this, you know, or you ought to know, that your hostess and friends are persona grata to you just as long as they are under her roof, whatever they may be. Cherish them, and that you insult her in neglecting one of them.

To illustrate the civility of England's sovereign, as well as that of visiting monarchs and men of distinction, was virtually a study of the latter what an extraordinary sort of man he is and what an extraordinary sort of "games" he has been up against since he rose from an ordinary policeman to be the special guardian of royalty.

His royal charge's principal danger being from anarchists, Melville naturally has made a study of the latter and he is supposed to know more about them and their haunts than any man in the world. He has his agents in every great city in this country and Europe, and it is said that he would know where to lay his hand on any prominent "red" at any time.

Perhaps his summary method of dealing with such enemies to society could be illustrated in no more telling way than by this story, which is one of the best of the many told by the Inspector.

In making his arrangements for guarding the safety of a royal visitor to London several years ago, Melville had been able to corral every dangerous anarchist in London with the exception of one who recently had come to the metropolis. Really it was a man only a "suspect" for which reason a warrant could not be issued against him, but Melville was determined to have the fellow safe. He knew that his quarry was employed as a cellar man in a wine merchant's shop on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne. The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne.

The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne. The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne.

## DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO GUARDING MONARCHS.

FAMOUS SCOTLAND YARD INSPECTOR SOON TO RETIRE.

Knows More About Anarchists and Has Defeated More of Their Plots than Perhaps Anyone in the World—Trusted Companion of Kings.

### (STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

LONDON, Nov. 11.—Probably it will be many a day before King Edward's counselors find another defender for him in whose charge His Majesty will feel as secure as he always has when under the protection of Inspector William Melville of Scotland Yard, who retires at the end of this month.

And probably it will be as long a time before the anarchists of both this country and Europe find themselves under as strict and unflinching a surveillance as that to which they have been subjected for the last few years by this amazingly vigilant watchdog of the police.

Unfortunately, Melville isn't the sort of man that writes a book—even after being out of office for some years—or it might be possible to look forward to a work that really would be "as exciting as a novel" and that, too, would give such an idea as perhaps no one has outside police circles of the dangers that threaten a ruler of today and the endless precautions that have to be taken against them.

Luckily, however, enough can be told about the achievements of Inspector Melville since the safety of England's sovereign, as well as that of visiting monarchs and men of distinction, was virtually a study of the latter what an extraordinary sort of man he is and what an extraordinary sort of "games" he has been up against since he rose from an ordinary policeman to be the special guardian of royalty.

His royal charge's principal danger being from anarchists, Melville naturally has made a study of the latter and he is supposed to know more about them and their haunts than any man in the world. He has his agents in every great city in this country and Europe, and it is said that he would know where to lay his hand on any prominent "red" at any time.

Perhaps his summary method of dealing with such enemies to society could be illustrated in no more telling way than by this story, which is one of the best of the many told by the Inspector.

In making his arrangements for guarding the safety of a royal visitor to London several years ago, Melville had been able to corral every dangerous anarchist in London with the exception of one who recently had come to the metropolis. Really it was a man only a "suspect" for which reason a warrant could not be issued against him, but Melville was determined to have the fellow safe. He knew that his quarry was employed as a cellar man in a wine merchant's shop on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne.

The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne. The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne.

The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne. The shopkeeper called his cellar man to a wine merchant, so on the morning of the day upon which the royal visitor was due, the Inspector, in disguise, went to the merchant's shop and asked for a rare brand of champagne.

the wine cellar and entered—still first. "What wine is that over yonder?" asked the sleuthhound, with unexpected purpose. The man made three steps in the direction indicated, and that was enough for the detective. With his hand on the cellar door, Melville drew it shut with a bang, turned the key in the lock and took himself off a few moments after, reasonably sure that the distinguished visitor might drive through London in security as far as that particular anarchist was concerned.

Melville, who is an Irishman and comes from county Kerry, has his extraordinary aptitude for dealing with anarchists to thank for his remarkable record from the ranks of the police. Thirty-one years ago that he joined the London police force as an ordinary constable, and it was an astonishing short time after his employment that he brought information that led to the arrest of two quite prominent anarchists. But it was the Fenian troubles that gave Melville his chance of a real step up the ladder, and he took most advantage of it by capturing the men who were supposedly responsible for the plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament and London Bridge and for the dynamite explosions at Scotland Yard. After that he turned to hurling a bomb into the London Stock Exchange during its most crowded time, and became still more famous by arresting Ravachol, who threw the bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies, as the notorious anarchist was known.

So it was quite evident that this Irishman who was so uncommonly handy at beating the "reds" at their own game was the man to have charge of the safety of the King and the other members of the royal family. Forthwith a new department was created, the "Special Branch," the special and political department of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard, and over this the Inspector has presided since 1880.

Melville accompanied Queen Victoria on nearly all her journeys, and he invariably goes with the King when he travels, generally in the same compartment with His Majesty, who has been known more than once to enliven the tedious of such a trip by playing a game of cards with his guardian. For Melville, though he really has a little book learning, is a genial sort, dressed well and talks interestingly—still with just a trace of the brogue.

It must be a long time, however, since the mere fact of being in contact with a royal personage, however important, made any special impression on Melville. At the royal family gathering at King's Palace some time ago, the Inspector had under his charge, besides the King and Queen of England, the King and Queen of Sweden, three crown princes, and about twenty other royal highnesses of the Imperial and Royal families. The gathering was held not long after the assassination of President McKinley, and Melville's special task was to guard the King and Queen of England.

Melville is not in constant attendance upon the King when the sovereign is in London, but there are a few occasions when trusted emissaries of the Inspector are not wanted near His Majesty. He cannot even go across from Buckingham Palace to the club, or to the restaurant, or to the hotel, without a detective on his heels, and when he rides out to take dinner at a private house, a plain-dresses man goes on the box and sits in the hall

## ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS

USE

Walter Baker's

Cocoa and Chocolate

Because they yield THE MOST AND BEST FOR THE MONEY

Our Choice Recipe Book, sent free, will tell you how to make the most of your money by using Walter Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1878  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

40 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

while the King is making his visit.

When Edward takes a trip in his motor-car, the route is kept secret and usually is gone over beforehand by a detective from "the Yard," while another of his royal companions, the King or keeps him in sight from another car. When the King is to go on board his yacht, men from Scotland Yard ransack the vessel from keel to truck to make sure that there are no infernal machines on board, and when His Majesty goes out riding his horse is looked over by a veterinary surgeon as carefully to guard against the animal's having been tampered with. In short, always under the eye of the Inspector Melville, every possible precaution is taken to secure the monarch's absolute safety.

If need were of money on various orders and gifts that have been bestowed upon him from time to time by the many rulers over whom he has kept watch and ward. Some years ago in recognition of his successful dealings with the anarchists, France created Melville a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and not long ago resident Loubet decorated him with the insignia of an Officer of the Legion of Honor in appreciation of his clever capture of the French anarchist, Meunier. The Czar of Russia, the German Emperor and the Shah of Persia are among other foreign potentates who have rewarded the superintendent, the Shah's present being one of the largest turquoises in existence.



